

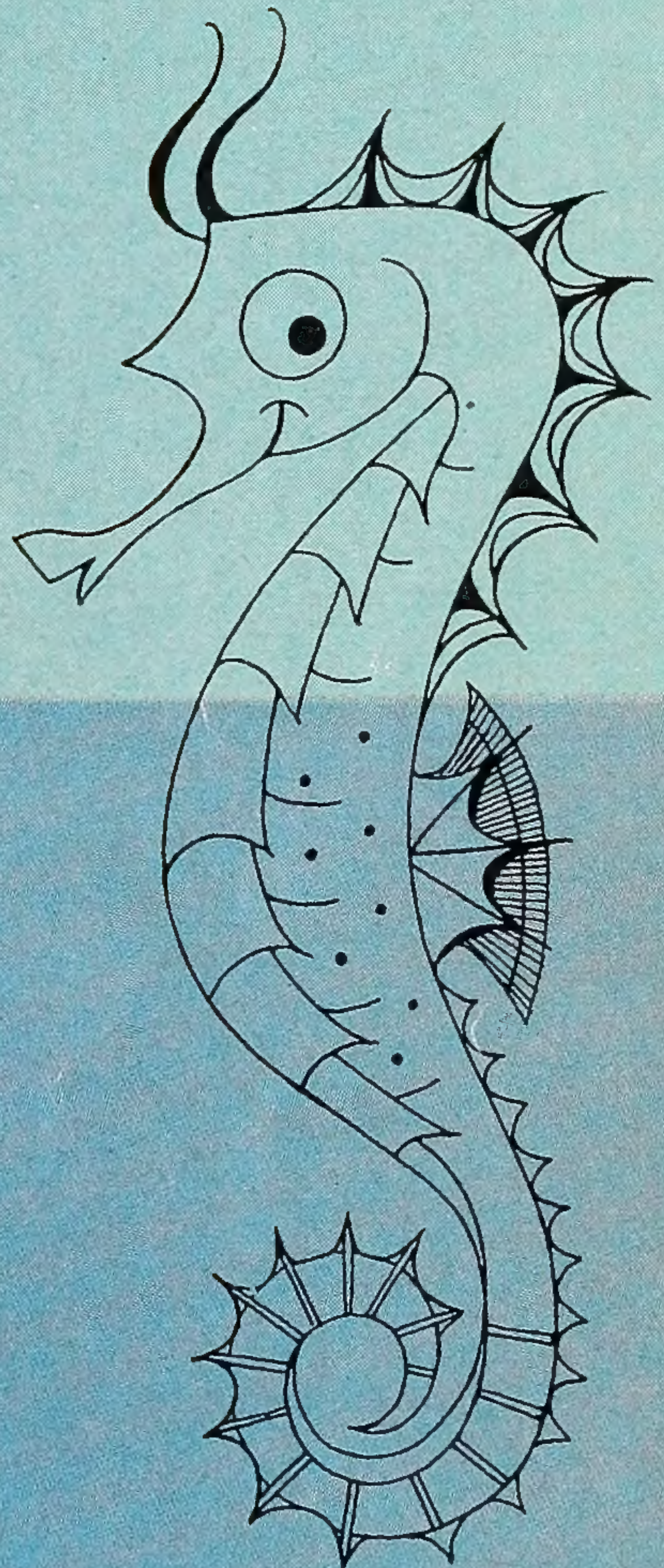
JUN 11 1948

july 15c

modern screen

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MAGAZINE •

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JUNE HAVER

The Most Revolutionary Undie Designed in a Decade!

You **DON'T** need a Girdle?

You **DON'T** like a Garter Belt?

THEN YOU'LL BE MAD ABOUT...

Suspants

by Blue  Swan

*The undie that can be worn with garters
... and never slips off the waist.*

All you fashion-wise lassies can pass the good word along...SUSPANTS is the thrilling new star of the "undie" world. It's goodbye to girdles and garter belts! Just attach garters and you have an undie—with GARTER TABS—that suspends stockings wrinkle-free, and mysteriously hugs your waist whether you bend, twist or stand on your head. The secret is the new "pivot-point" bias pattern—which neutralizes, thus eliminating, all pull. Moreover, SUSPANTS exerts just enough figure control to make it the perfect accessory for evening and daytime wear—with or without garters. Featured at all leading stores... individually cellophane wrapped... in all colors, \$1.50 and up.

JUNIOR MISS SIZES: 9 TO 17

Blue  Swan

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Division of McKay Products Corp.
Empire State Bldg., New York, N.Y.

A MCKAY PRODUCT
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date life of a junior model

Thornton cutie Patti Marcheret
of Flushing, L. I., has a smile that
takes her places. C'mon along!

Going around in circles (the *nicest*
circles!) is pert Patti Marcheret—
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is a teen-queen with more dates
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Because the same bright 'n beautiful
Ipana smile that makes her such
a terrific fashion model has a
devastating effect on every lad she
meets. Take a leaf from her date-book
—get Ipana today!



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Limber-r-r-r! Patti believes in ballet routines for keeping her figure see-worthy. And she follows this "model" dental routine for guarding her dazzling smile: regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.



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Ipana tooth paste



Product of Bristol-Myers

for your *Smile of Beauty!*

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

JULY, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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BY L. WILLINGER

Playsuit worn by Miss Haver designed by Clifford of del Mar Sportswear

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In her arms ...
in her kisses ...
the Homecoming

In her arms ...
in her kisses ...
the Awakening!

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GABLE • TURNER

ANNE BAXTER • JOHN HODIAK

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RAY COLLINS • GLADYS COOPER • CAMERON MITCHELL
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In association with GOTTFRIED REINHARDT • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

**This Vacation's
Really on the
Rocks!**



I CAME HERE ALL SET
TO BE A TIDAL WAVE —
AND I DON'T EVEN CAUSE
A RIPPLE! MEN TREAT
ME LIKE SOMETHING THE
TIDE WASHED IN!



SUE, BAD BREATH
CRAMPS ANY GIRL'S
STYLE! SO—HOW
ABOUT SEEING YOUR
DENTIST, HONEY?



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC
TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES,
COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH
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of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft pol-
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gently and *safely*!"

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

SINCE COLGATE'S HELPED ME GET MY HIM
I'M OFF THE ROCKS—AND IN THE SWIM!



**COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM**
Cleans Your Breath
While It Cleans
Your Teeth!



Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat and before
every date



To our Readers

HAVE YOU NOTICED a man named Romanoff has been working for us lately? We're pretty awed by him. He's pretty awed by himself. Always refers to himself as "Romanoff," in the third person. "Romanoff was astonished," he says. Like that. He first started writing for publication in December of 1947, when he was printed by four papers. Right now, he's in 84 papers, which doesn't surprise him in the least because of his certainty that he's a bright and amusing fellow. He claims he had several reasons for turning literary. One was Billy Rose. "If a commoner can do it," Romanoff said airily, "it should be a breeze for royalty. Am I not a famous restaurateur, and confidante of the Hollywood great?" Nobody gave him any argument (he was talking to himself) and he promptly got launched in the St. Louis Post Dispatch with a column about Rouben Mamoulian, the director. The column began, "Rouben Mamoulian was eating chopped liver in my restaurant the other day." It was an auspicious beginning . . . In this issue, Prince Mike tells all about Diana Lynn's apartment. Says the first time he ever saw Diana, he asked himself, "Romanoff, what kind of a house does that woman live in?"

IN THIS ISSUE of MODERN SCREEN, on page 28, there is a June Haver story called "He Never Loved Her." It does not apply to Henry or me, both of whom love her passionately; we cared for her not wisely, but too well. Last April, we did her a grievous injustice. We printed an article written from her ex-husband, Jimmy Zito's, point of view. This naturally presented only his side of the story. We've finally got June's reply, and we present it with a vast apology for our past misdeed. Maybe Jimmy Zito never loved her, but he's the only man alive who can make that statement. . . .

AND WE HAVE one more prize to crow over. We're enlarging MODERN SCREEN's fashion scope; every month from here on, in addition to our regular fashion section, you'll be reading style news by Cobina Wright, Hollywood hostess, socialite and general authority on what's chic. Her first M. S. feature—about bathing suits—is on page 46.

Albert P. Delacorte

ALBERT P. DELACORTE



CORNEL
WILDE

as
DAVE



"What makes this sinful — our love or their malicious tongues?"

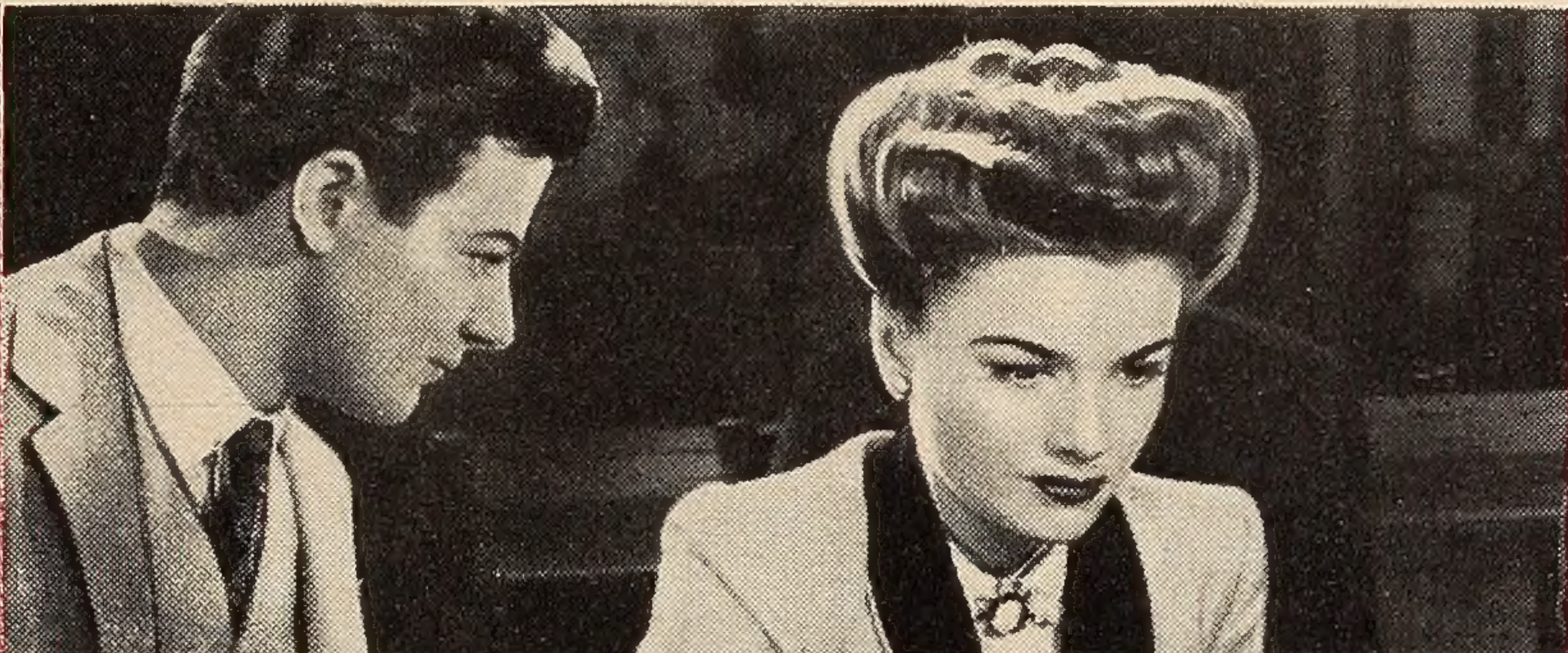


LINDA
DARNELL

as
ALGERIA



"A town can be too small for my kind of love!"



ANNE
BAXTER

as
JULIA

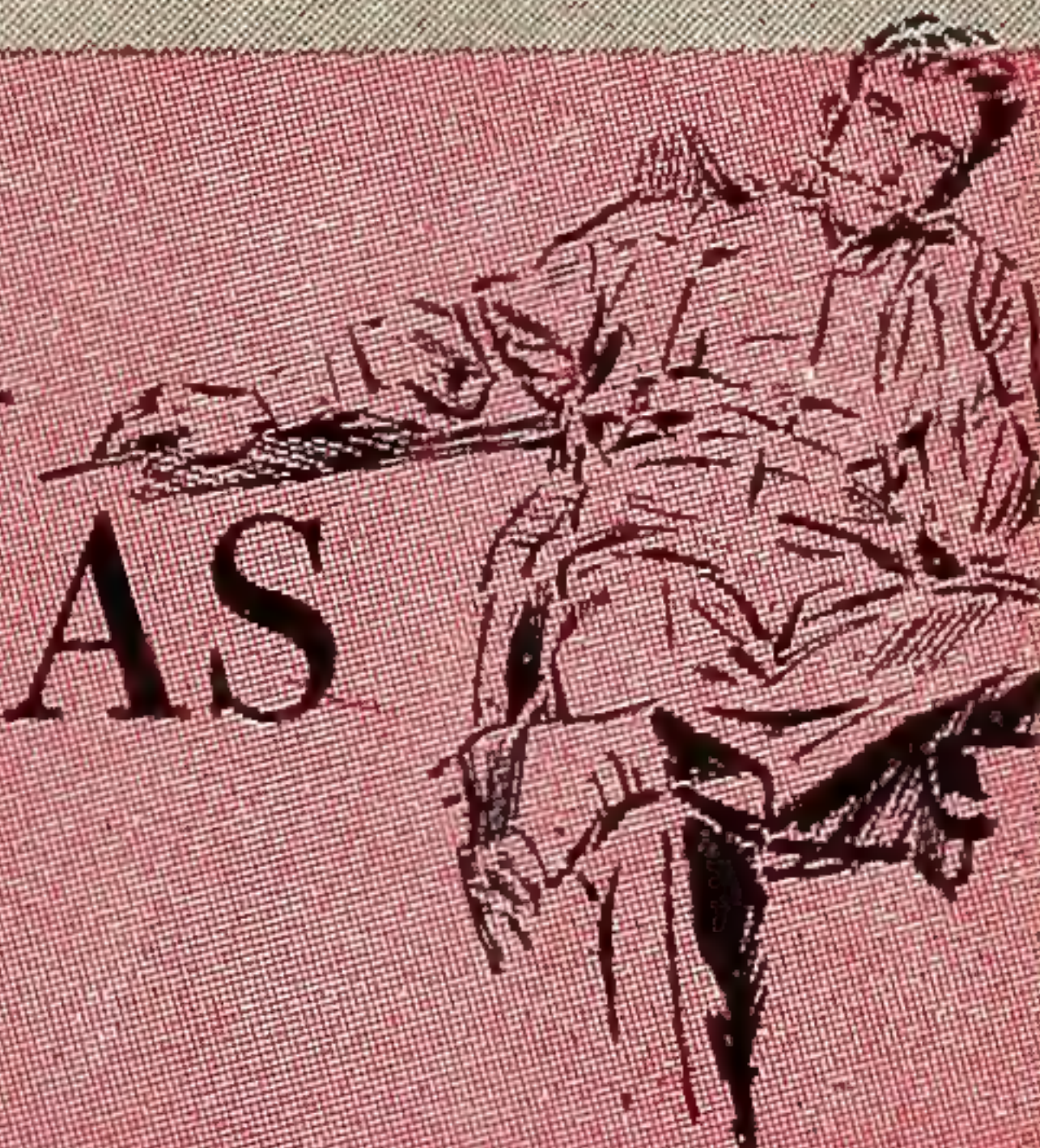


"No law ... no covenant ... can keep me from him!"



KIRK
DOUGLAS

as
TUCKER



"You're all the woman a man like me ever needs!"



All the heartbeat and people of a great best-seller!

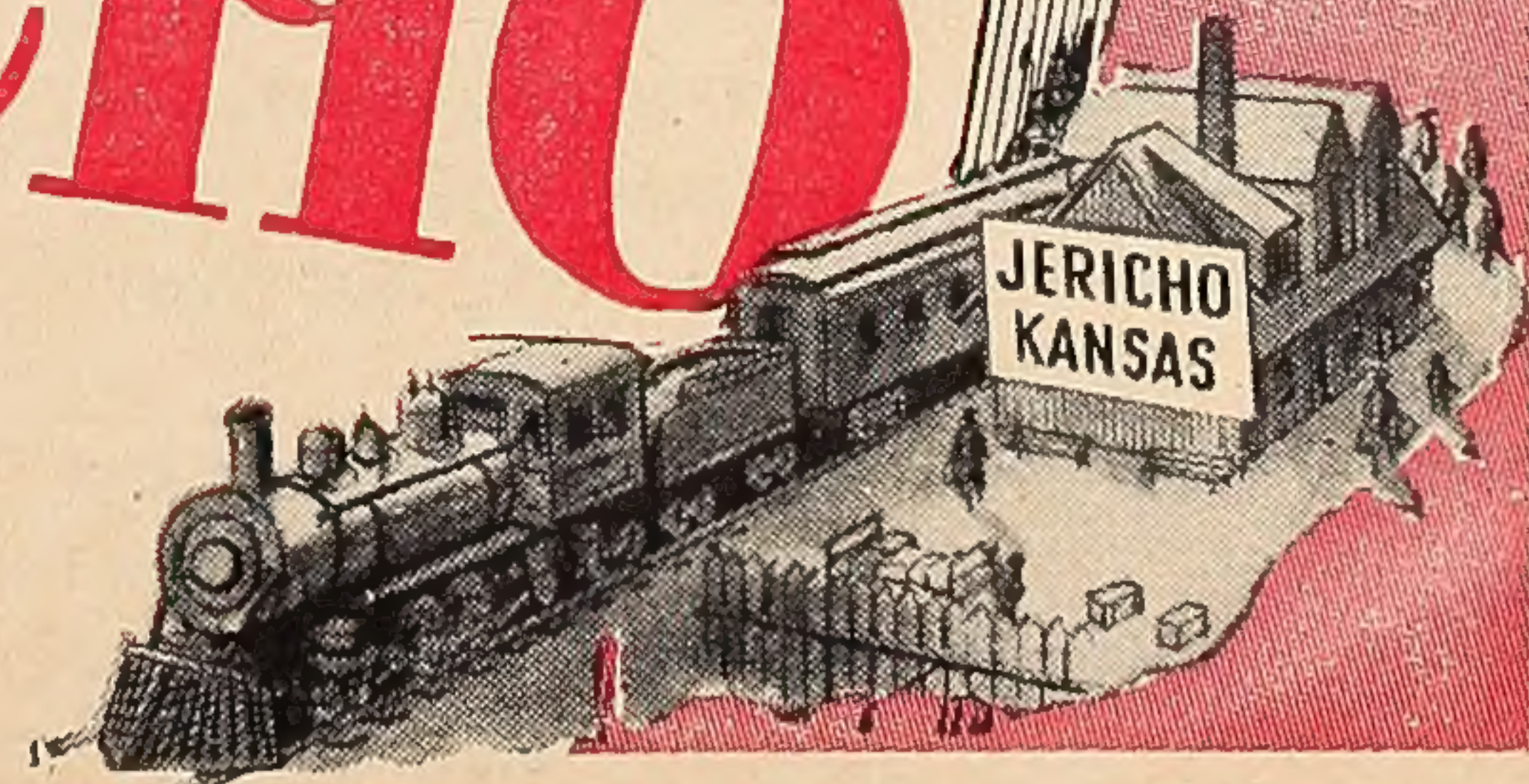
THE WALLS OF JERICHO

ANN DVORAK

with

MARJORIE RAMBEAU • HENRY HULL • COLLEEN TOWNSEND
BARTON MACLANE • GRIFF BARNETT • WILLIAM TRACY • ART BAKER

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL • Produced by LAMAR TROTTI
Screen Play by Lamar Trotti • Based on the Novel by Paul Wellman



20th
CENTURY-FOX

good news

WEDDING OF THE YEAR

by louella parsons



The Turner-Topping wedding took place in W. R. Wilkerson's Bel Air home. (He's publisher who discovered Lana.) Bride came down this flower-decked stairway.

■ Lana Turner's marriage to Henry J. (Bob) Topping might have been a scene from one of her most lavish movies. The honey-colored glamor girl was married among such a profusion of gardenias, delphinium, roses, white larkspur, smilax and white daisies as has never been seen outside of a hot house.

Lana told me that the thing that gave her the jitters the most was the fear that Bob's wedding ring would be lost. Her matron of honor had to hold the groom's ring and her bouquet, and Lana was afraid in the confusion it would be dropped and she saw herself scrambling in her champagne-colored chantilly wedding gown to find the groom's wedding ring.

"I knew my ring would be all right because Billy Wilkerson, the best man, had it safe, but he didn't have a big bouquet to carry. You see, Bob and I decided on a double-ring ceremony because we want this for keeps."

The very serious wedding service was performed by Reverend Stewart P. MacClennan, retired pastor of the Hollywood Presbyterian Church, before a candle-light altar in the living-room. "This time it's for keeps," Lana said. Violins sweetly played the Lohengrin Wedding March, "O Promise Me," "I Love You Truly," "Because" and "Who But You," which was requested by the bride.

After the service was over, taking her little daughter by the hand, Lana went upstairs to rest and get herself in readiness for

the reception that was to follow soon.

Lana said, "Cheryl stole the show." She looked so darling in her little turquoise blue dress covered with white lace, and she walked so straight.

"She was so tired after it was all over," said Lana, "she had to go home and go to bed and not wait up for the reception. She worked harder than she's ever worked in her life to do it just right."

At the reception, receiving with Lana, was her mother, Mrs. Mildred Turner, who looked beautiful, and so young I wouldn't be surprised if some day she'll marry again.

My eyes were taken with the bank of solid gardenias on the trellis back of the banquet set out for the reception guests. 64 in all. They looked as if they were actually growing on the trellis, they were so beautiful. Lana and Bob came out and joined the wedding guests. Joan Crawford and Greg Bautzer, in the spirit of the occasion, made up. Probably by the time this is in the magazine they won't be speaking again—or they may be married. Greg was Lana's first boy friend, and is now her lawyer.

Errol Flynn and his pretty Nora were at the reception, and I told Errol how pretty I think his wife has grown.

He said, "That's unimportant—she's pretty inside."

I went with Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, who looked like a little doll. I couldn't help but think

when Lana threw her arms around Virginia's neck and held her close that it must have brought back memories to see Virginia, for Lana used to tell Mrs. Zanuck all her troubles when she was in love with Tyrone Power.

Lana wasn't going to run the risk of offending any of the newspaper people, and they outnumbered the guests about three to one at the reception. Everyone was there—trade papers, wire services, magazine writers. The guests had a good time at the reception and lingered on until Lana and Bob drove away, Lana wearing a blue silk shantung suit. The car had the typical "Just Married" sign, and they drove a few blocks away to the Beverly Hills Hotel where they spent their wedding night.

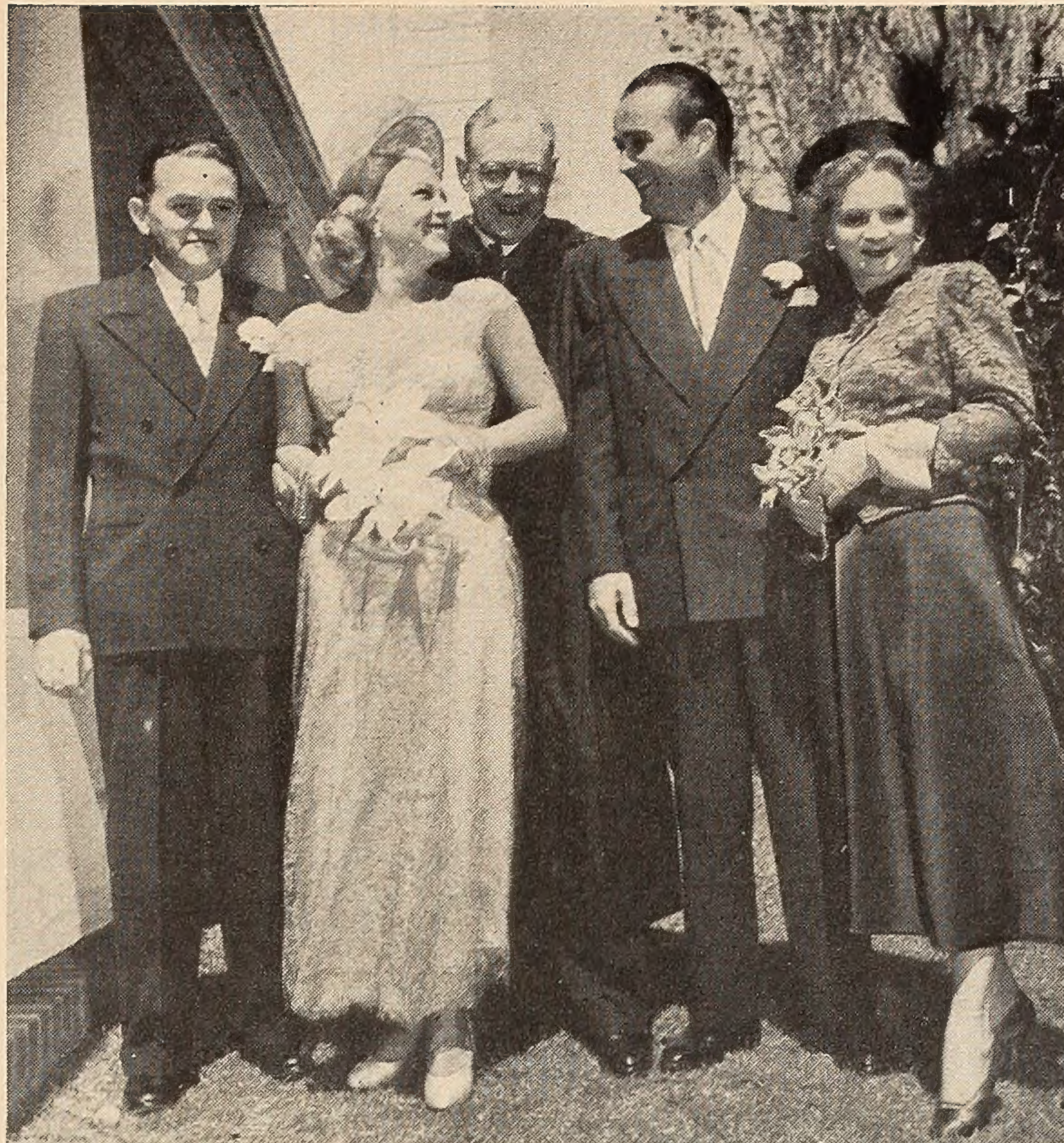
She showed me her wedding ring, platinum, a simple one, at her request, but her wedding gift was a gorgeous diamond bracelet. Lana's wedding dress was pretty well known before she wore it, but at the last minute, she changed her wedding hat. It was a lace affair—a halo—and very becoming. She carried four white orchids.

The terrace of publisher Billy Wilkerson's home was still ablaze with lights, the violins were still playing sentimental tunes, the wedding cake had been cut, the minister was saying a dignified goodbye . . . the bride and groom turned to wave through the back of the car.

And Lana, queen of the glamor girls, was



Cheryl Christine Crane, Lana's five-year-old daughter by her marriage to Stephen Crane, was flower girl at April 26th affair. She wore turquoise satin under lace.



Rev. S. P. MacClennan performed the six-minute ceremony. Lana wore champagne-colored gown of satin and lace. Sara Hamilton was matron of honor, Billy Wilkerson was best man.



Mr. and Mrs. Henry (Bob) J. Topping Jr. A few hours before the ceremony, the couple drove to Santa Monica where their marriage license was issued. Lana gave her name as Julia Jean Turner Crane, her age as 27. Topping said he was 34.



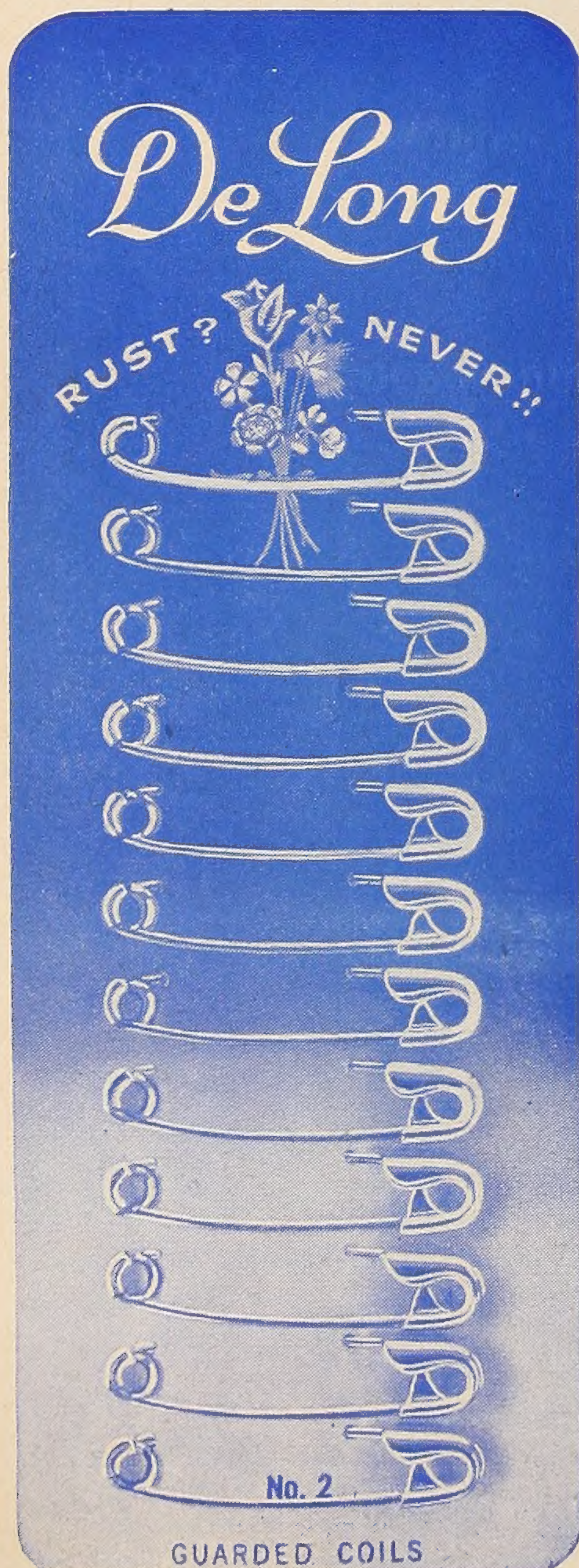
Wearing blue silk shantung suit and carrying bridal orchids, Lana started off with Bob in black limousine. Honeymoon took them to New York and Europe.

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That's why smart, conscientious Mothers buy DeLong Safety Pins... made of sturdy brass wire that won't rust, and with guarded coils that can't get caught in the diaper material



All Brass... Won't Rust
Guarded Coils... Won't Catch

married and ready for her London trip as Mrs. Bob Topping.

* * *

The long delayed honeymoon of Van Johnson and Evie, his bride of a year, lasted just ten days—more than half the time being spent on the boat to Honolulu.

Actually Van and Evie were in the romantic tropical isle of Oahu only four days. "Hardly long enough to go native," grinned Van swinging a long leg over a chair in my playroom. "But, baby—it was wonderful, wonderful—every four days of it."

I had heard the Johnsons didn't like Honolulu and hurried home.

My redheaded friend wiggled the freckles across his sunburned nose in his own brand of denial. "Phooey—we loved it. You know, this was the first time in my life I had ever been on a luxury liner like that—and I know now Evie and I are going to Europe just as soon as we can arrange it.

"From the moment we walked up the gangplank, we were just a couple of typical tourists. We could hardly wait to get in on everything—the deck games, the promenades, our first meals in the dining salon."

Van reached over, took the top off a glass dish, and popped a chocolate into his mouth. Well, my sunburned friend can afford to. He's pounds thinner and looks wonderful.

"The wonderful part was that everyone was apparently on a vacation just as we were, and didn't want to be bothered. We didn't run into a single autograph hound on the boat.

"Of course, when the boat pulled in, it was different. I guess my nose would have been out of joint if there hadn't been any fans around to greet us. They strung leis of tiny gardenias and baby orchids around our necks until we could hardly see over them. Isn't that a beautiful custom, Louella?"

I know what he meant. I have been to Honolulu several times myself and those smiling native faces, the over-powering sweet smell of the flowers and the happy, strumming music are charming things the visitor never forgets.

"I hadn't been in the hotel five minutes before I was in a bathing suit and out on a surf board," Van went on. "I wanted to do what everyone else did. I had such a good time in the outrigger canoes and riding the

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

When it gets good and hot you like to settle down on the back porch to enjoy a magazine like MODERN SCREEN—and we're going to make it easy for you. We have 500 free subscriptions to the August, September and October issues sitting on the mailroom shelf. If you're among the first 500 readers to mail in the questionnaire below, one of those subscriptions will be yours. So hurry!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our July issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| <i>We Adopted A Baby</i> by Linda Darnell | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>How Glamorous Can You Get?</i> (Ava Gardner) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>He Never Loved Her</i> (June Haver) by Hedda Hopper | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Sea Fever</i> (Madison-Russell-Calhoun-Vera-Ellen) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>That's Peck on the Right</i> (Gregory Peck) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>The Ten Greatest Gable Stories</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>"They Call Me Mother"</i> by Dale Evans | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>"Happy Annie"</i> by Ann Sheridan | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Congratulations, Darling</i> —(Betty Hutton) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Happy Ending!</i> (Ron Reagan-Jane Wyman) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Banned In Hollywood!</i> by Cobina Wright | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>"I Cornered Van"</i> (Van Johnson) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Apartment For Diana</i> (Diana Lynn) by Prince Michael Romanoff | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>What Every Wife Should Know</i> (Gene Tierney) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Personal Appearance</i> (Marshall Thompson) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>New Look</i> (Margaret O'Brien) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | | <i>Don't Marry A Handsome Man</i> (Louis Jourdan) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | | <i>Louella Parsons' Good News</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues: List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am..... years old

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in the West's most
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Fiery as the man she loves!



SILVER
RIVER



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WITH

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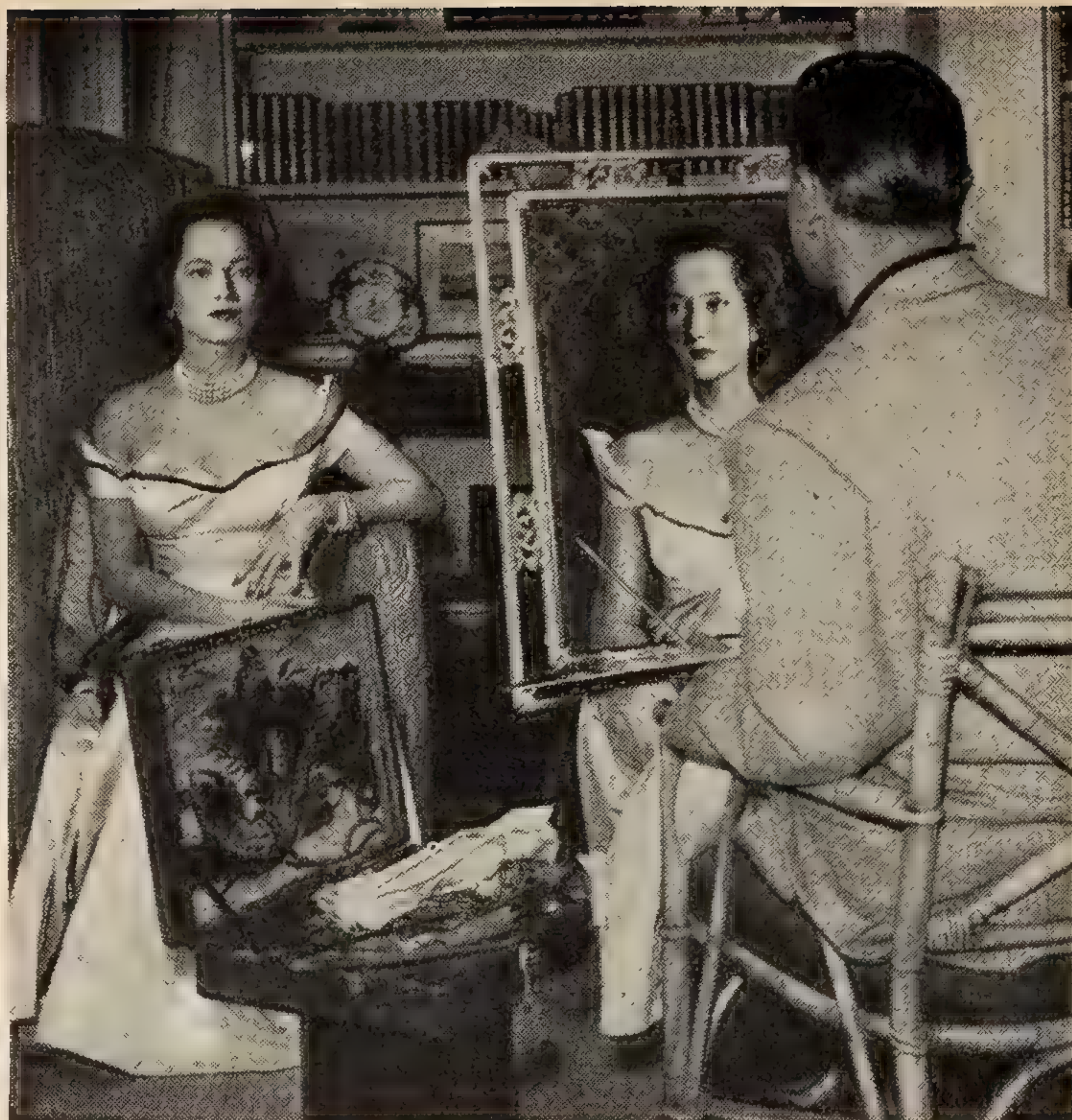
★ **Holds More Hair!** Elastic Clasp permits more hair to be rolled into each curl.

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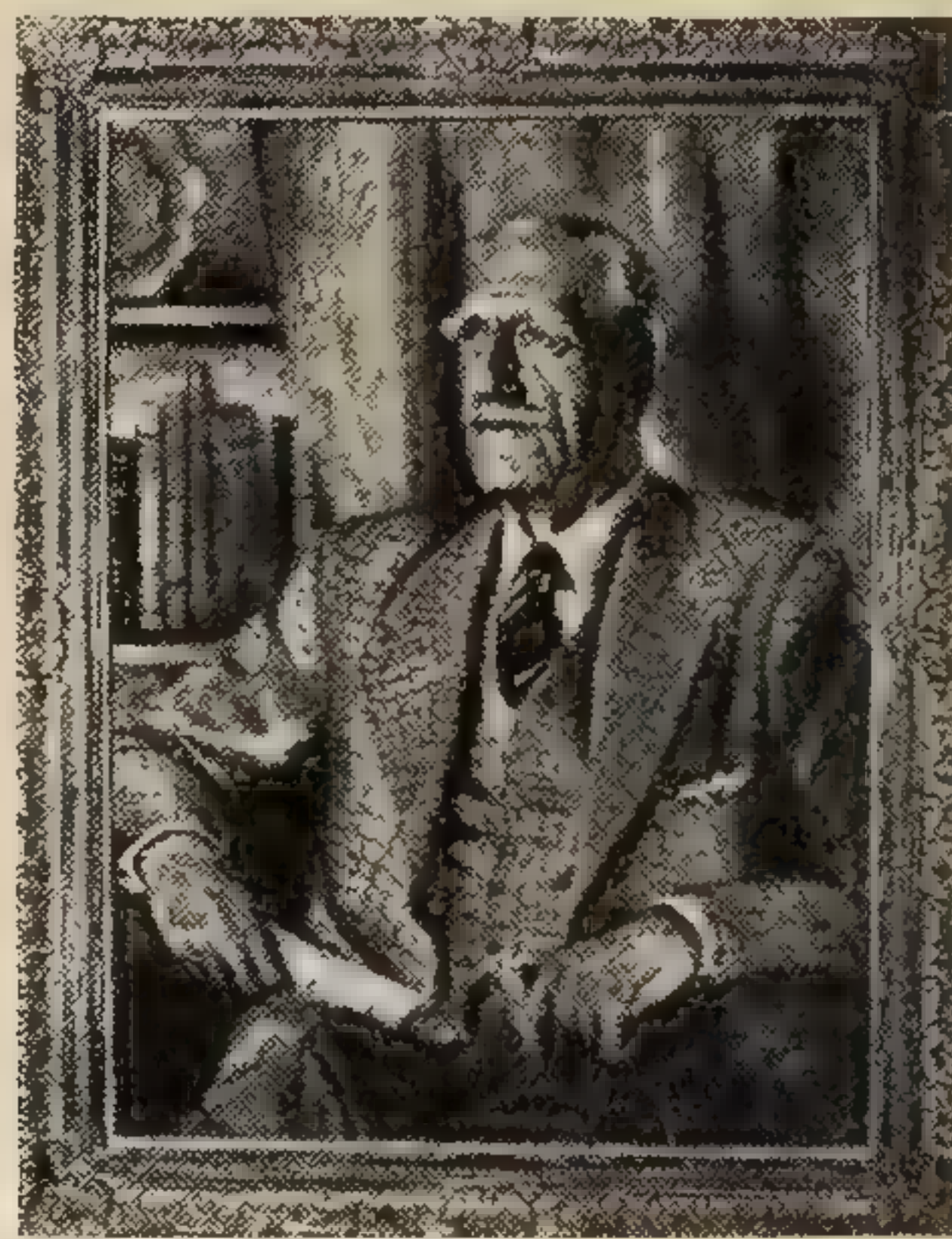
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Popular hobby among the stars is painting and being painted. Artist John Vogel's first Hollywood subject was Sir Aubrey Smith. Portrait was a great hit. Vogel painted Betty Grable (above) in the studio, and Merle Oberon has recently commissioned him. Vogel charges \$1800 up for work.



GOOD NEWS

surf. In four days I mastered the surf board!

"The high spot was the native dinner prepared in our honor. Evie and I really went native, put bright red hibiscus behind our ears, took off our shoes and sat on the floor. Yep," he nodded, "I even liked the food—but don't ask me to pronounce it.

"The one thing I was disappointed in," he said, "was Waikiki Beach. I had always pictured it as a wide, beautiful stretch of white sand. When I saw the little bit of beach, I was very disappointed, particularly after our California beaches.

"But before we had a chance to get used to anything, I got the call to fly back to Hollywood to start *Command Decision*."

I said that was too bad.

Van winked. "Evie was so lonesome for the baby she was glad to leave and I was mighty glad, too, to see my daughter. You know, she laughs at me now," he said, proud as punch.

I asked, "Does she look like you?"

"Fraid so," he laughed "red hair, turned up nose and everything—poor kid."

But, if you ask me—that ain't bad.

(And for a cute sidelight on the Johnsons' arrival in Hawaii, look at page 56, in this issue.)

* * *

I am very sorry to write that Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan have parted again—and this time there will be a divorce. Jane and Ronnie, two of my closest friends, tried hard for the sake of their two children to adjust their matrimonial differences, but apparently they'd been separated too long.

There are many who think they should have given their reconciliation more than a week, but Jane is a girl who knows her mind and when she saw that she and Ronnie could no longer be happy together, she went into

court and got her divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty. And so the "reconciliation honeymoon" they'd been planning never did come off.

Both seemed so happy when Ronnie went back home after five months of separation. All the time they'd been apart, he'd been very depressed. For her part, Jane would burst into tears whenever she met any of their old friends.

In the beginning, Ronnie told me, "Fifty years from now we'll still be together," but it's evident that it's all over now. Ronnie has moved into an apartment and will adjust his life the best way he knows how. Jane, who has taken up painting, will live in a family hotel. She'll have custody of Michael and Maureen, but Ronnie will have visiting privileges. I don't think there is any other man in Jane's life right now.

* * *

If you're a bobby-soxer, I've got bad news for you. Peter Lawford, your dream boy, says you are just about as extinct as the Dodo Bird!

Says the good-looking Pete: "The bobby-soxers have fallen off 90%. From here on in, I think the guys like me, Van Johnson and Guy Madison, who rode in on the Frank Sinatra fan bandwagon, will have to look to our laurels.

"Of course, I mean by 'bobby-soxers' that breed of hysterical 'teen-agers who went in for squealing, yelling, trying to hide under stars' beds and wild-eyed autograph hounds. The real fans are something else again, thank the gods."

"What do you think brought on the passing of the late soxers?" I asked.

"They were a development of the war years," he answered. "During the war, the boys the bobby-soxers would have dated in

NEW! IMPROVED!

Richard Hudnut Home Permanent

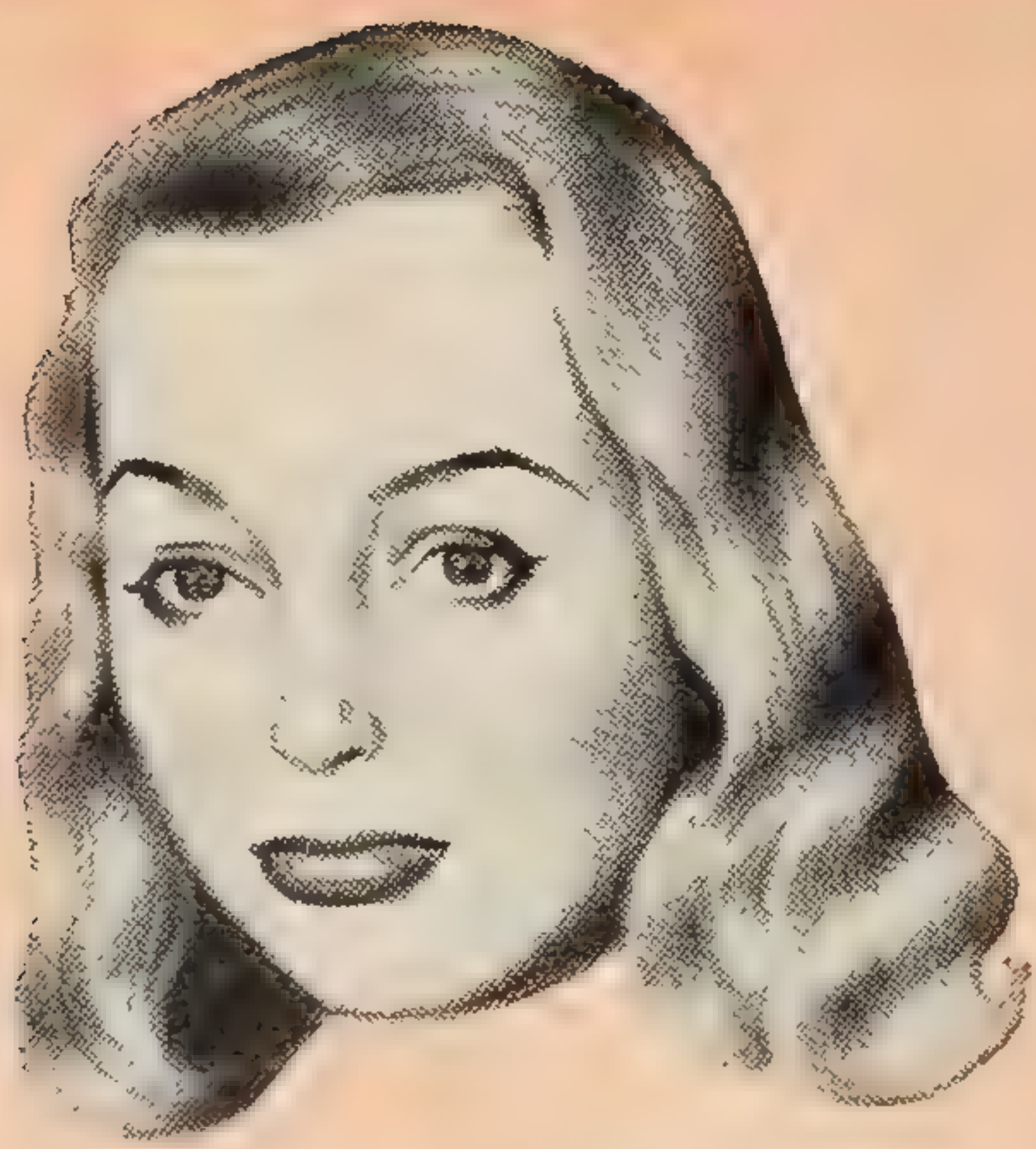
From a Noted Fifth Avenue Salon

If you've ever put your hair up in curlers, it's that easy to give yourself the NEW, IMPROVED RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT. This salon-type home permanent is based on the same type of preparations used in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon. With it, you can set your hair in any style . . . from sleek cap to a halo of ringlets. Ask to see the RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT at your favorite cosmetic counter—today! Price \$2.75; refill without rods, \$1.50 (all prices plus 30¢ Federal Tax).



It's 7 Ways Better!

- 1 Saves up to one-half usual waving time
- 2 One-third more waving lotion . . . more penetrating, but gentle on hair!
- 3 Longer, stronger end-papers make hair tips easier to handle.
- 4 Double-strength neutralizer anchors wave faster, makes curl stronger for longer.
- 5 Improved technique gives deep, soft crown wave . . . non-frizzy ends.
- 6 Only home permanent kit to include reconditioning creme rinse.
- 7 Two lengths of rods. Standard size for ringlet ends; extra-long for deep crown waves.



Jane's hair is **CLEAN**



but Ann's hair is
COLORFUL

She added **COLOR** to
her hair with...

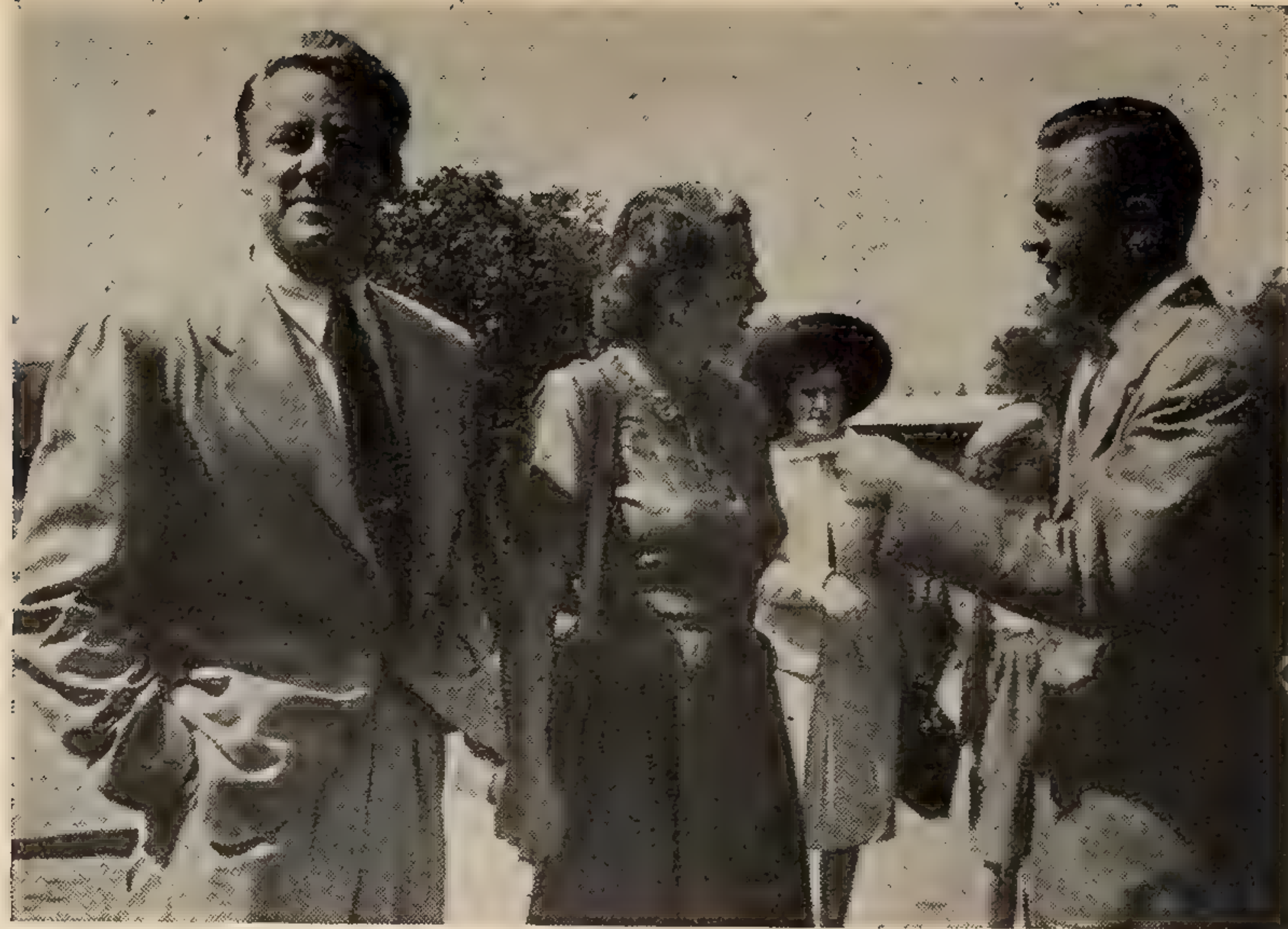
Nestle
COLORINSE

• Why look "drab" when it's so easy to use Nestle Colorinse. Colorinse does what no shampoo could possibly do—it adds rich natural-looking color to your hair—plus—sparkling highlights, silken sheen. Absolutely safe to use—washes out with shampooing.

Remember—to get the real "Colorinse" insist on genuine **NESTLE COLORINSE**.



HAVE THE WHOLE FAMILY use Nestle Creme Shampoo—the wonderful, new lanolin creme shampoo in a tube. They'll love it. 10¢, 25¢, 59¢ at all toilet goods counters.



Bill Holden and the Van Johnsons were among celebs present at dedication of Motion Picture Country Hospital in Calabasas.



Jean Hersholt, Mary Pickford and Ron Reagan took part in ceremony. Hospital was built from funds earned by stars on Screen Guild program.

GOOD NEWS

the ordinary course of events, were away serving their country.

"Now those boys are back and the girls no longer need vicarious heroes. That means us."

* * *

Now that several months have elapsed since it happened and the strain is over, I can tell this story of the awful experience the Ray Millands went through.

I had given my promise to Ray and Mal that I wouldn't breathe a word about it until they were free of the torment they suffered.

Now that the police have taken the woman into custody, I can tell you about it:

Soon after the first of the year, the Millands began to be dogged by telephone calls and letters from a woman who said she was the mother of their son and that she knew he had been brought into their home through adoption.

Since the Millands are the parents of their little boy and his birth is a matter of record in the Hall of Records, they didn't pay too much attention, at first.

But, as the mysterious woman became more and more insistent, they realized they were dealing with a dangerous crank. Obviously, she believed her absurd claims. Hardly a day passed that they did not receive a mes-

sage from her, either a plea or a threat about getting "her" boy back. She said if they did not return the child to her, she would kidnap him.

Even though Ray and Mal had now called in the police, they realized it was vitally necessary for them to keep the boy from knowing about this danger. They didn't want guards around the house because he is big enough to ask questions. For weeks, one or the other of his parents was constantly with the youngster, never letting him out of sight.

Meanwhile, the police were constantly checking the telephone calls and, at last—they got the break they were waiting for. The woman became bolder and started hanging around the Milland home in Beverly Hills. On her second "visit," she was picked up.

Realizing she is a psychopathic, the Millands will not press charges. But never again do they want to live through such harrowing weeks of strain.

* * *

Blonde Lana Turner almost turned red-headed, she was so mad over those stories that her trousseau cost \$25,000 and that she had ordered 40 complete outfits.

"It didn't cost anywhere near that sum," snapped Lana, "and I wouldn't be fool enough to order forty outfits at one time. They would

In Nation-wide test... New Woodbury Powder

Preferred on Every Beauty Count!

WINS 4 TO 1 OVER ALL LEADING BRANDS OF POWDER

Here's what women said about New Woodbury Powder:

Better, finer Texture
Clings longer
Smoother look on skin
Less "Powdery" appearance
Covers skin flaws better.

The Winner! The new and overwhelming favorite of women in a recent nation-wide test is the amazing New Woodbury Powder!

4 out of 5 preferred Woodbury to the powder they had been using!

In this most exacting test of all—against a woman's own favorite face powder—Woodbury won decisively. Actually, Woodbury won over 17 leading face powders! And women preferred New Woodbury Powder for every beauty quality!

Today see the exciting difference on your skin... the astonishing beauty that's yours in New Woodbury Powder!

TWICE NEW!

New Secret Ingredient! New Woodbury Powder contains a secret ingredient that gives a satin-smooth finish to your skin. It gives a natural, "unpowdered" look, yet covers tiny blemishes!

New Revolutionary Process! In all cosmetic history there has never been anything like Woodbury's new blending machine. It whirls color into powder and powder into color with a force so violent a tornado would seem tame in comparison. Result: fineness of texture that's "incredible"... richness of shade that's "unbelievable"... freedom from streaking that "couldn't be true" before New Woodbury Powder!

NEW Woodbury Powder \$1.00

Also Medium and "Purse" sizes
30¢ and 15¢—prices plus tax
6 exciting shades



IT'S LIKE STARTING LIFE ALL OVER AGAIN WITH AN INCREDIBLY LOVELIER COMPLEXION!

GOOD NEWS



Van finally made it! Got his footprints and handprints recorded in cement outside of Grauman's Chinese Theater. Doctors are deciding whether Van needs kidney operation—he's recently been in a hospital.



Esther Williams, knockout in a black evening gown, with husband Ben Gage at opening of *Ciro-ette*, upstairs room in *Ciro's*. Esther's adopting a war orphan in Italy, paying \$300 a year for the child's care.



When Clyde Beatty's Circus came to Los Angeles, Red Skelton was there to greet it! Here, he gets quick makeup from two of the Beatty clowns. Skelton'll do a circus movie; it's to be written by ex-wife Edna.

go out of style before I had a chance to wear them."

Equally annoying to the bride was the story that all her lingerie had daring little phrases and quotations embroidered on the un-mentionables. That really did it to her!

"It makes me sound so *Parisienne*!" she yipped.

* * *

Merry-Romancing-Around: The Tony Martin-Cyd Charisse *affaire de coeur* (steady dating, to you) is so torrid, I'm betting they get married. Tony has beamed a lot of beauties but none has inspired him to sing "But Beautiful" the way he whispers it into Cyd's ear when they dance. Their next favorite tune will probably be The Wedding March . . . The Texas oil millionaire, Buddy Fogelson, is trying hard to make Greer Garson believe he was meant for her. He is said to have an income of one million dollars monthly. Yes, I said *monthly*. Saw Greer with Fogelson at the opera—she, ablaze with diamonds, and looking very happy . . . Brian Donlevy, who swore off women for life after the bitter break-up with his wife, is but everywhere with a gorgeous blonde whom he refuses to introduce. They aren't fooling anyone by arriving singly at parties and night-clubs and then pretending they "just happened" to bump into each other. Such acting talent should be saved for the cameras . . . The Young Thing who married a man many years her senior is already wishing she had thought it over before saying "I do." She was weeping she would like to "get out of it" seven days after the marriage.

* * *

Every gadget known to the entertainment field was rigged up in Perry Como's Beverly Hills Hotel bungalow—gifts from M-G-M where he will make *Words and Music*.

S'help me—the living room, not too large to begin with, boasted a large Television set, an enormous radio, a separate record changer and a recording machine.

A beaming press agent led Perry in and stood waiting for him to make some comment.

"What? No Juke Box ???" cracked the King of the Juke Boxes.

By way of introducing him to the cast of *Words and Music*, producer Arthur Freed tossed a cocktail party in his honor at the Champagne Room that brought out half the town as well as his co-workers.

I didn't get there until late because it was my radio day, but I did get there in time to see Keenan Wynn paying marked attention to cute little Vera-Ellen and also casting an admiring eye on Diana Lynn.

Another girl who always staggers the stag line is Arlene Dahl, a dream-puss if I ever saw one. Not since the days of Billie Dove and Corinne Griffith has Hollywood had such a natural history beauty on tap as this lovely red-head.

* * *

Never knew so many accidents in my years of covering Hollywood. They didn't come in *threes* as advertised—but in *thirties*:

Gregory Peck broke his leg in three places when his horse threw him and then rolled over on him. But Greg retained his sense of

humor even in a cast. When he called me to tell me what happened he wise-cracked, "At least I nearly killed myself on Sunday—and made a story for your radio show, Louella." Love that man!

Betty Grable was another casualty when Harry James backed their car into a post in the driveway and Betty fell against the windshield, bruising and cutting her lovely face.

Patti Andrews of the Andrews Sisters had the freakiest accident of all. She was standing beside her car when the door sprung open hitting her in the mouth. It was necessary to take seven stitches in her lip.

Dan Dailey tripped over a box of flowers he had sent his wife and got water on the knee, knocking him out of *Burlesque* for two days!

But, oh well, why go on? Hollywood was just under an "accident" sign this month.

* * *
The foot-tickling orchestra at the Robert Montgomerys' 20th anniversary party kept playing "Thou Swell" over and over again until I was finally driven to ask George Murphy, "How come that same tune all the time?"

"That's the tune Bob and Betty fell in love to," answered George. "It's their theme song."

Let me say right here that their whole, wonderful party was filled with this sentimental feeling from beginning to the end. Even though it was held in the enormous Crystal Ballroom of the Beverly Hills Hotel, the Montgomerys attended to every detail.

At each lady's place was a miniature corsage made of white flowers—a replica of the first flowers Bob had sent Betty. And the placecards for the men were adorned with a white carnation—the flower Bob wore in his lapel when they were married.

Another thing about this party that touched me was seeing all the old stars and early directors who had been associated with Bob from the days when he was a brash young actor playing charming, sophisticated roles with Norma Shearer and before that, with Eleanor Boardman.

If you ask me, the mature Bob is much nicer. A dignified member of society who is on the right side of all public as well as professional questions and who is intelligent enough to produce pictures as well as star in them.

As for Betty—the years haven't touched her at all. She looked like a doll in an original Adrian of black lace over white taffeta—and certainly not as if she had been Mrs. Montgomery for twenty years.

I had dinner with another Bette—Bette Davis and her husband. Bette is really perking up socially. Not only was she a belle having a fine time for herself this evening but just a week previous she had hosted a huge cocktail party, herself. Her invitations read: "Sherry and I have wanted to give a party for sometime but the best reason we have had is that I'm making a picture with Bob Montgomery."

With all this gossip of divorce and broken homes in Hollywood it's pleasant to report that the Montgomerys were one of three couples celebrating long years of happy wedded life within a few days of each other. The Jean Hersholts gave a small dinner in honor of their 34th anniversary and the Louis Lightons made known publicly that they had been married 29 years!

*Me sit out
dances alone?
Never...*



I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

Smart work, sugar! Staggering the stagline is easy when Mum protects your charm the whole thrilling evening. You'll never let a dream man down with a fault like underarm odor.

A bath washes away *past* perspiration—brings you up-to-date in sweetness... but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safer for charm

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or evening.

Mum safer for skin

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

Mum safer for clothes

No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

Movie reviews

By Jean Kinkad



Ravic (Charles Boyer) a refugee doctor, meets Joan (Ingrid Bergman) on a Paris bridge, foils her suicide.



Ravic takes Joan to a cafe; she tells him she can't go back to her hotel room, but she refuses to give him any valid reason.



Tragedy comes to light when the body of Joan's lover (who died in the night) is discovered by the Parisian police in her bedroom.



Shot by still another lover, Joan dies, despite Ravic's professional efforts to save her.

THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH

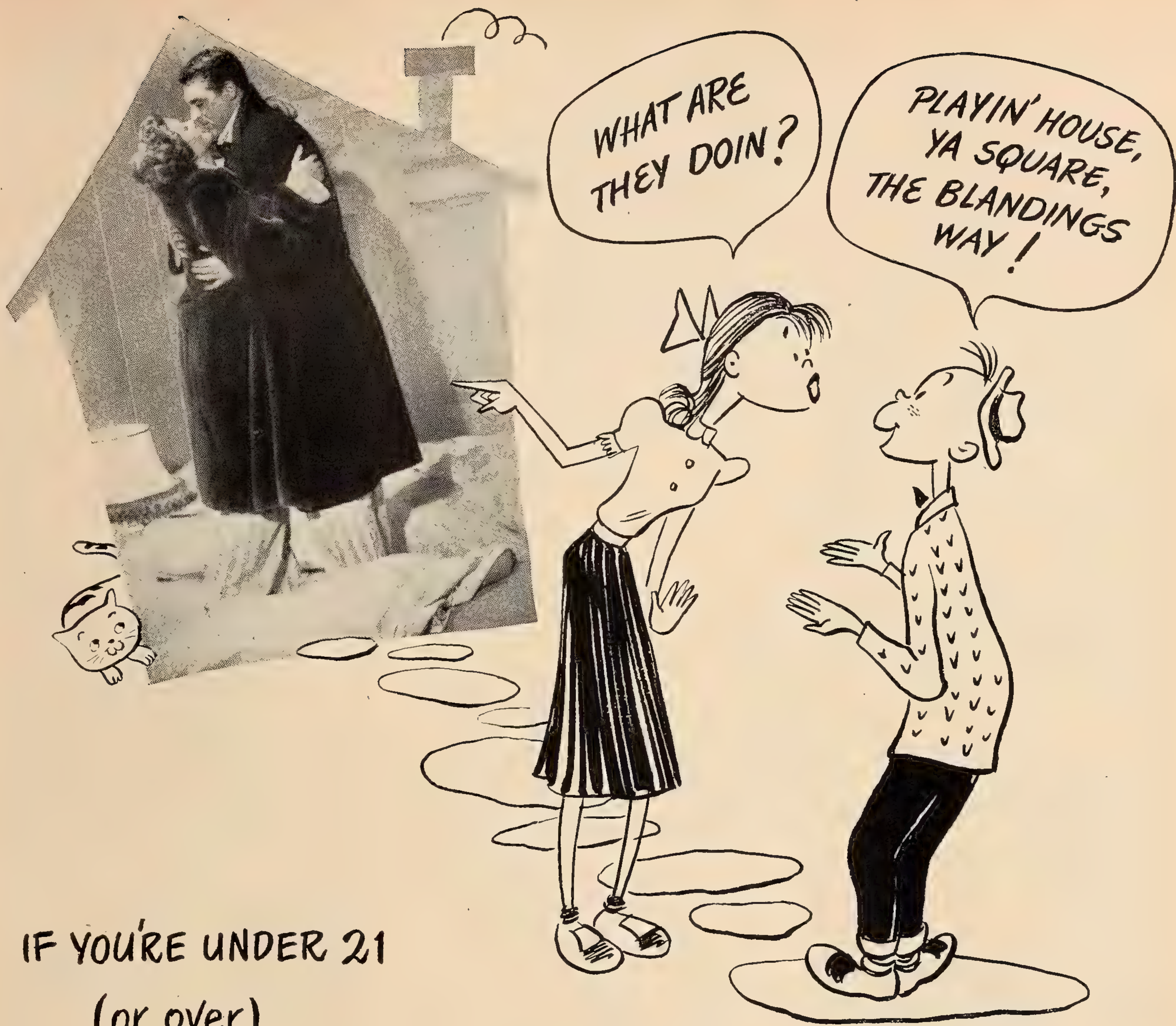
Bergman and Boyer make expensive love in the film adaptation of Remarque's best-selling novel (the film production cost over four million dollars), but that is about all that happens here. In the beginning of the picture, you wonder if they'll ever get around to bussing each other but toward the end you think they'll never stop. This vague annoyance is the strongest emotion the picture evokes, in spite of the lugubrious story it tells. Boyer, as Ravic the refugee Austrian doctor, and Ingrid as Joan Madou, courtesan and part-time actress, meet and fall in love in a Paris that is one step from war. The tragedy

of their love is that there can be no happy ending. Ravic, a man without a passport, a man who—legally speaking—doesn't exist, leads a shadow life in constant fear of deportation. He needs the complications of a love-life like the proverbial hole in the head, but when Joan throws her pretty self at him, he's sunk.

It's a heart-wringing set-up all right, but it would be a lot more tear-jerking were Joan to remain faithful to her doctor throughout. Pity for these poor unfortunate lovers runs low as the neurotic Joan turns out to be an inconstant gal with as dwarfed a moral sense

as you'll ever encounter either on the screen or off.

There are few light moments in the *Arch of Triumph*, but those few are skillfully provided by Louis Calhern as Ravic's Russian friend who is a night club doorman. Charles Laughton who, for our dough, can do no wrong, is cast as the Nazi villain upon whom Ravic has vowed undying vengeance. The two stars are excellent, but neither of their roles is worthy of them. In spite of the film's weaknesses, you won't want to miss it, for—though it's over-done—all that high-voltage smooching is really something to see.—U.A.



IF YOU'RE UNDER 21
(or over)

and like to play house, see MR. BLANDINGS & HIS DREAM HOUSE (some people call it his love nest... others, "the funniest picture of the year")

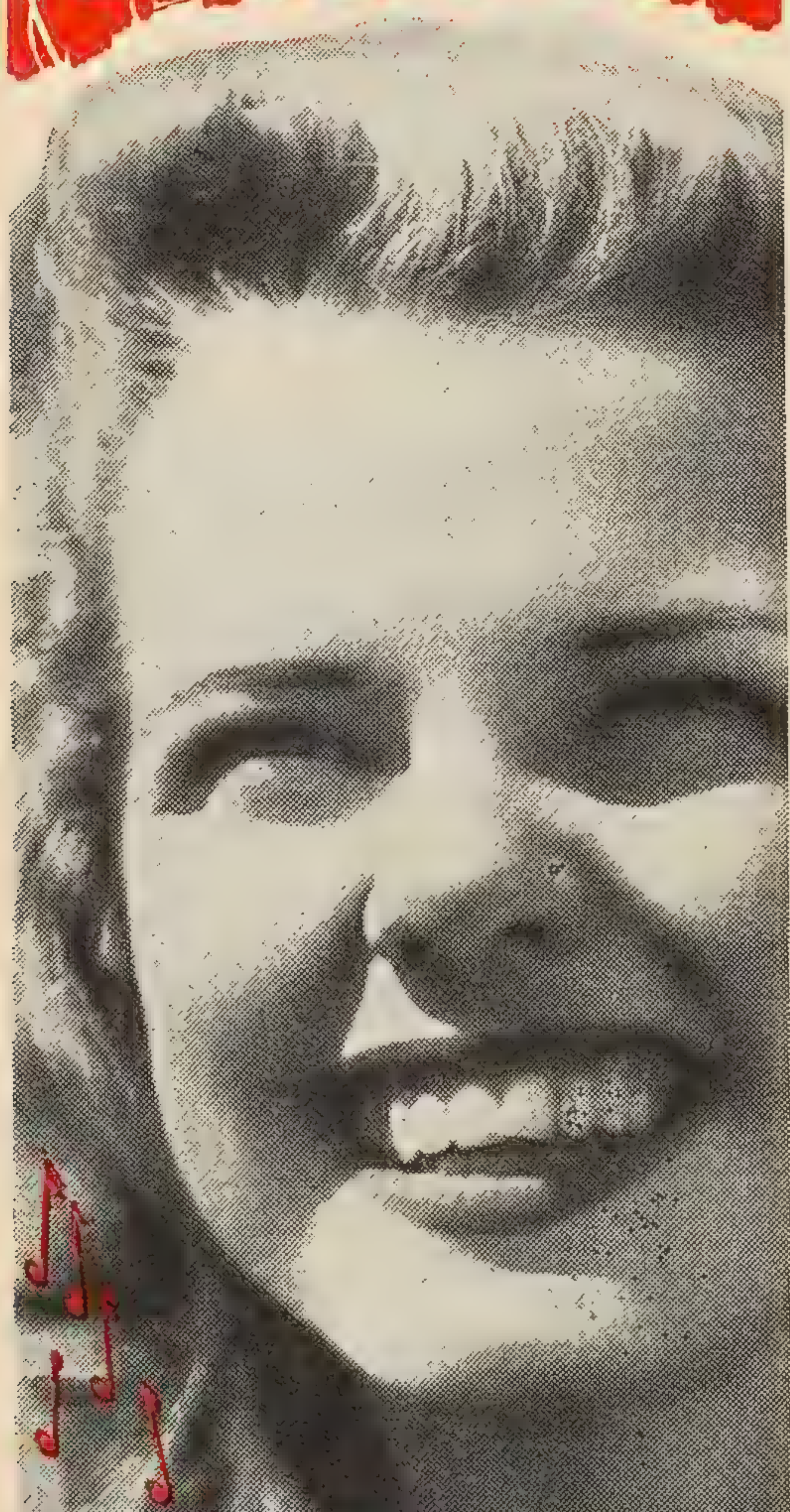
DORE SCHARY presents

CARY GRANT • MYRNA LOY • MELVYN DOUGLAS
IN
"MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE"

Produced and Written for the Screen by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank • Directed by H. C. Potter • An RKO Radio Production • A Selznick Release

FANS: Send 25 cents to Selznick Studios, Culver City, California, for a 64-page copy of Close-up Magazine devoted to "Mr. Blandings and his Dream House."

AMERICA'S
NEW SCREEN
SWEETHEART!



BUBBLING OVER WITH
LOVE, LAUGHTER AND SONG!

LOIS BUTLER as

Mickey
IN CINECOLOR!

with Bill Goodwin
Irene Hervey, John Sutton
An Eagle Lion Films Production

Presented by David W. Siegel



Romance On The High Seas: Doris Day, Jack Carson and Oscar Levant in a romantic musical.

ROMANCE ON THE HIGH SEAS

This is a light-hearted, colorful, better than average musical with a fine fiesta spirit sustained throughout. Mrs. Elvirah Kent (Janis Paige) is about to set off on a South American cruise, when she discovers that her husband has just acquired a glamorous blond secretary. Elvirah misinterprets her poor innocent guy's anxiety to dispatch her on the cruise, thinks he can't wait to get rid of her in order to launch his romance with blondie. Elvirah makes up her mind that she won't go, but will let him think that she's gone—then when he begins stepping out, she'll be right on hand to nab him red-handed.

She persuades night club singer Georgia Garrett (Doris Day), a bundle of dynamite of the Betty Hutton school, to go on the cruise, masquerading as Mrs. Kent, and that accomplished, Elvirah settles down to the serious business of spying on hubby through a telescope. Hubby meanwhile has hired a private detective (Jack Carson) to trail Elvirah, fearing she may be unfaithful to him on ship-board, and the detective falls hard for the phony Mrs. K. She falls too, but her style is somewhat cramped by her wedding ring.

How the mix-up is finally untangled makes a well-paced, amusing story. There are heavenly holiday-ish sets, some good songs put over with zing by Doris Day, and a fine Calypso number by Sir Lancelot. Oscar Levant, a better pianist than actor, is on deck in a minor role, and S. K. Zakall is there too, good—as always—for a few laughs. This one's refreshing as a julep. Don't miss it.—War.

BIG CITY

It wouldn't be a Margaret O'Brien movie if it didn't tug at your heart, and *Big City* runs true to form. Wee Maggie plays the part of Mary Helen Rachel O'Connell Andrews Feldman who was left as a baby on the doorstep of Cantor David Irwin Feldman (Danny Thomas). She has now achieved the great age of ten with the help of three adopted daddies; a policeman, Patrick O'Donnell (George Murphy); a minister, Phillip Andrews (Robert Preston); and of course, Cantor Feldman, assisted by the Cantor's mother (Lotte Lehman).

Midge, as she is nicknamed, is wonderfully happy until the kids at school begin to tease

TERROR STRIKES
CANON CITY AS
KILLERS ESCAPE!



**CANON
CITY**
Filmed where its savage fury ACTUALLY happened!

Produced by BRYAN FOY
An EAGLE LION FILMS Production

her about her unorthodox family. Then Midge's cute teacher, Florence Bartlett (Karin Booth) decides that the only way to eliminate the heckling is for Midge to be given to a pair of ordinary parents. However, one visit to the Feldmans, where she sees Midge with all her daddies and feels the wonderful spirit of mutual affection and tolerance, convinces her that the child is in good hands. Phillip and David both fall in love with Teacher, but Pat, luckily, is out of the competition for he is smitten with night club singer Shoo-Shoo Grady (Betty Garrett).

When Pat and Shoo-Shoo get married, they are entitled to full custody of Midge, for the agreement has always been that the first of the three men to marry gets the youngster. David and Phillip heartily disapprove of Shoo-Shoo as a wife for Pat much less as a mother for their Midge, and they take the case to court. This is the sobby part, with Midge's little heart torn three ways and everyone getting unbelievably noble. Go see for yourself how it all turns out—and take a king-size hankie.—*M-G-M.*

THE FULLER BRUSH MAN

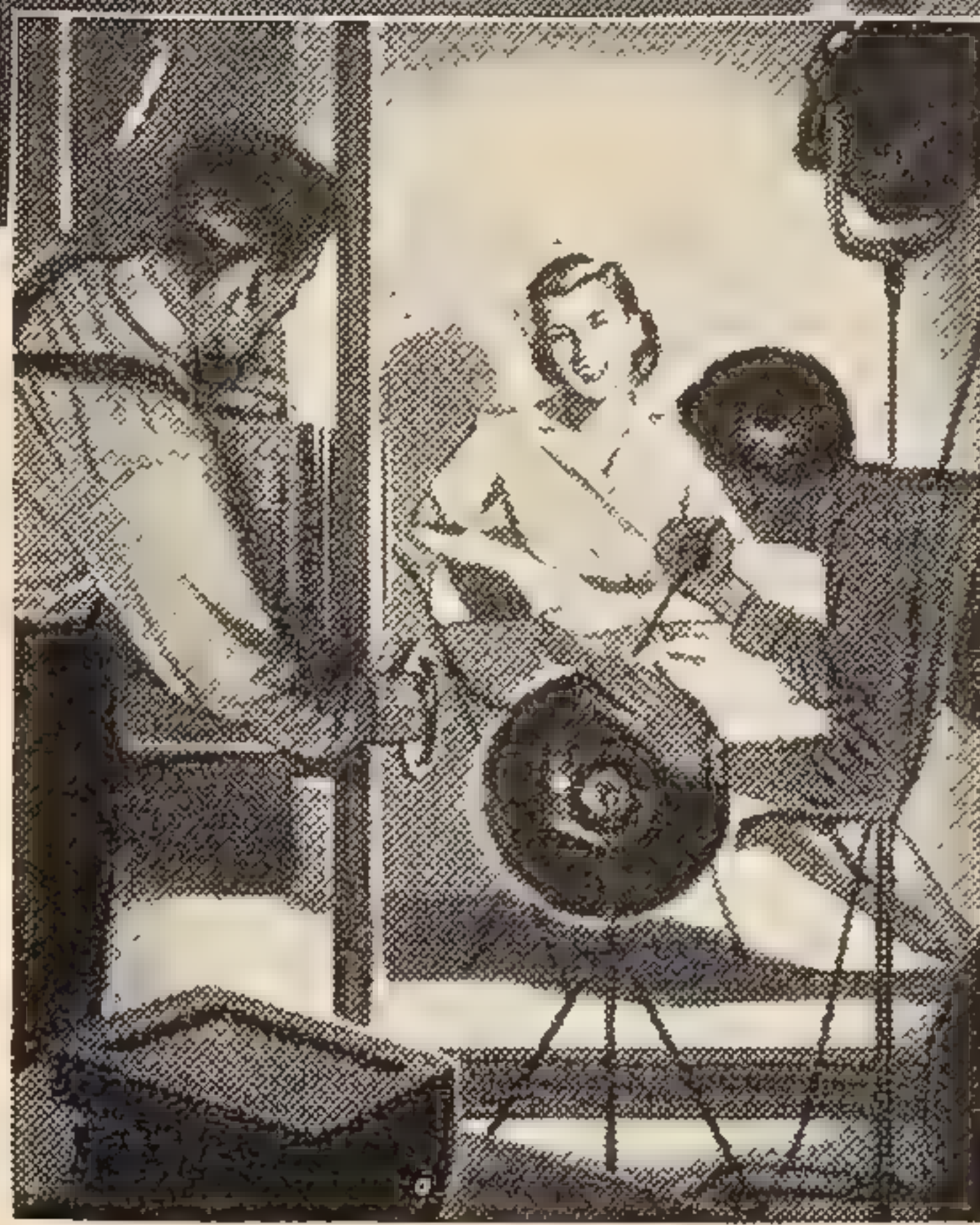
Red Skelton is at his best in this hilarious whodunit, and if you'll forgive a couple of stock situations and some twice-told jokes, you'll have a wonderful time. Red is made to order for the part of the not-very-bright lovelorn chap who can't hold a job more than about twenty minutes. When he's fired from his street-cleaning stint for crashing into the boss's limousine with all his cleaning equipment, he goes to his girl's office—she works for the Fuller Brush Company—to tell her he's a failure and to say goodbye. She (Ann Elliot, played by Janet Blair) persuades Keenan Wallick (Don McGuire), the company's star salesman who is mad for her, to give Red a chance selling brushes.

Poor Red goes unsuccessfully from house to house in a series of really side-splitting scenes. He falls on his face, trips over roller skates, says all the wrong things—and it could be stale and tedious, but in Red's hands it's uproarious. He is even funnier when he finds himself suspected of the murder of his erstwhile boss. He can't quite get it—all the detectives after him, his telephone wires being tapped, his picture in the paper. "Gee," he murmurs with that wonderful hit-on-the-head expression of his, "all I wanted to do was sell brushes—"



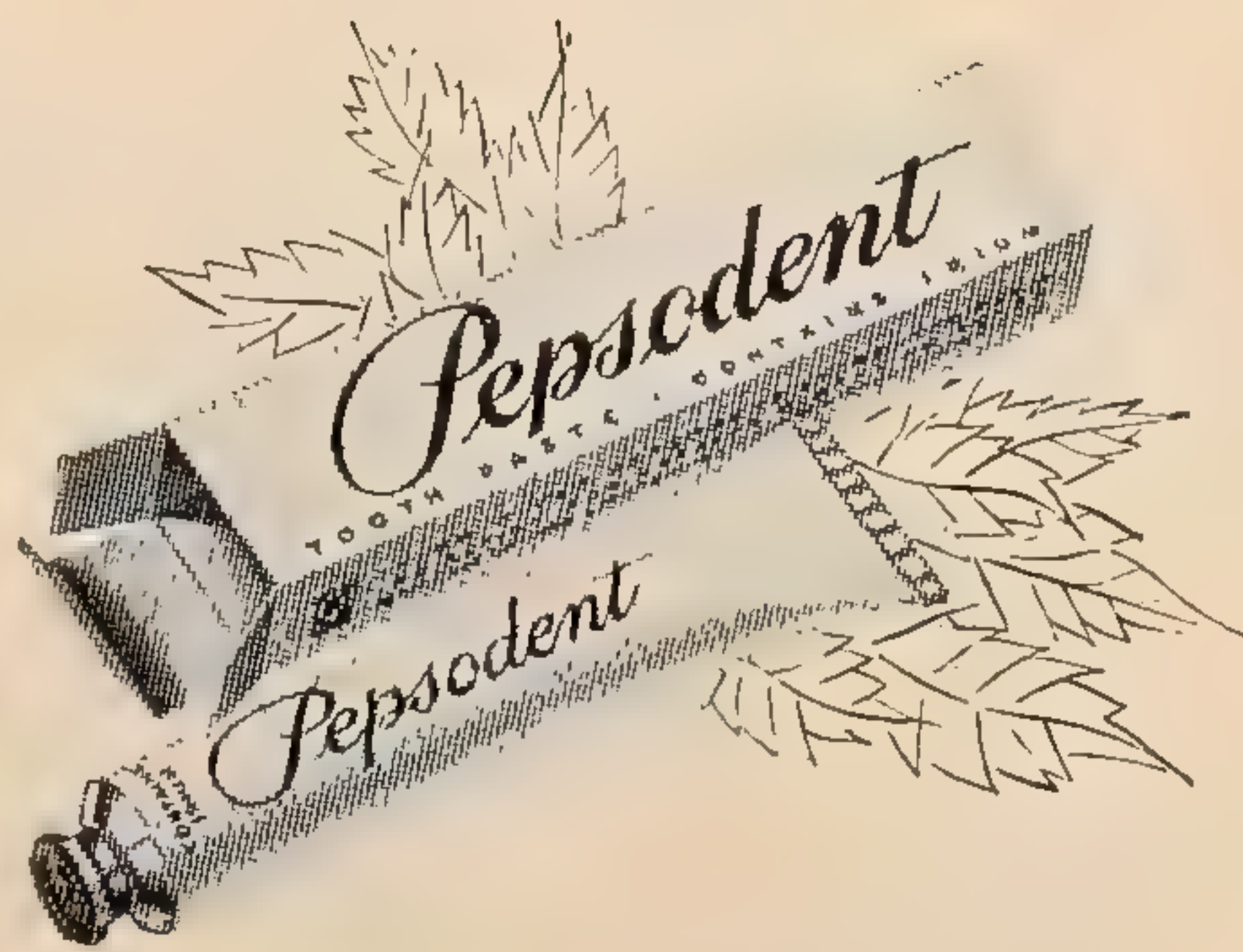
The Fuller Brush Man: Street-cleaner Skelton tells his girl, Janet Blair, he's been fired.

Mary Louise Shine's smile wins recruits for a proud profession!



Mary Louise Shine, R. N., didn't know she was qualifying as a photographer's model when she graduated from the Georgetown University School of Nursing. But remembering her cheering smile, former patients won't be surprised at her selection as a Model Nurse. Her picture is appearing everywhere . . . in advertisements and on billboards . . . inspiring young Americans to join the proud nursing profession. Now a Chicago doctor's bride, Mary Louise says the tooth paste she buys for her honeymoon apartment is the same brand she used at home—Pepsodent. Yes, her winning smile is a Pepsodent Smile!

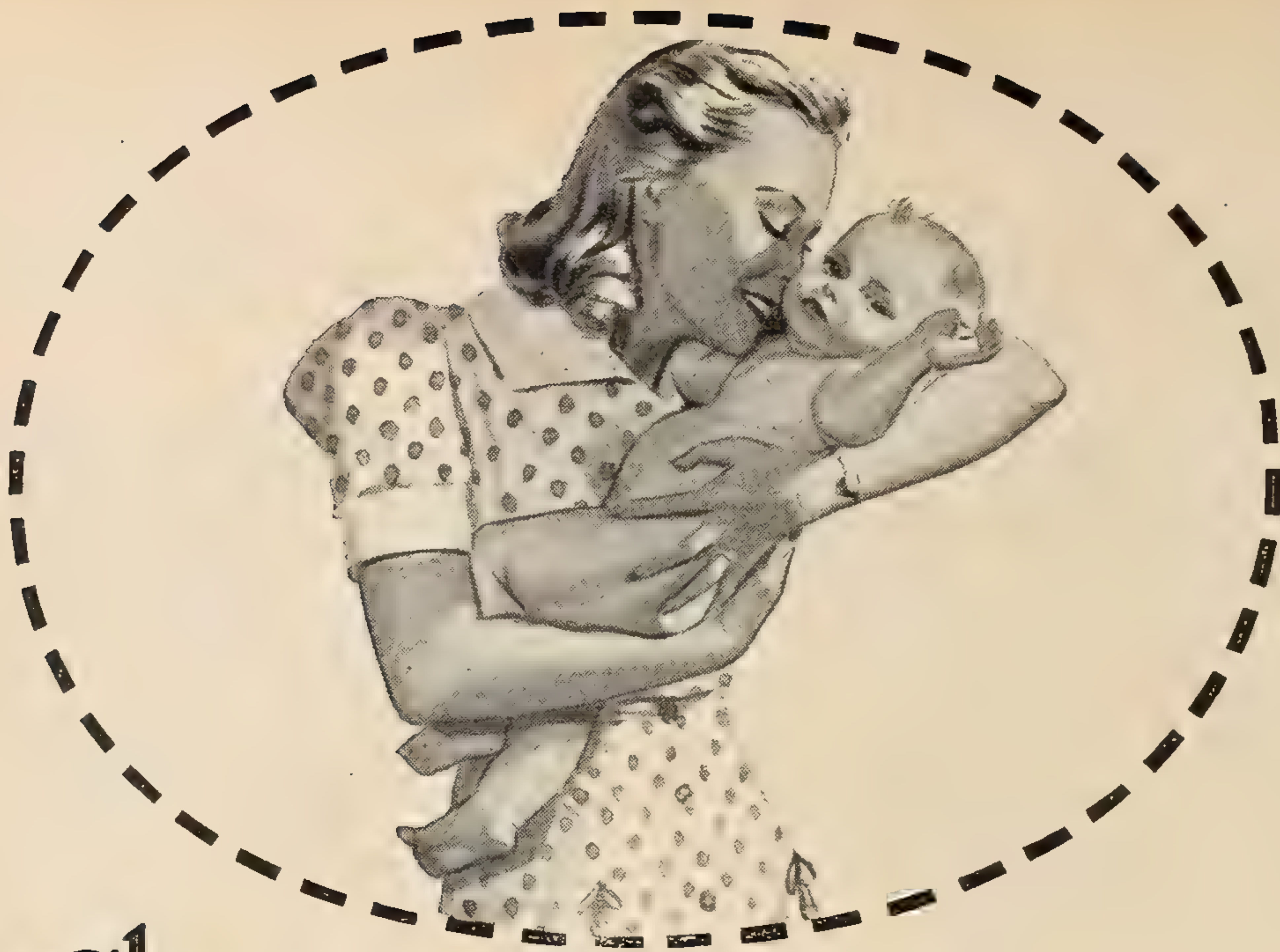
The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!



ANOTHER FINE LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

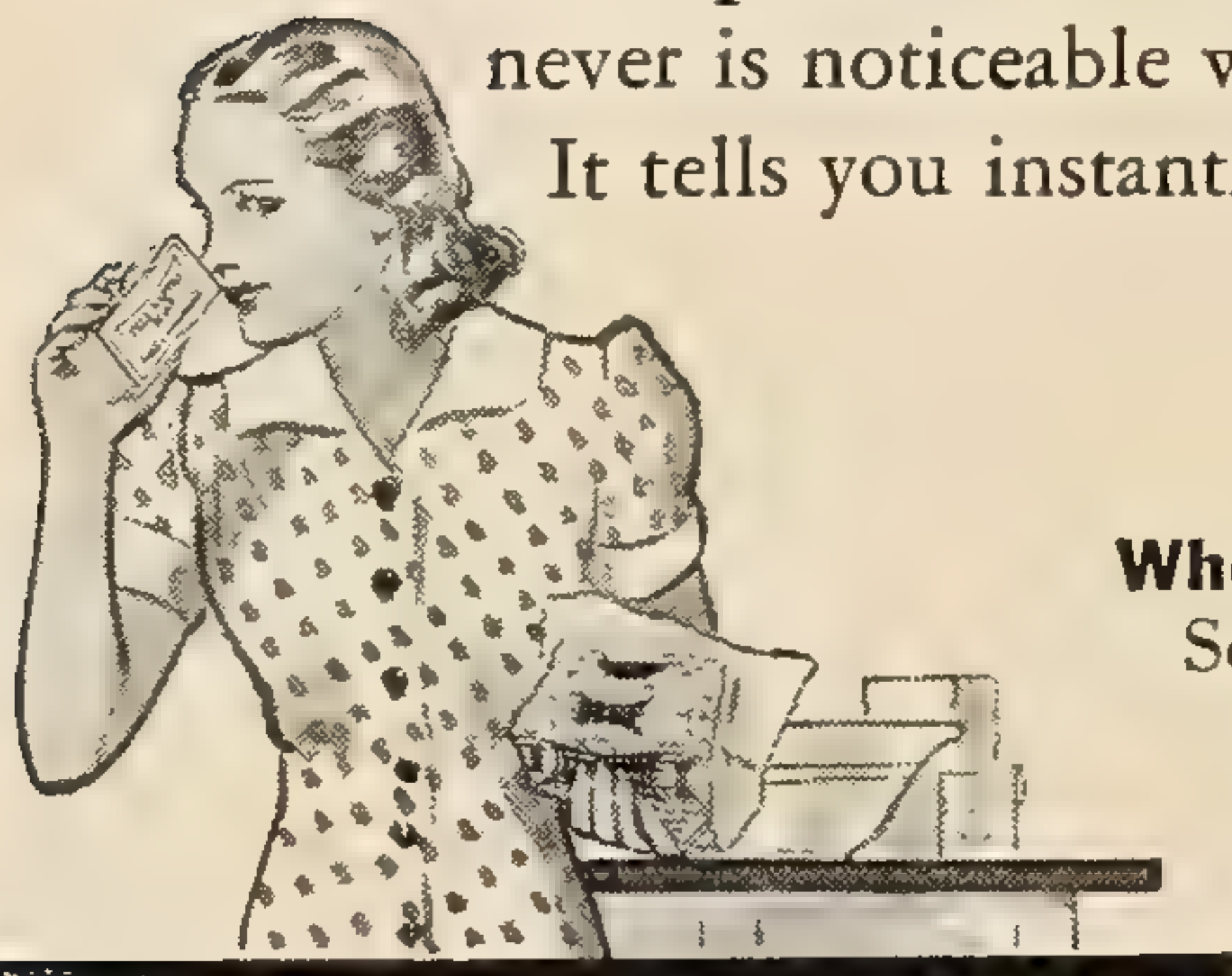
Mary Louise Shine knows it, people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles.

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste—families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*



Clean smells *Sweet*

Things that are completely clean have an unmistakable perfume. It's a delicate, fresh, sweet smell that never is noticeable where there is dirt in any form. It tells you instantly—this is clean!



When you unwrap a big bar of Fels-Naptha Soap, you get the immediate impression of cleanliness. This mild *golden* soap breathes the clean odor of naptha—the gentle, thorough cleaner that dirt and grime cannot escape.

When you wash with Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, your sense of smell registers "CLEAN" with every swish of suds. Here's where you discover the joy of sneezeless washdays. These husky golden chips shed no powdery dust to irritate your nose. They're the original no-sneeze chips!



Clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way have a fresh, clean smell which *proves* that golden soap and gentle naptha, *combined*, have done a dirt removing job no tricky soap substitutes can equal . . . Next time you wash *your* baby's things make sure they're completely clean . . . Use Fels-Naptha Soap.



Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



As the film goes on it gets louder and funnier, and the sequences showing Red and Ann trapped in the warehouse with all the crooks are both spine-tingling and hysterically funny. Thrills and laughter are a neat combination.

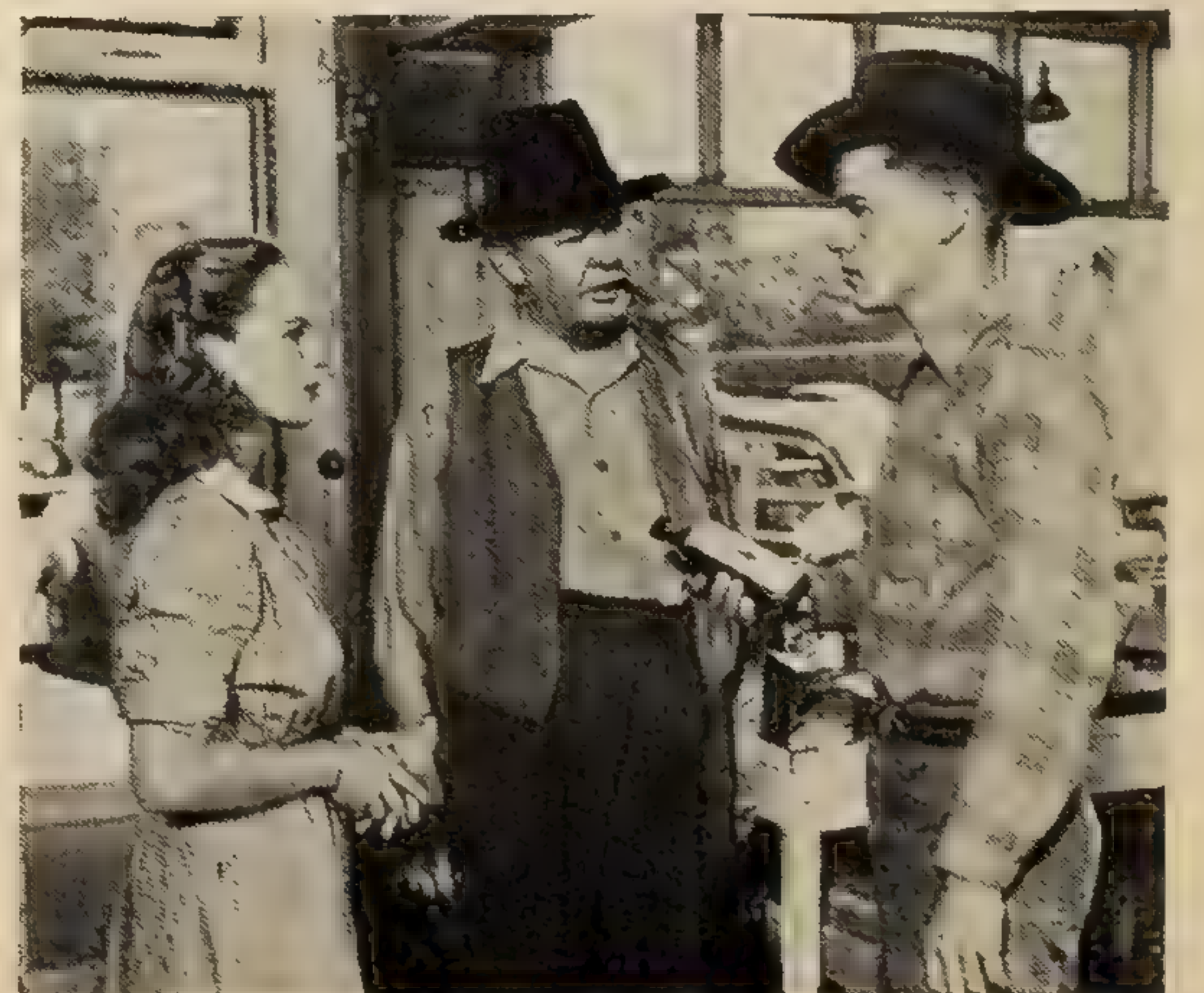
Some of this is too long and drawn out, much of it is the rankest slapstick, all of it is insignificant foolishness. But Red will warm your heart, Janet Blair will rest your eyes, and we promise you you won't go away mad.—Col.

GREEN GRASS OF WYOMING

Thunderhead, the magnificent white stallion of Mary O'Hara's books, is back again in as engaging an outdoor picture as you'll see this summer. Perfectly cast, beautifully photographed in Technicolor, *Green Grass of Wyoming* is a family picture in the best sense of the term, and it's an enormous relief to see a pair of screen adolescents (played by Robert Arthur and Peggy Cummins) who are quite nice people instead of the jive-talking rug-cutters we are accustomed to seeing.

There's a gentle romance between Carey Greenway (Peggy Cummins) and Ken McLaughlin (Robert Arthur), but the big love story here is Thunderhead's. At one time, this great white horse belonged to Ken, but Thunderhead was never much of a family man, always had a roving eye, and Ken had finally set him free. Whereupon Thunderhead took to the hills, returning periodically to steal a mare from one of the valley ranches. When Carey's grandpa, Beaver Greenway (Charles Coburn), loses his mare, Lady Hanover, he threatens to go out after Thunderhead and kill him on sight. And when, shortly thereafter, Ken's prized mare, Crown Jewel, disappears, the McLaughlins and other ranchers join the irate Beaver in the hunt for Thunderhead's hideout. Ken goes along torn between his love for the old scoundrel and love for his fleet and beautiful Crown Jewel whom he has been grooming for the trotting races at the State Fair.

The wonderful scene in which Thunderhead decides to go along home with Ken and Crown Jewel and settle for the pipe and slippers deal is perhaps the best in the film. The trotting races are fine, too, and the square dances with Burl Ives' good mellow singing are lots of fun. All told, it's a crackling good film. Don't miss it.—20th-Fox.



Green Grass of Wyoming: Peggy Cummins, Charles Coburn and Bob Arthur, in Technicolor



Anna Karenina: Ralph Richardson and Vivien Leigh in a new version of the Tolstoy classic.

ANNA KARENINA

If it's light summer fare you're after, this isn't it, for Tolstoy's great novel brought faithfully to the screen is the starkest kind of tragedy. We all know the story of the hopeless love affair between Anna and Count Vronsky, but Vivien Leigh and Keiron Moore give it such validity, such sweet sadness, that it is as if we were learning the story for the first time. Vivien, in a series of décolleté gowns has never been more beautiful, and her beauty is even more subtle, more compelling than it was in *Gone With The Wind*. Keiron Moore is excellent as the young lover torn between his allegiance to the army and to his beloved. Ralph Richardson is superb as the preoccupied, dogmatic husband who refuses to give Anna her freedom so that she and Vronsky may be married.

The black despair of the main theme is relieved by frequent detours into comedy via Anna's brother, Stepan Oblonsky (Hugh Dempster), his harassed wife Dolly (Mary Kerridge) and their five children. Just when one can't bear Anna's heartbreak another minute, the scene shifts and there are the Oblonskys, and one gathers strength for the next bout with melancholia.

The plot here is so familiar to all of us that there is never an instant's suspense, and yet really fine acting lifts the film out of the ordinary class into the special. The ending is, of course, highly unsatisfactory, but that's how Tolstoy wrote it, so that is that. Just grit your teeth and know it's art.—20th-Fox.

FIGHTING FATHER DUNNE

This is the true story of one man's fight to keep underprivileged newsboys on the straight and narrow, and it is an inspiring tale. Pat O'Brien is Father Dunne, a Father Flanagan-ish character with a big heart, a small purse and a way with boys. He is horrified at the way the poor youngsters in his native St. Louis live, eating out of garbage cans, sleeping in alleys; and he gets permission from the Archbishop to start a home for them. Permission—but no funds.

He gives his own small salary to the cause, has to beg storekeepers for credit to buy necessities like food and beds. People are kind to him and his little band of boys thrives and expands. The going is pretty rough most of the time, and while the results Father gets with most of the kids are vastly rewarding, there are disappointments, too. And once,

Are you in the know?



When it's a foursome, what's your policy?

- ☐ Fair play
- ☐ All's fair in love
- ☐ Leave the field to Sue

Even if he's snareable, don't be a male robber. Play fair. Avoid hurting others.

Besides, a halo can be mighty becoming. And when trying days needle you, seek the comforting angel-softness of new Kotex. The kind of softness that *holds its shape*—because Kotex is made to *stay* soft while you wear it. Strictly genius! So is the snug, comfortable fit of your new Kotex Sanitary Belt that's all-elastic—non-binding!



What's your winning weapon?

- ☐ Sharp chatter
- ☐ Samba know-how
- ☐ That starry-eyed look

Chin music and fancy footwork may be fine. But try that starry-eyed look. It's accomplished with a colorless brow-and-lash cream that helps condition 'em. Makes lashes seem longer. (Glamour for your lids, too, if Mom vetoes eye shadow). To win self-confidence on "those" days, turn to Kotex—for the *flat pressed ends* that prevent revealing outlines. Likewise, for the *extra* protection of an exclusive *safety center*. Your secret weapon against secret woes!



Would a smart "red head" wear—

- ☐ Pink
- ☐ Orange
- ☐ Cerise

So you're tired of "traditional" colors. You crave a change to—(s-sh!) *pink*—but you've heard it's taboo for red heads. Well, wear that dreamy pink confection. With beauty experts' blessing! Any *pale* pink with a subtle gold tone; like a very delicate flesh or coral. It's smart to be sure your choice is right. And for problem days, you're smart to choose exactly the right napkin. Try all 3 sizes of Kotex! Find the one that suits *your* needs.



More women choose KOTEX[★]
than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

when one of his boys goes on trial for murder, there is real heartbreak.

Pat O'Brien, handsome with his silvering hair, gives an adequate, if somewhat humorless, characterization of the fighting priest, and Una O'Connor as Miss O'Rourke, the housekeeper, does her best with some pretty mediocre lines. It is unmistakably Darryl Hickman's picture. Hickman, cast as Matt Davis, the young murderer, is excellent—by turn cocky and craven, at all times at home in his role.

This is not a great picture by any standards, but at a time when the nation is blaming Hollywood for every case of juvenile delinquency on the books, it is an important one, for it is certainly a step in the right direction.—RKO.

UP IN CENTRAL PARK

Here's a lilting little comedy with Deanna Durbin in fine face and voice. Picture's adapted from the late Broadway hit.

It's all about the Central Park scandal during the reign of Tammany Hall's notorious Boss Tweed (Vincent Price). Deanna as Rosie Moore and her father Timothy Moore (Albert Sharpe) are Irish immigrants who are rushed directly from the boat to the polls where—at two dollars the vote—they vote for Boss Tweed's candidate, ineffectual Mayor Oakley (Hobart Cavanaugh). Deanna's dad, who thinks Boss Tweed is the grandest man who ever lived, votes 23 times, and later—at a big beer party celebrating Oakley's victory, Tweed appoints him superintendent of Cen-



Fighting Father Dunne: Pat O'Brien plays a priest battling delinquency among slum boys.

tral Park at \$3,000 a year.

Shortly thereafter, newspaper reporter John Matthews (Dick Haymes), on the trail of evidence that will knock the bottom out of Tweed's rotten, grafting régime, gets talking to Mr. Moore about his duties as park superintendent, extracts enough information from the guileless old fellow for a red hot newspaper exposé. Tweed is furious and fires Moore for his disloyalty.

Now there are complications, for both Tweed and Matthews are enamoured of golden-voiced Rosie and neither of them wants to make her angry. There is a happy ending, of course, in due time. The unspectacular songs by Dorothy Fields and Sigmund Romberg are well-sung by Durbin and Haymes, and the whole business adds up to an hour and a half of relaxation and good fun.—Univ.-Int.

YOUR RED WAGON

This is a tense, fast, poignant film that tells the ill-starred love-story of two kids who never meant to be bad, and who wind up in the worst kind of trouble there is. It introduces a new movie team, Farley Granger as Bowie, and Cathy O'Donnell as Keechie, and they are made for each other cinematically the way Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell were. They're magnificent!

Bowie is a young killer who has escaped from jail with two older criminals, T-Dub (Jay C. Flippen) and Chicamaw (Howard Da Silva). These two are past hoping for redemption, almost past dreaming of living once more on the right side of the law. But Bowie is young and full of hope. He's certain that if he can just get the funds to pay for a lawyer he can get himself squared around. And so, to get some money, he helps Chicamaw and T-Dub rob a bank. They make their getaway safely, buy a new car and destroy the old one that the police are looking for. They're free, they think—and then there's an automobile accident and a cold-blooded murder. And Bowie is in so deep he knows no lawyer will ever be able to help him out of his trouble.

Keechie, a niece of Chicamaw's, knows what she's in for, but she's in love with Bowie, and she begs him to take her with him when he begins his hideous hunted existence. They are married, and for a pitifully short time they live "like other people" in a

*"wonderful... a deodorant
in pads... as individual
as facial tissues!"*



greaseless — not a cream... not messy to use... nothing to cake... no sticky fingers... no chance of soiling clothes or delicate underthings.

quick drying — just a dab of a 5 Day Pad — that's all... no waiting... no liquid to drip or spill... drying is practically instant!

safe — 5 Day Deodorant Pads are harmless to skin and clothes... require no after-bathing... will not discolor fabrics.

Stop perspiration and odor in 2 seconds

a fingertip pad saturated with a marvelously effective deodorant... often

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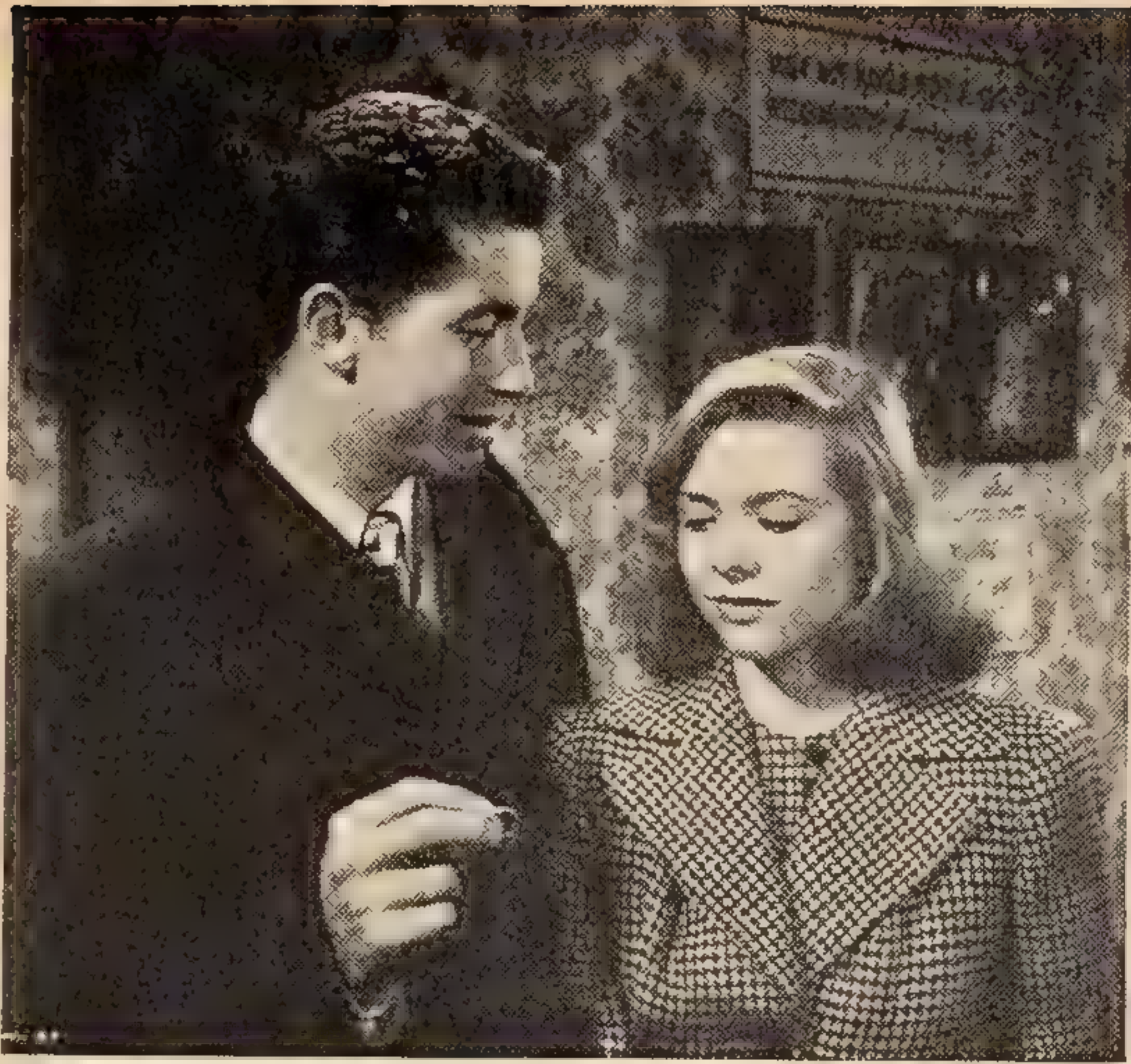
Discover this daintier, more effective

way to lasting freshness today.

5 day

**DEODORANT
PADS**

... more effective • more convenient • safer.



Your Red Wagon: Young Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell in a story of ill-starred love.

little cottage in a tourist camp. They buy dishes and curtains and pretend that it's for always, but there's an end to it, of course.

This is a sad movie, a sordid movie, but it is beautifully done. The acting is flawless, the direction deft, and there's a terrifying message here for youngsters who think that crime is a glamorous or lucrative way of life. Here's one of those rare films good enough to see twice.—*RKO*.

ON AN ISLAND WITH YOU

This is lavish, expensive, bright with color and music—and it should add up to a lot more than it does. Unfortunately, the script is dull, and the acting with one notable exception—Jimmy Durante—is uninspired.

It's a movie about making a movie, and it is hard to say which movie is more meaningless. The movie *within* the movie (let's call that one movie A) seems to concern two girls' ardor for one guy, and the main movie involves approximately the same situation, and—oddly enough—the same three characters: Esther Williams, who plays the part of screen star Roz Reynolds; Cyd Charisse who plays Yvonne, and Ricardo Montalban as Ricard Montes. Lt. Larry Kingslea (Peter Lawford), young Navy flyer, is brought in as technical advisor on Movie A, and he falls madly in love with Roz Reynolds whom he first met when she entertained the boys on his Pacific isle during the war.

Kingslea is to double for Ricardo in one scene and fly a plane in which Roz has stowed away. In a sequence which heavily taxes one's credulity, he flies her to the very island where they first met. He gets in Dutch with the Navy for his shenanigans, but—in another unlikely scene—is let off by a benign, head-patting commander with a Dan Cupid approach to the whole affair. We never do know how things turn out in movie A, but they turn out just dandy in the main event, with a double wedding in the offing at the fadeout.

Xavier Cugat's music is fine, and Durante—singing his "Strutaway" song, breathing life into some extremely poor lines—is a bright spot. As is Cyd Charisse, a really spectacular dancer. Esther's figure is wonderful, and she swims—well, like Esther Williams. The ingredients are all there. This one should be a knockout, but it simply doesn't come off.—*M-G-M*.



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MAKES HAIR ★ EASIER TO MANAGE

new Toni creme shampoo

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Your hair will shimmer with fetching highlights—sparkle with all, yes *all* its glorious natural sheen. For new Toni Creme Shampoo gives you "soft-water shampooing." The new miracle shampooing that gets hair cleaner, smoother, shinier than any soap or soap shampoo you've ever used—and rinses away unsightly dandruff instantly.

With new "soft-water shampooing" no after-rinse is needed. There's no soap-film dullness, no fly-away dryness. Today enjoy the benefits of "soft-water shampooing." Get new Toni Creme Shampoo in the handy tube or jar.



ASK FOR TONI CREME SHAMPOO — IT'S NEW!

dorothy kilgallen selects "the emperor waltz"



Bing Crosby, an American traveling salesman, is in Austria to sell Emperor Franz Joseph (Richard Haydn) a phonograph. Trouble starts when Bing's mongrel gets involved with Countess Joan Fontaine's Scheherazade, who's already betrothed to the Emperor's dog.

■ Film fans who remember with happy nostalgia the gay Maurice Chevalier-Jeanette MacDonald musicals of a couple of decades ago will find a multi-colored rebirth of those celluloid charmers in *The Emperor Waltz*. The generation that has become cinema-conscious since then will get a sample of what it missed when it watches Bing Crosby and Joan Fontaine sparkle and cavort in this tale of the princess and the pauper.

And wait till you see the new Bing—slim, wavy-haired and as romantic as Boyer!

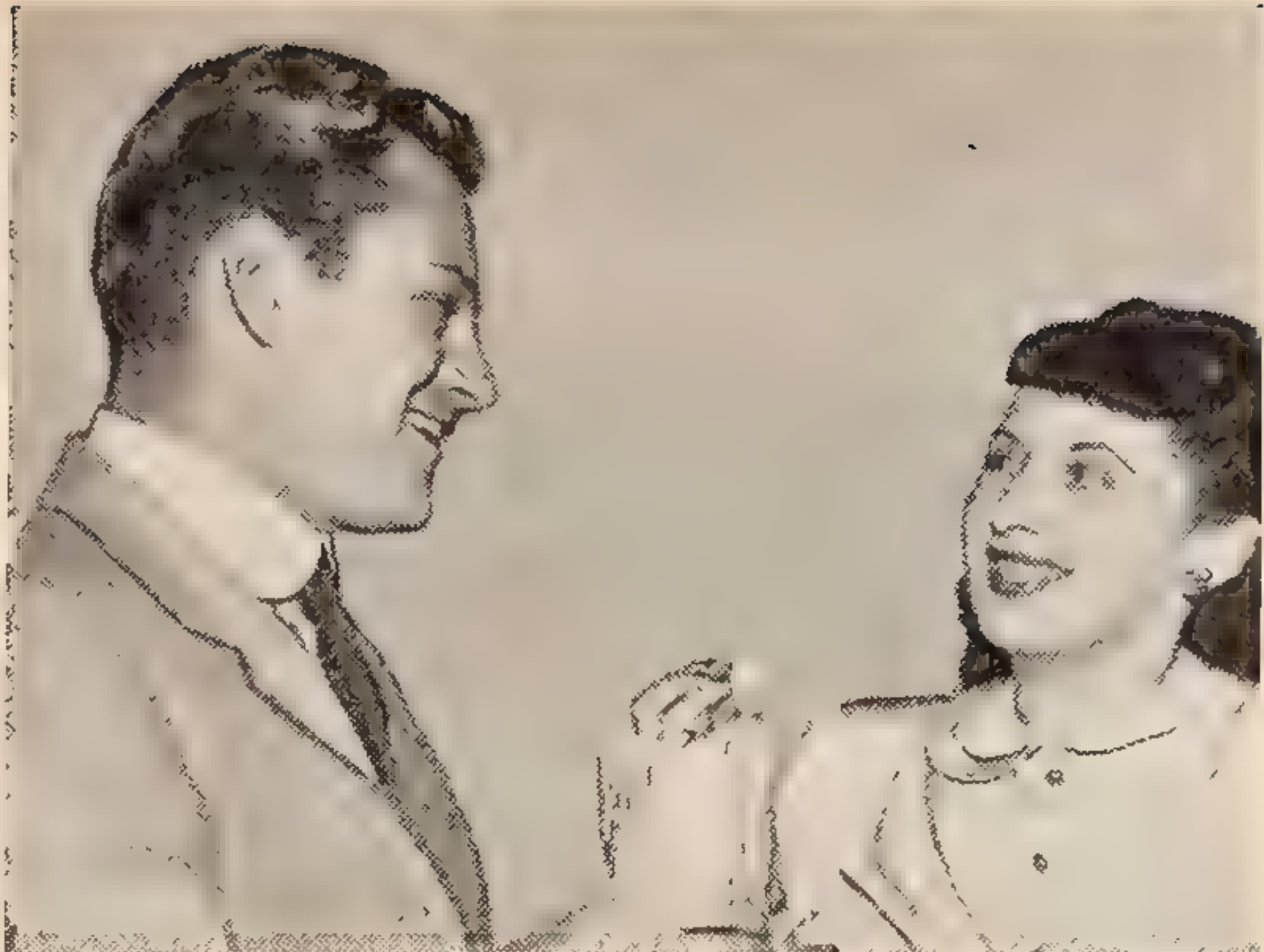
The story is not set in a mythical kingdom (the scene is Austria during the reign of Emperor Franz Joseph) but it is a mythical kingdom formula and might just as well have been laid in Graustark for all anyone connected with it cares about the realities.

You really can sit back in your plush loge seat and enjoy this one; its worst problems are about on a par with putting too much sugar in the batch of fudge, and its big message is that music and love are fine.

The lush Technicolor picks up Bing (impersonating Virgil Smith, an American phonograph salesman at the turn of the century) as he becomes involved with an imperious young Austrian countess at the court of Franz Joseph. They migrate from the extravagant splendors of the palace to the verdant beauties of the Tyrol (sure, Bing yodels—whaddya think!) and there, in an enchanting village where every member of the population plays the violin at twilight, countess falls in love with brash young salesman, and brash young salesman's spotted dog falls in love with countess' elegant poodle.

What results in both instances should, I suppose, be kept secret from moviegoers until they have paid their tariff at the box office.

Anyhow, the proceedings are delightfully tuneful and escapist. Crosby fans, Fontaine fans and dog lovers will be equally gratified by *The Emperor Waltz*—and, goodness, that must include EVERYBODY!



Bev and Dick Webb on *Isn't It Romantic* set.

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

HOLLYWOOD again . . . for three weeks. The moment I arrived I met GREGORY PECK at the MODERN SCREEN office. Then DICK CLAYTON took DANNY SCHOLL and myself to a musical at Fox which starred BILL CALLAHAN and COLLEEN TOWNSEND. COLLEEN invited me to lunch at the studio, and at adjoining tables were BETTY GRABLE, DICK CONTE, BOB ARTHUR and TYRONE POWER. My favorite publicity man, one of the nicest guys in the business, FRANK MACFADDEN, invited me to lunch with ANN BLYTH and DON TAYLOR at Universal. At the commissary were JEFFRY LYNN, BURT LANCASTER, VINCENT PRICE, SHELLY WINTERS, and MARTA TOREN. MICHAEL STEELE took me to CIRO'S, twice, to see Mitzi Green, and we rubbed elbows on the dance floor with SUSAN HAYWARD, JUDY GARLAND, BARBARA BEL GEDDES, SYLVIA SIDNEY, and SONJA HENIE, and had chats with DAVE ROSE, DIANA LYNN, and the JIMMY LYDONS. MIKE is set for the juvenile lead in *Command Decision*, so write him now for a pic at MGM. Had a memorable evening seeing BILL EYTHE and JOAN LORRING in Bill's production of *Glass Menagerie*, and Bill told me at cocktails about his sensational plans for a permanent theater in Hollywood. Had fun at tea with JANE WITHERS, reminiscing about the wedding; and a grand time at the Sam Spade Show. I gabbed with HOWARD DUFF afterward. Hmmm! DON DEFORE invited me to Warners to see Dennis Morgan and him working in *One Sunday Afternoon*, and I met HARRY LEWIS on the lot. HARRY drove me to his darling ceramic shop, and we talked for hours. Went to a party with DANNY SCHOLL and BARRY NELSON, and had a reunion with the CHARLES KORVINS. BILLY DANIEL took me to Paramount for a long delayed meeting with DICK WEBB, and DICK and I got together again at Lucey's before I left. Then Billy took me to Universal to meet AVA GARDNER and OLGA SAN JUAN. There was much more . . . lunch with BILL MAUCH, cocktails with MICHAEL HARVEY (Curley of *Tycoon*), and visits with ROSS HUNTER. Whatcha want to know? Send your letters to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y., with a self-addressed stamped envelope.



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hat... soft new Dura-Gloss
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RITA DAIGLE—Walter Thornton Model



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blend with the trend toward light, soft colors in
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NYLON BRUSH lets you control the polish,

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DURA-GLOSS REMOVER simply lifts the old polish off,

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**You can say “yes”
to Romance...**



Because
**Veto says “no”
to Offending!**



Veto says “no”

—to perspiration worry and odor!

Soft as a caress . . . exciting . . . new — Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. You feel *sure* of your own daintiness.

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So effective . . . yet so gentle—Colgate's Veto is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, your most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive new ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!

Trust always to Veto if you value your charm!

"You can't
have a child of your
own," the doctors said.
And then Linda Darnell
found Lola, and
someday she'll tell her,
"We wanted you
more than anything
in the world."

"we adopted a baby"



Linda happily displays baby bonnet—
gift of co-workers in *Unfaithfully
Yours*. They gave her shower.

■ For years I had wanted a baby desperately. I was shaken when the first doctor told me, "I'm sorry, Linda, but you can't have a baby of your own." There were all sorts of reasons. Good reasons. But I wouldn't take the word of just one doctor.

Pev (my husband, Peverell) and I had then been married a year. Both of us wanted children of our own. And here was this doctor uttering his verdict which I didn't want to believe.

So I went to more doctors. I went to specialists. And they all said the same thing. "Linda," I said to myself, "you're not a girl to kid yourself with a lot of illusions. One of those doctors might be wrong, but they can't all be wrong."

Pev went on hoping that we might have children of our own. So did I, but it was a kind of quiet, forlorn, suffocating hope.

The years went by, and we didn't have children. And after a while it didn't seem as if we were having much of a married life either. We weren't making each other happy. We never had much time together. Both of us were busy working.

We'd come home, tired, tense and excited. We had been fighting traffic all the way home. Pev would take off his hat and coat and throw them away some place. Then I'd ask Pev, "What happened today?" not really caring about the answer because I was too concerned with my own problems.

Well, we separated. The story of our separation and reconciliation is a thrice-told tale. Away from Pev, I found out that I cared for him deeply, more than I did for anyone else. Our differences could be ironed out. We could be sensible, level-headed people. When we got home dead tired, (*Continued on page 70*)

by
linda
darnell



June (hanging her painting at star exhibit) is making *Silver Lining*, biography of Marilyn Miller. She receives dozen roses daily from Duzik.

■ A slight fairhaired girl sat in the Santa Monica courtroom and started telling her story. Her voice shook a little. It was frightening, up there in front of all those people, talking about something so personal. "A little louder, please, Miss Haver," said Jerry Giesler, her attorney. "We can't hear you."

June steadied herself. Her thoughts flew back to the operation, less than a month ago. Here was another of those things you had to do for yourself, nobody could help you. All right, she'd pretend she was alone. Or playing a part, pitching her voice to the

gallery. This time the words came clearer, and at last she was finished. Ruth Woodward, her secretary, followed her to the stand.

A few minutes later the judge handed down the decree that divorced June Haver from Jimmy Zito.

I'm frank to admit that June is a pet of mine. What struck me first when I met her four years ago was the kindness in her eyes—an expression you don't find too often in an 18-year-old. After that I came to know her well as a gay, honest, eager-

hearted kid with an odd turn of phrase that kept you laughing, and enough good will to embrace the world.

I've seen her in many moods and under many conditions—at home and at work, alone and with a crowd. I saw her two days after her marriage in a soft glow of happiness. I saw her white and drawn and controlled after the breakup. I've never seen her treat others except with consideration, nor handle herself except with dignity and taste. I'm proud to have her consider me a friend.

As her friend, there's a thing or two I'd

by
hedda
hopper

he never loved her

You've read about
June Haver's divorce
before—a few lies,
a few half-truths.
Now Modern Screen
tells you what
really happened!

like to clear up. Scarcely was the ink dry on her interim decree when one columnist leaped into print with the gleeful announcement that June would marry John Duzik. Where she got her so-called information I wouldn't know. From a ouija board, maybe.

The facts are these. Since last October June's been working like crazy. What with keeping her toes to the grindstone, plus an operation, there's been little time for social life. Less than ever, now that *Silver Living* is rolling. It's true that when she has gone out, Duzik's been her companion. But let's not try. (Continued on page 84)



It's all over now. June divorced Jimmy Zito on March 25, charging he was "moody and silent," made embarrassing remarks about her fans. Gossips say she'll now seek church annulment so she can marry Dr. John Duzik next.



Leslie Charteris (author of The Saint books), his wife Betty, Greta and Greg have fun at a beach picnic in Nassau.

the one
on the
right is
Peck



Somewhere in the
Carribean there's a
man-eating shark still
whining about the Peck
who got away!

by Betty Charteris

■ Picture it. We'd planned a vacation, my husband Leslie (he writes *The Saint* books) and I, with our great good friends the Gregory Pecks. They were going to fly to Nassau and meet us there. And they did. They, and eleven pieces of luggage, and enough camera equipment so you could photograph every fish in the South Seas simultaneously, and themselves looking neat and wholesome.

My husband, who was wearing a sad looking seersucker suit, acted hurt. "Do you know how to use this artillery," he said cuttingly, "or are you just showing off?"

Greg ignored that. "You're such a great manager, where's the boat?" (Leslie and I were to have arranged for the boat on which we four were to cruise cheerily through the Caribbean. We'd chartered a 60-foot auxiliary ketch from Bob Trout, the CBS newscaster.)

"Boat's coming," Leslie said.

"Supposed to have got here yesterday," Greg said. "We missed two planes to give you a chance to get ready, and you're still nowhere."

"We didn't miss the planes on purpose—" Greta said.

"Hush," said her husband. "Let's go look at Nassau."

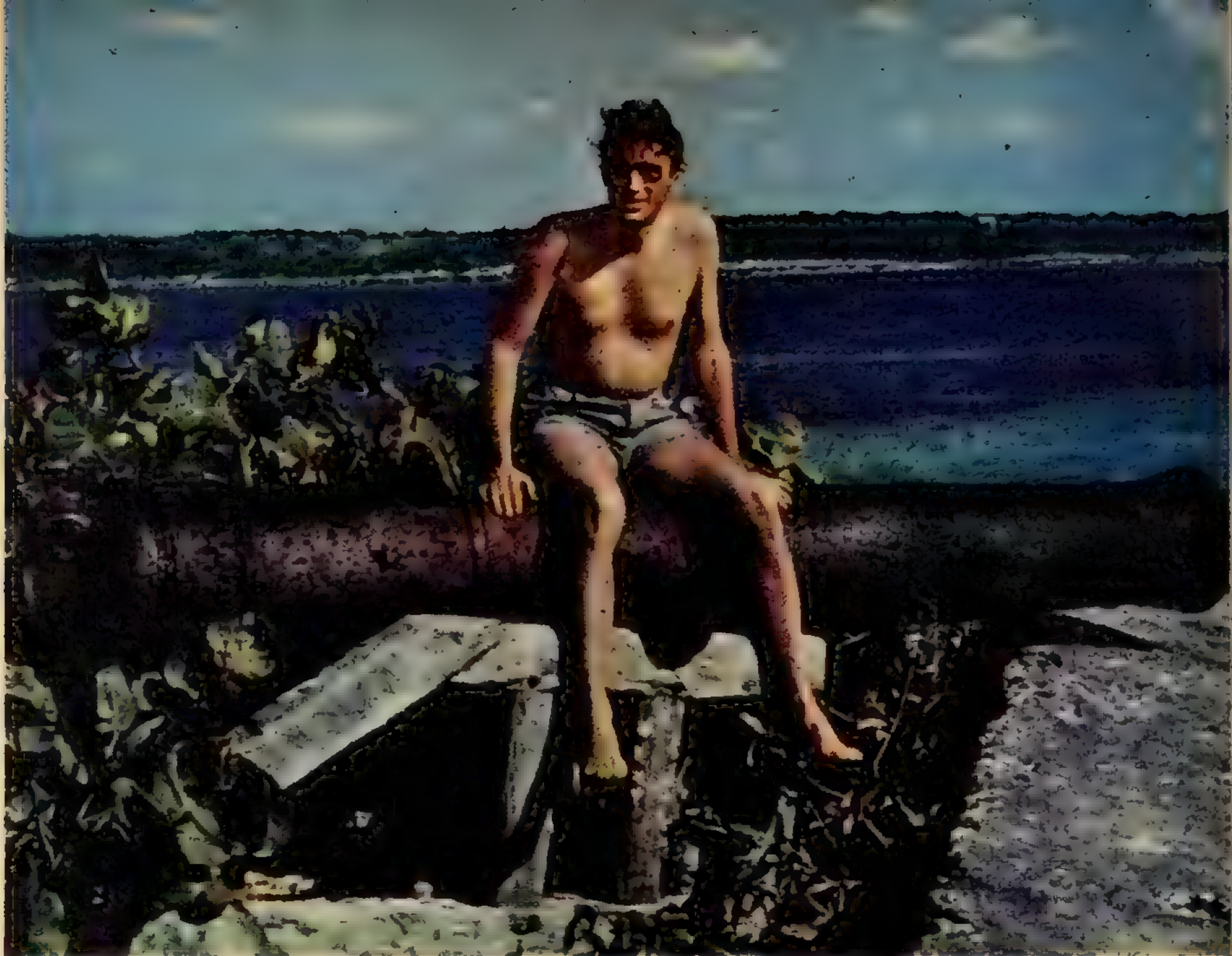
Because Mr. Peck was so anxious to look at Nassau, we now have a million pictures of him taking pictures of natives who are taking pictures of him! Very confusing day.

That night, our boat, the *Tonga*, arrived. We watched it move into the pier, and it was something beautiful: the bright moonlight, the white ship, two tall masts. We met the Captain, Raymond Johnson, a big, red-headed man, and we met Mrs. Johnson, and we met the crew. The crew's name was Joe. Then we went to the hotel to dream of pirate ships cleaving the wild green sea.

Next morning we were off.

It's something I can't describe—that first shock when the wind fills the sails, and the boat moves off into the sea. The sky was all yellow and red with dawn, and the little white Nassau houses were fading behind us.

We were headed for (Continued on page 81)



Although he rarely poses in bathing trunks, Greg okayed this pic—on top of Fort Montague cannon. Below, the Pecks aboard fishing ketch, *Tonga*. Greg caught a 12-lb. barracuda, threw it back. "Too pungent!"



Greg (who'll follow up *Gentleman's Agreement* with *Yellow Sky*) smiles approval as Greta chooses a sisal hat and purse to match. Native woman charged double (\$1.50) because she was asked to pose for pic.



"they call me Mother"

by
dale evans
rogers

All of a sudden,

Dale looked different to the

Rogers kids, be-

cause now she was their step-

mother, not their friend.

Until they began to learn she

could be both at once . . .

■ It was a day last December, a few weeks before I was married to Roy Rogers, a man with three small children. I was being interviewed by his eldest child, Cheryl, aged seven, who likes to play spokesman for the family.

"When you marry our daddy," said Cheryl, "you'll be our stepmother, won't you?"

"Well, yes," I said. I glanced at her, feeling this was a crucial moment. "I'm not particularly fond of the word stepmother," I said. There was a silence you could drop a stone into. I went on, "You don't have to call me mummy. We can just be friends, good friends. I suggest you call me Dale, the way you know me best. Later, if you ever want to call me



On Saturdays, the Rogers kids love to visit *Collin's Kiddieland*. Dusty, not quite two, takes it easy, but sisters Cheryl and Linda ride the airplanes, beg Dale for pickles, popcorn and chocolate sundaes.



by another name, I'll be very, very happy."

Cheryl flung me a smile. We were over the first hurdle.

The children's mother had died at the time Dusty, the boy, was born, in the summer of 1946. It was a wrenching loss to the two little girls—Cheryl, and Linda. Mrs. Rogers had been a devoted homemaker with no career interests, and consequently closer to the children than Roy who had to be away a lot, traveling on rodeos and personal appearance tours. So when his wife died, Roy fell into a state of deep concern about what to do with his little girls and his infant son.

Finally, it was decided that they would be best off living on his beautiful ranch on Lake Hughes, 60 miles from Hollywood.

It was arranged that Mrs. Christensen, a lovely lady, mother of one of Roy's close friends, would stay with them. It was a good life, but the little girls missed their mother. Roy tried to be with them more, but when he was making movies he couldn't travel 60 miles to the ranch every night—and back again in the morning.

After the wedding, it took a little while to get all of us plus five dogs, a nurse and a housekeeper moved under one roof and settled down as a family for the first time.

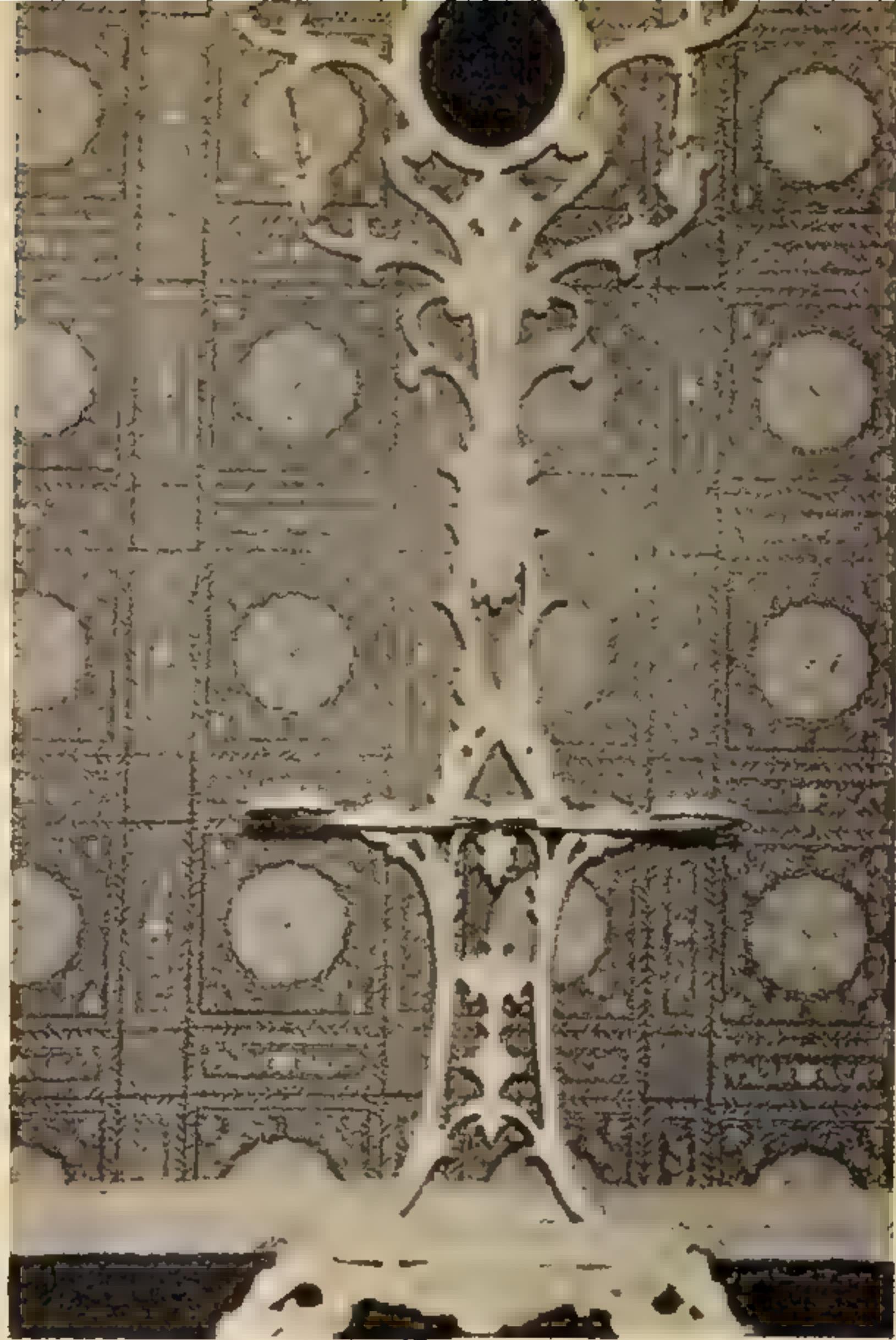
Children adapt quickly (in a month you have the feeling you've all lived together forever) but I don't want to make it sound as though everything about my new role as mother to Roy's children was automatically solved. We wouldn't be normal

people if things had worked out that simply. This is quite a responsibility I've taken on.

All three children have tried a little grandstanding with me. That's natural. I was the new one in the family, and if they could take a little advantage, why not?

On the whole, Dusty isn't much of a problem, and Linda, having been only three when her mother died, seems to have adjusted well. But Cheryl is a different sort of child. More introspective, with a flair for the dramatic. She was older (five) when her mother was taken away, and she felt it more.

I think I'm realistic. I know that all children are quick to uncover sensitive spots in adults (*Continued on page 99*)



Victorian coat-rack greets guests.

What are little girls'
castles made of? Chintz and
brass and antique glass
. . . Victorian poses and cab-
bage roses—or at least
that's the story Prince Mike
tells here, after a visit to
Diana Lynn . . .

apartment for diana

by
**prince
michael
romanoff**

Diana's 5-room apartment is in an upper mid-
dle class district of Beverly Hills. It's perfect
for quiet "at home" entertaining, which she loves.

▼ Mike Romanoff, an authority on decorating, was impressed
by both the beauty and practicality of Diana's home. These
chairs are covered in glazed chintz "because it's dirt-resistant."



➤ The dinette is really a corner of the living room, separated
by a waist-high partition. Two Early American tables (only one
is shown) are placed together for dinners, parted for bridge.



photos by bob beerman





Afternoons (when she's not working on *Ruthless*) Diana serves tea before fireplace. Coffee table is sawed-off old dining table.

■ A man who spends most of his life in a restaurant the way I do must think up ways of amusing himself. If he doesn't, he faces a very great danger of becoming a paranoiac with delusions of grandeur.

Romanoff, therefore, has originated a unique little guessing game. Whenever an actress of note enters my establishment, I study her from a secret vantage point, and I say to myself, "Romanoff, what kind of a house does that woman live in?"

On a little pad, I then jot down my guess.

Sooner or later, that actress invites me to her home, where I find, for the most part, that my original guess was incredibly correct.

In the case of Diana Lynn, however, I am sad to say I was wrong, wrong for the first time since 1911.

My guessing pad carries this notation: "Diana Lynn—in all probability very modernistic, gadgety house, television, hidden radios, etc."

The circumstances of my error, however,

are extenuating. Diana has been coming to my restaurant for years. She's been ordering scrambled eggs and chicken livers ever since she was fourteen. She was born in Los Angeles twenty-one years ago and she's been around worldly show-people all her youth. She's smart and sophisticated, and I naturally supposed that like most young actresses on the upgrade, she had built herself a modernistic house with at least one swimming pool and had had the abode furnished by Billy Haines, who will decorate

apartment for diana



Diana's bedroom is gay and pert as she is. Twin beds (she often asks a girl friend to stay overnight) are pushed together and backed by a single headboard. Padded wall behind beds is "so I can beat my head against it."

any star's house for a bagatelle of a hundred thousand.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

To begin with, Diana Lynn doesn't live in a house. She has a five-room apartment in an upper middle class district in Beverly Hills. It's the kind of apartment any career girl with taste and money might furnish.

The furniture in the living room and dinette is Early American. The furniture in Diana's bedroom and the hideaway she pithily refers to as a "mood room," are Victorian, and the kitchen has no furniture at all.

Mix Early American and Victorian, and what do you get? An old-fashioned girl. And that's exactly what Diana is. Superficially, she appears flip and sophisticated, but delve beneath the surface and you will find her gracious, conservative, more New (Continued on page 104)

Pine-paneled living room reflects good taste, is furnished with American antiques. Upholstery and carpeting, however, are modern.





The dining-living room partition also serves as a bar. Bar-stools are covered with same hand-blocked linen used in draperies. Both require infrequent cleaning.



Diana calls this her "mood room," and retires to it when she wants to be alone. The ample shelf space has started her collecting antique glass and odd china.



Satin-covered Victorian couch (in another corner of the "mood room") is ideal spot to study scripts. Reason: the seat is so uncomfortable, there's little danger Diana will drop off to sleep.

Unhappy ending!

by
albert p. delacorte

It could have been
a fairytale,
the way their marriage went.
It was almost too good
to last—and it didn't. This
is about the Reagans,
and the end of a dream . . .



HAPPY BEGINNING: Jane met Ronnie when they worked together at Warners'. They were married in 1940.



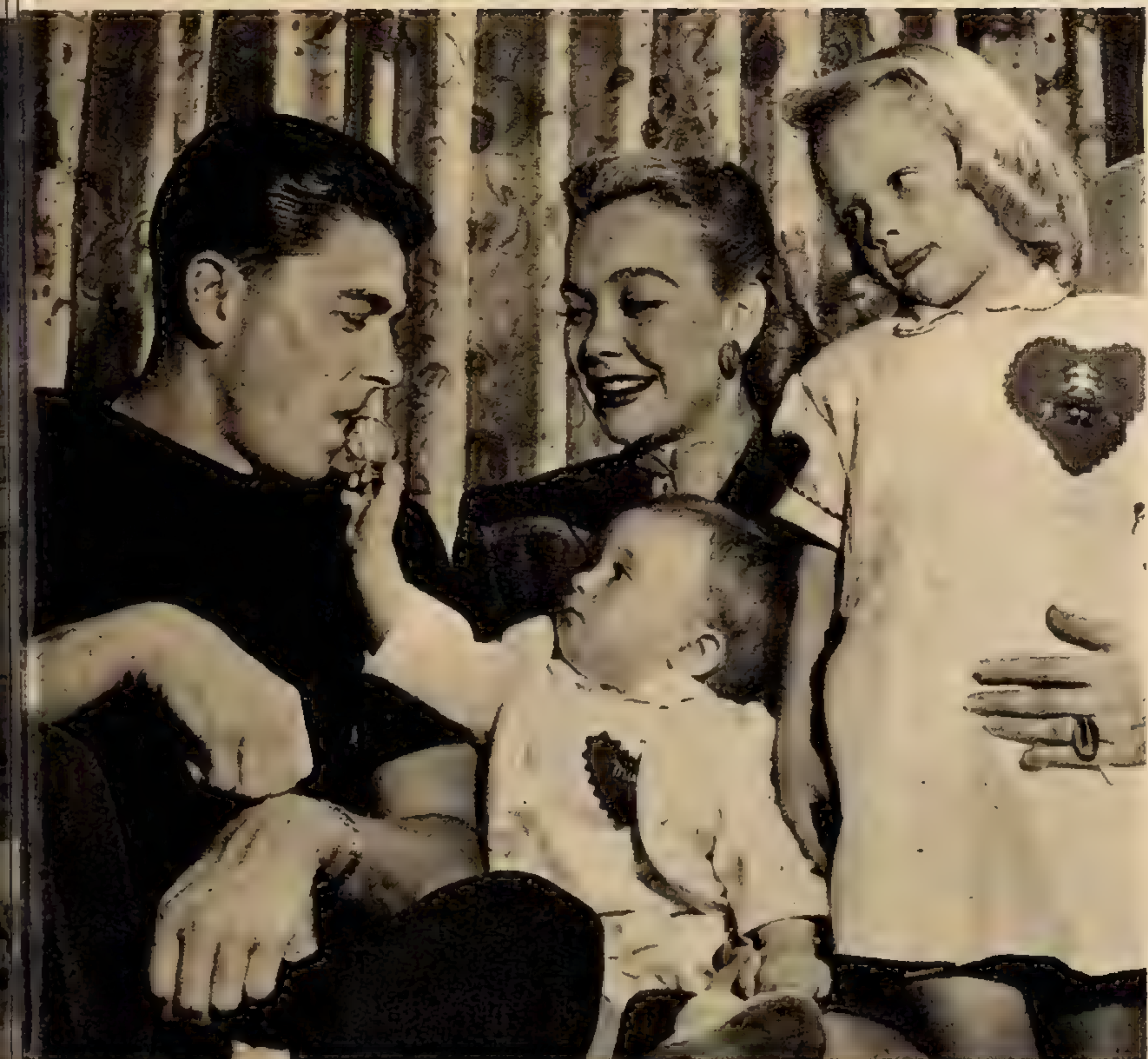
THE REAGAN GIRLS: Maureen Elizabeth was born in 1941. Recently, she was asked what she wanted to be when she grew up; she replied, "Whistled at!" Reagans' Michael is 3.



SO LONG, BUTTON NOSE: Jane and one-year-old Maureen saw Ronnie off from their Beverly Hills home. He was Army Captain.



UNHAPPY ENDING: After a week's reconciliation, the Reagans decided on divorce. Jane (star of *Johnny Belinda*) charged "extreme cruelty." First separation lasted five months, during which Jane "cleared her mind."



ONLY A FEW MONTHS TO GO: The Reagan quartet was Hollywood's model for happiness when this photo was taken. Little did they suspect that seven years of marriage would very soon be threatened.

■ I'm not the most convivial guy in the world. I can take movie stars or leave them alone, and movie stars have always reciprocated in kind. But the Reagans—they were different; they were my friends. We used to swap pictures of our kids, we used to stay at each other's houses—to me, the Reagans symbolized all that was pleasant and honest in Hollywood. Now that they've split up, I feel I've lost something which was important. We've all lost something. Because the Reagans were pets of MODERN SCREEN readers. You loved them; you adopted them; you're going to miss them. I know.

Jane and Ronnie were already separated when I made my last trip to Hollywood, and maybe that had something to do with the fact that I wasn't in any rush to get there. Anyhow, I stopped off for a few days at the Flamingo Hotel, in Las Vegas, Nevada, on my way out. The Flamingo's one of those fabulous playgrounds—it cost six million dollars, (Continued on page 70)

Dating Madison

and Calhoun can be rugged!

They sail, they bowl,

they hunt. But M.S. caught

Gail and Vera-Ellen

beating the males at their

own energetic games!

sea fever



■ There are boys in this world who will bring you a gardenia. They will buy you a Martini. They will take you to a night club where the band plays tender music.

There are other boys who will do nothing of the kind. These other boys—and into this second class fall Rory Calhoun and Guy Madison—these other boys will make you sail a boat (the way they did the day we caught them). That day, they'd commandeered a fifty-four foot gaff rigged yawl, and two beautiful women (Vera-Ellen and Gail Russell) and they'd set off on a jib-fixing, sail-hoisting cruise.

They used auxiliary motors, they pulled halyards on the mainmast, they referred knowingly to the bowsprit, the mizzen and the helm, they ate chicken sandwiches, and they had a happy time.

If those four aren't sailing, they're climbing mountains, or fishing, or swimming, or ice-skating, or shooting guns, or doing some other equally active and exhausting thing.

On one of Vera-Ellen's very first dates with Rory, he made her a speech. "I'd like you to walk to a very special spot with me," he said. "It's in the mountains above Ojai—I loved it there when I was a kid."

They started off at a pleasant pace, and he proceeded to walk her five miles up a mountain-side to a little waterfall, where the water dripped like tears. "Isn't it wonderful?" he said.

"I want to cry," said Vera.

"The waterfall?"

"My feet."

She got used to those hikes soon enough. He and she have walked over every mountain plot in Southern California looking at building sites, though they both claim they're not building anything.

He thinks nothing of getting her up at 5:30 in the morning to take her speedboating, and one night when they came home to her house and decided to entertain her family with a small athletic exhibition, he lifted her right into the light fixtures in his exuberance.

They both rhumba, they both swim, they never go to each other's movies (by agreement) and Rory always brings her game he shoots. A while ago, he dumped ten ducks in her kitchen, and she thanked him, and he went away.

After he'd gone, she turned to her mother. "How many ways can you cook a duck?" she said. "I ask you."

Vera and Rory do have their sedentary moments, but they're rare. Eating, of course, is done sitting down, and at such times, they



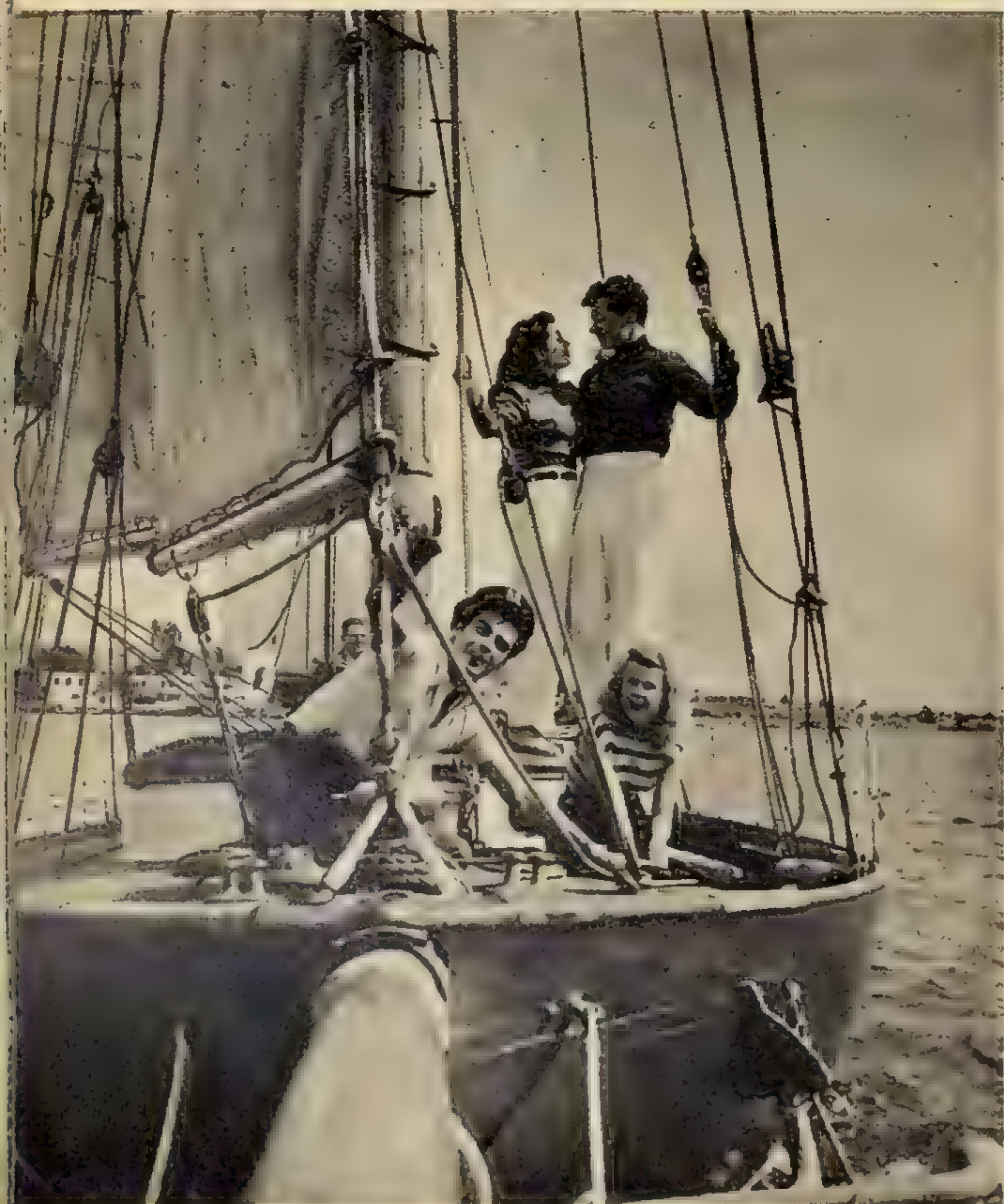
Vera-Ellen gets a hand from Rory Calhoun as she boards 54-foot yawl.



Madison-Russell serve coffee. Rory and Guy'll star in When A Man's A Man.



With the others safely at the helm, Guy and Gail (she's in Night Has A Thousand Eyes) relax. The yawl (rented) was on active war duty.



Returning to port, the "hands" make a pretty pic. After the sail, boys still want more salt water. Too cold for the gals!

sea fever

favor butterscotch pie. They also like to watch wrestling matches at night on Rory's television set because there's a wrestler named Gorgeous George who has a beautiful wardrobe. Rory's taught Vera how to play the harmonica ("Turkey in the Straw," at least) and she's taught him how to play one finger piano (Baptist hymns, at least).

When Vera was at the Laguna summer theater, Rory'd come down every night, and they'd go for moonlight swims. The moonlight was romantic, the swimming was athletic—and it was all quite perfect.

As for Gail and Guy, there's already been a lot written, but things continue to happen. Like last month, he took her out in the mountains and handed her a twelve gauge shot-gun. When she shot it, it kicked her down the hill. She got up bruised and scratched, and complaining. "If I'm not your type," she said, "there must be an easier way to tell me. Since I've known you, the elbows are all out of my clothes."

Guy started Gail with a 25 pound bow, she now (*Continued on page 91*)

Beach-wise, boys prove they're stronger sex. Gail and Vera-Ellen concede.



Vera-Ellen is impressed with Rory's foot-navigation.



Her skin is cream,
her perfume's French, but
that's only half the
story. Ava's so glamorous
that when she
wears glasses, men
make passes!

how
GLAMOROUS
can
you get?

■ Some people, you have to tone down. Some people have so much natural glamor you can't put them in gold lamé because the two brilliances fight. That's the way it is with Ava Gardner. First and foremost, she's a gorgeous woman, and what she's got, she's still got in a tailored suit, or a peasant skirt, or while eating a chicken sandwich. Caviar? Pink satin? It's beyond their feeble power to enhance the allure of the little lady.

Ava's a perfect size twelve, she's beautifully built, she tends to look best in low-cut bathing suits and evening gowns. She wears thick-rimmed glasses (men always make passes), the only kind of makeup she uses is lipstick, and she's a big perfume addict. Perfume goes behind her ears, on her hair, at the nape of her neck, and in the crook of her elbows. Some days, she changes her perfume two or three times, to fit her moods. She likes "Joy," "Blue Hour," and "Mitsouko." Before a big date, she takes a bubble bath—Elizabeth Arden, usually—but her housecoat is tailored, coolie-style, and she owns only two strapless formals. They're both black, and she wears them when she has to appear at publicity functions, premières and so forth.

Ava owns two fur coats—a mink and a beaver—and twelve pairs of shoes. The fanciest pair is black, with straps and open toes, and it cost \$18.50. Most of her things come from the fashionable local shops like Saks', or Magnin's; she likes black lingerie, and kelly green dresses. She can't stand blue or brown, because she thinks they clash with her green eyes. One-piece bathing suits please her, so do sweaters, and simple costume jewelry. She buys the jewelry herself, though there are plenty of gentlemen who'd be glad to do it for her.

Currently, the man in her life is Howard Duff; they listen to jazz together, go dancing together, and according to Ciro's Herman Hover, never make showy entrances. Howard has a cute way of working Ava's name into some spot in his Sam Spade broadcasts, and his general opinion of her seems to be excellent. He says, "She was standing right in line when attributes were passed out. She has skin like cream, wonderful hair, a soft voice—why, they had to add some more curves to that statue they used in *One Touch of Venus*, after they compared it with her! Glamor? Ava? Well heck, you've got eyes!"



banned in hollywood!

by cobina wright

"Très chic," they
say on the Riviera. "Plain
vulgar," they cry in Holly-
wood where the only diapers
you ever see are in the
family wash, and bath-
ing suits still cling to glamor girls
—without a prayer.



Atwater Kent's splash party at his Bel Air estate brought out the latest in Hollywood pool fashions. Hazel Brooks (in *Arch of Triumph*) wore a flesh-colored suit covered with black lace.



Terry Moore, petite starlet (in *Return of October*), could find only children's suits to fit her! Mom rushed out, bought some pink, blue and yellow plaid taffeta, and stitched up a knockout! Good for swimming, too. It's waterproof!



Cyd Charisse, dancing star of *Words And Music*, wore two-piece suit of textron. Art Little, Jr., Barb Lawrence, Terry Moore, Mike Carr watch her.

■ Along the French Riviera, the ladies are wearing what they call "diaper suits" for swimming. The suits consist of a trifle of material on the top, a trifle of material on the bottom, and an almost unbelievable amount of girl in between.

I remember reading about them, and wondering. I'm interested in fashion; I go to parties; I give parties; other women come to parties—and when women get together, the talk naturally turns to clothes. MODERN SCREEN had heard about my gadding habits,

and that's how this series of articles was born.

Anyway, I stared at those diaper suits, and tried to decide whether Hollywood would go for them. I got my answer in very short order. My answer was no.

The funny truth is that we're not much of a town for extreme styles. We catch on a little bit late, we don't let down our hems as fast as they do in Paris, we don't cut off our hair as short as they do in New York. You may be seeing diaper suits in

Palm Beach next season; you won't be seeing 'em in Hollywood.

I went to a pool party (swimming, not shooting) at Atwater Kent's estate the other afternoon, and that's where the pictures on these pages were taken. Kent, a retired radio magnate, has a beautiful place called Capo di Monte, with a view ranging from the city to the sea, against a backdrop of great purple mountains.

The party guests were cute; so were their bathing suits. (Continued on page 89)



They were all sizes, all
shapes, all ages, the girls who
chased her handsome
husband. And Mrs. Jourdan would
feel sympathetic, until
they'd turn to Louis and say,
"What do you see in *her*?"

don't marry a handsome man!

■ "Please marry me," said Louis.

"No!" said my father.

But, of course, Louis was talking to
me, not my father. And when my father said "No,"
it was as advice to me later on when he
heard about the proposal.

"No," he said, "Louis is a nice, young man
but, uh—too attractive to women in
general, shall we say? And an actor, too!
You will not have to look far for trouble
when you are wed to such a one, Quique."

He was, as you say here, so right, my father.
We neither of us, Louis or I, had far to
look for trouble—if we wanted trouble. If it
was not this woman who made the eyes, it was
that one. We had no sooner moved into our
apartment in Paris when the doorbell rang and a
sixteen-year-old girl stood in the doorway.
She wanted Louis. When I asked her what it
was about she gave me a very cold look. "I want
to talk to him, not you!" she said.

I was so surprised that I invited her in.
But she was not a bit grateful. No sooner did
Louis appear than, in one breath, she told
him how she liked his pictures, how many of
his photographs she had, and how she could
not understand what he saw in me!

We learned to call (Continued on page 105)



Louis Jourdan with his
wife, Quique. Louis is in *Letter
From an Unknown Woman* and
also in *No Minor Vices*.

by
quique jourdan



He's many things
to many men: friend,
neighbor, idol, legend. Here
are ten sharply-
etched impressions of him
—all different . . .
all matchlessly Gable.

by
mervyn
leroy

the 10 greatest gable stories

■ I'm a Gable expert. I tried to sell the young hunk of raw dynamite to my boss, Jack Warner, straight off the Los Angeles stage where he, Gable, was playing in *The Last Mile*. My boss shook his head. "Ears too big." Now I'll bet he'd like to have just the ears under contract!

I've got a picture of Clark over my desk. It says on that picture, "Thanks for believing I had it in me." But it really isn't any thanks to me. You couldn't help sensing the force in Gable. He always was—he still is—what any director in his right mind prays to have for his picture.

That's Gable, the actor. Gable the man's another story. A lot of other stories. He's something different to everyone who knows him. He's a friend, a neighbor, a presence, a state of mind. A million people have had a million contacts with him, and after you've listened to the first few hundred reports, you realize an odd fact. Gable emerges from every report a greater, and more amazing guy. I've thought over my collection of Gable anecdotes—culled through the years from people who know Clark best—and I'm ready to present testimony from ten of them (me included) to prove my point. I think you'll find that each person quoted brings out a different facet of the man. But all the facets are exciting, fine—Gable.

And not knowing the proper etiquette or protocol in a matter of this kind, I might as well start with my



"MR. GABLE" TERRIFIED HER Judy Garland's crush on Gable was talk of M-G-M. When they finally met, she could hardly speak!

the 10 greatest gable stories

own Gable data, and get it off my chest . . .

I remember the day we were driving down a busy boulevard in Los Angeles, Clark and I, in his car. Two girls spotted Gable and chased him. They caught up, crowded his car over toward the curb. All of a sudden, I almost went through the seat. Clark gunned his car forward like a jackrabbit, twisted it straight for two tall buildings. Luckily an alley was in between. I didn't know that. Clark did. We screeched around the corner on two wheels at 70 miles an hour.

"What are you trying to do?" I gasped when I got back my breath. "Kill me?"

"Sorry," Clark said when it was safe to slow down. "What if those kids had bumped me, or I'd bumped them? An accident—maybe somebody hurt or killed. Whose fault? Clark Gable's. When you're in pictures, you're on the spot. That was trouble," said Clark, "so me—I just got out of the way!"

That's one Clark Gable—canny, direct, practical, hard-boiled. Here's another: Some visitors came on our set. One had just been through Clark's old hometown, Hopedale, Ohio. I heard him ask Clark if he remembered his old grammar school teacher, Miss Frances Thompson.

"Of course," said Clark.

"I just saw her and she's got a big picture of you on the table by her bed. Calls you 'her boy!'"

"No kidding!" Gable couldn't have looked more pleased. Then his face clouded. "Her bed?"

"Well," said the fellow. "She's pretty old now, and pretty sick."

"Got her address?" asked Clark.

I don't know how many years it had been since Clark Gable had seen his old school teacher. But we couldn't make another take until he'd gone to his dressing-room, written her a long letter and sent it with a box of roses. That's Gable, too.

"MR. GABLE" TERRIFIED HER

LeRoy rests his case. And goes on to some others.

Judy Garland's maybe Clark's staunchest fan. When she was a pudgy kid of fifteen, she carried a torch for Gable, and Roger Eden wrote her the song called "Please, Mr. Gable." She sang that as she'd never sung any song before, and once, Clark heard her do it.

She didn't know he was listening, or she'd have sunk right through the M-G-M sound-stage floor. But three years later, Clark showed up at a birthday party for Judy. How he knew she was having a party, or even that it was her birthday, she's never figured. (Continued on page 101)



HE'D GIVE YOU THE OSCAR OFF HIS MANTEL—and, in fact, he did! The Oscar Clark earned for his acting in *Gone With The Wind* is now the cherished property of Richard Lang, son of "Fieldsie" and Walter Lang, Clark's good friends.



GABLE HAD HER WRONG Of Lana Turner, whom he met when she was 15, Gable once said: "She'll never be an actress." So Lana was scared when she was cast opposite him in *Honky Tonk* (above). But she needn't have worried! (Now they're in *Homecoming*.)



TRACY RIBBED THE KING

In 1938, Clark and Myrna Loy were crowned "King and Queen of Hollywood" by Ed Sullivan, representing a large newspaper syndicate. Pal Spencer Tracy staged a royal reception for Gable that rocked the set for days.



THE WOMAN HE LOVED

Even in the midst of personal tragedy, Clark was sensitive to another's problem. Though worn from days of searching for body of Carole Lombard, he performed a rare act of kindness for one of the rescue party.



"MAJOR GABLE" MEANT NOTHING

The men in his outfit looked to Gable to wangle small miracle for them—like reserving a table for 12 in one of London's packed hotels. Clark tried: "This is Major Gable." No dice—until he added "Clark."



HE THOUGHT GABLE WAS A CREAM-PUFF

Director Vic Fleming underestimated Clark's strength for a scene in *Test Pilot*. He ordered 100-lb. prop sandbags filled with sawdust. He-man Gable tossed them around like balloons!



Betty's sister has a special reason
for being happy about her niece

Candy's birth. It may shock you, but
you'll wind up loving those Huttons!

Congratulations, darling—

by

MARION HUTTON

■ I've a very special reason for being happy about the birth of my sister Betty's second daughter, Candice. Maybe it's an odd reason, maybe you'll think it's pretty odd the way I'm going to tell this story, but it's the only way I know how. I'm going to begin by writing all about how Betty and I used almost to hate each other. Scrapped like cats and dogs. That's a pretty blunt admission to have to make about your own sister, but when I finish, I think you'll understand why I have to tell all.

I guess the friction started when I used to spend the summers with an aunt and uncle in Battle Creek whose children were grown. They always asked for me, never Betty. For one thing, my aunt had looked after me as a baby and had come to love me. For another, I was quieter, easier to handle than Betty. They'd send me home in the fall, nicely outfitted for school. Betty wore my castoffs. This hurt her terribly. Mother would have seen that I shared my things, except they didn't fit Betty. So of course she grew up with this bitter sense of injustice.

Another thing that may have had to do with it was that we were just too different in temperament. I called Betty a roughneck, and she called me a prude, and Mother wasn't around to referee. She'd leave for the factory before we were up in the morning. After school, we'd go home to make beds, wash dishes and get dinner started. Mom was a bug on cleanliness, so (Continued on page 95)



Mom Hutton and Marion. (Betty's in *Dream Girl*.)



Evie and Van took delayed honeymoon trip to Honolulu aboard Matsonia. Reporters greeted them as ship docked, fans decked them with leis.

i cornered van

by art carter

■ Even on an island paradise (that's the way they always sum up Hawaii) a guy has to make a living. I'm a photographer. Special assignments, my meat. And Van Johnson's a special assignment in anybody's language. Only thing is, a lot of other photographers had the same idea, and the same assignment. I must say, in all modesty, I scooped 'em. I got the only pictures of Van and Evie coming into Hawaii. It just happened that I knew the owner of the tug which was to take the photographers out to meet the Matsonia, and it just happened that the Johnsons were on the Matsonia, and it just happened that I argued this tug-owner into leaving the dock about half an hour before any of the other fellows got down there. It was simple as that, and you behold on this page the charming results.

But after all, I'm just a guy who takes pictures, and the dame who gets the real scoops is Louella. They tell me she's got the Johnson story (in words) in her Modern Screen Good News this month. They tell me it's on page 8. You'd better read it; that lady doesn't miss much.

Ten-day vacation was cut down to four when Van (in *State Of The Union*) flew home to studio. He was able to get in some surfboarding and swimming, but prefers Calif. coast to Waikiki Beach which was narrow strip of sand.



Van was glad to see fans lining ramp as he left the Matsonia. There wasn't one autograph hunter aboard ship! Trip was first of its kind for him; he claims he'd never before been on a boat larger than the Staten Island Ferry.



Vacationing in New York, Ann Sheridan likes to sleep all morning, stay up at night. Here, with Zachary Scott and Morton Downey at the Stork Club.

“HAPPY ANNIE”

by ann sheridan

Because she likes
to take it easy—and does.
Because she likes
emeralds—and has them.
Because she likes life—
and lives . . . that's why
Hannagan calls her
Happy Annie.



For her last birthday, Annie (in *Good Sam*) got gold cigarette case and lighter clustered with diamonds and emeralds from Steve Hannagan. They met in 1943. He's been friend, manager and admirer ever since.

■ Sometime last October I finished a picture called *Good Sam* for a man named Leo McCarey. Nice fellow. He and I had some dealings—at a Kentucky Derby—and more about that later.

After *Good Sam*, my friend Hannagan said, "Red, you need a vacation. Maybe you even need a sabbatical—one of those long leaves they give teachers."

The only thing I ever taught was my dogs not to chew the seat out of Hannagan's pants, but I told him what a bright man he was, and I've been in a suite of rooms in New York City practically ever since—doing nothing in a great big way.

There's no point in my saying I get up at six to milk the cows; there's no room for a cow in my suite, I wouldn't get up and milk it if there was a cow in my suite, and I can't lie worth a nickel.

You know the way I spend my time? I rise around two or three (I'm awake earlier, but I like to think the thing over before I make any rash leaps from the bed) and I have two glasses of iced coffee. Then I read the papers. Then I have a sandwich or oatmeal or milk-toast. By that time, it's five, and I start thinking about going out. The hairdresser comes in to do my hair. I go out. And I stay up as late as anybody'll stay up with me.

I have a friend—she's also my secretary—named Rene Cummings. She has this funny idea about sleeping at night. We'll be talking along at four A.M., and she'll start muttering "bed" over and over again in a low, moaning way. I think she's trying to hypnotize me. She and Hannagan—can't trust either of them.

Couple of months ago, Hannagan said he was going on a business trip. Toledo, Detroit, Indianapolis.

"Maybe I'll come," I said cheerfully. "It ought to be fun. You can work all day, I can sleep all day, and you can take me out every night."

"Sure," said Hannagan in an agreeable way, but I thought at the time he looked pretty amused.

I found out why on the business trip. Sleep all day! I'd just get unpacked in one town when he'd come marching in and say, "Gotta make the three o'clock. Gives you four hours to get ready." It reminded me of my army camp days.

That's about the only time I've stirred out of New York this vacation, except for a couple of week-ends at my place in Connecticut, and the trip to Hollywood for Christmas. Hannagan and I decided we (Continued on page 91)

what every wife should know

There are certain things
that every young wife should
know. But whatever
they are, Gene Tierney didn't
know them! Now, for
Modern Screen, she frankly con-
fesses her own mistakes . . .

by florabel muir

■ Gene Tierney married Oleg Cassini in June, 1941. On March 10, 1947, she told the judge the seas of wedded life had become too rough for her to take. They were apart one year, before she realized why her marriage had gone on the rocks.

"When you fall in love with a fellow hard enough to marry him, don't start right away to try to make him over," she told me. "That was the mistake I made. The Oleg I took for a husband was a gay Bohemian who laughed at life. That's what attracted me to him in the first place. Then I started right out to change him.

"Of course, he resisted. He just wouldn't be bothered with what he thought were the non-essential things. I am a fussy sort who likes to have everything in place and every move planned ahead. Oleg likes to be surprised. He loves to get up in the morning facing a day when he doesn't have any idea what's going to happen to him. It's this enthusiasm for the unexpected that makes living with him so gay and amusing.

"I'm sure if I should marry a person like myself we'd lead a very dull life. I realized that after I went to court and got my interlocutory decree of divorce. I remember I kept telling myself that everything was going to be fine and that I had just what I wanted. A little house where I could live as a bachelor girl with no man to consider.

"But it began to get pretty boring. I must admit I grew rather selfish when Oleg was in the Army. I think lots of wives did. We had husbands and the fun of dates with them but they weren't around under foot so to speak. In those years I grew accustomed to thinking I'll do this and I'll do that. Never *we'll* do it. When he came home, I couldn't adjust my thoughts along the 'we' lines. I'm sure Oleg must have been hurt many times when I overdid that perpendicular pronoun. It is so easy for a woman with a career of her own to devote a lot of time to thinking about her own affairs. (Continued on page 104)





Seven Academy Award winners
bring you the picture
so wonderful it may never
again be equalled
on the screen!

Dazzling as a crown—democratic as a kiss, it's the funniest frolic in many a movie year when American Traveling Salesman Bing sells blue-blooded Countess Joan a scandalous bill of goods, as they whirl headlong through riotous escapades and gay indiscretions!

Paramount presents

BING CROSBY • JOAN FONTAINE

in
"The Emperor Waltz"

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

with Roland Culver • Lucile Watson • Richard Haydn • Harold Vermilyea
Produced by Charles Brackett • Directed by **BILLY WILDER**

Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder



Even their dogs are in love...and in the royal doghouse!

* * *

When Bing sings those lilting love melodies, "The Kiss In Your Eyes," "Friendly Mountains," "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame" and "Emperor Waltz"... your heart will beat in three-quarter time!

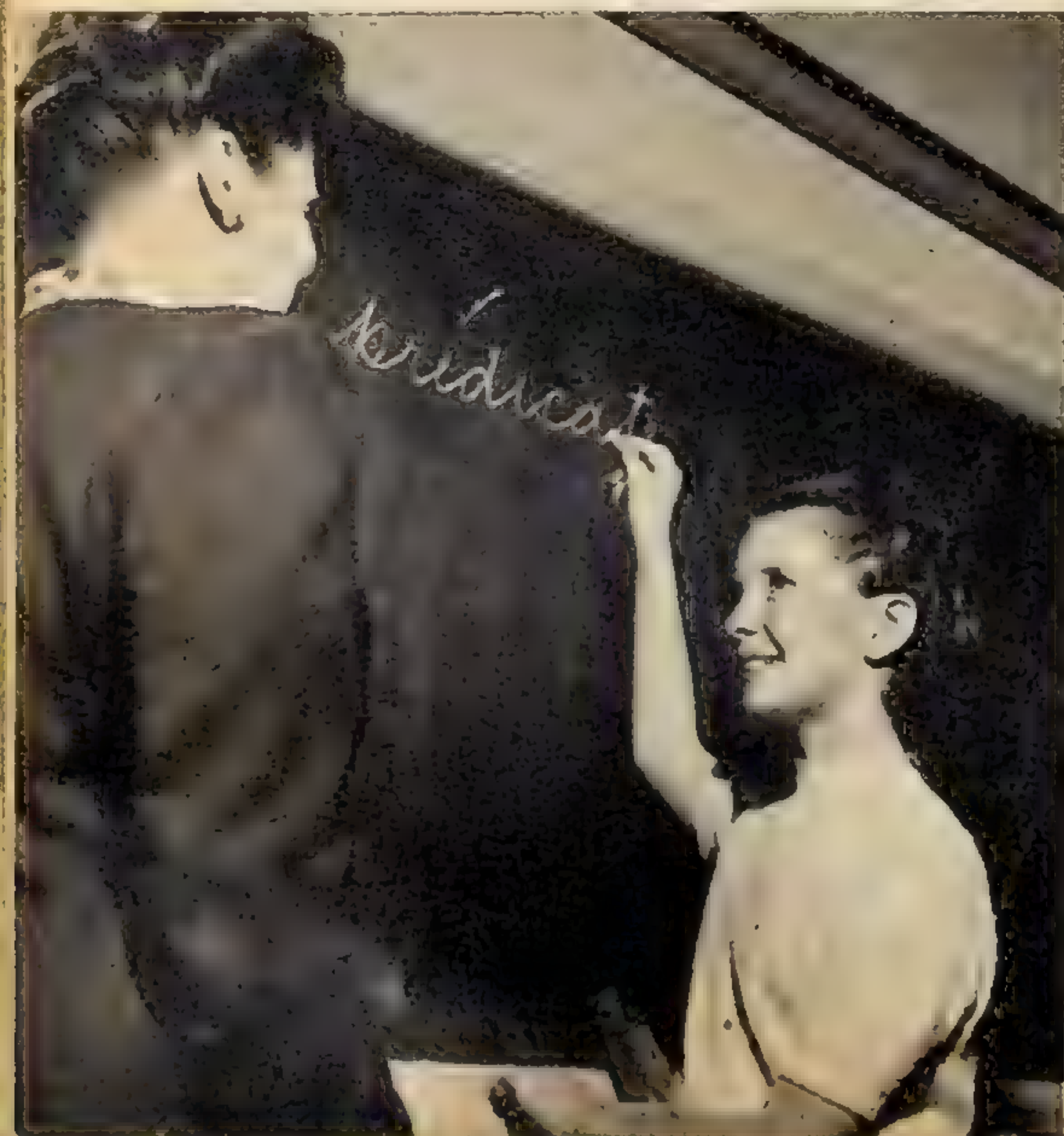


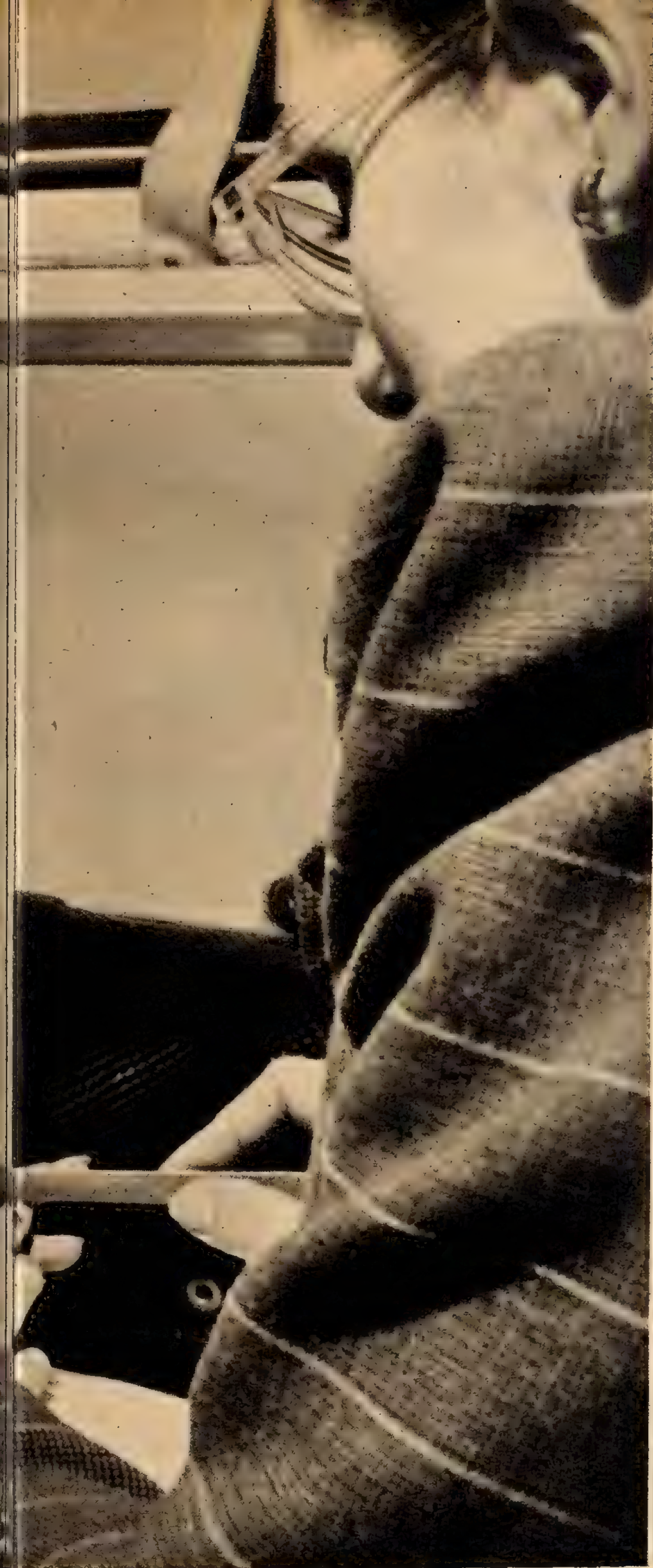


Mary MacDonald, principal of M-G-M school, quizzes O'Brien. (Above) Mag gets prettied up before facing screen.

Little Margaret has promised to supply European children with six million pounds of candy by September. It's her Friendship Train For Children plan.

Star of *Big City* prepares herself a spot of tea in the kitchen. Versatile Maggie likes water coloring, is learning to draw cartoons.





new look



Your baby's
gone and done it! She's
cut off her pigtails—
and fallen for Claude
Jarman, Jr. But you
can still call her Maggie,
because, inside,
O'Brien hasn't changed a bit.

BY HOWARD SHARPE

■ This is the story of Margaret O'Brien, the small tycoon, the pint-sized holding company, the actress-writer-magnate, and how she lost her braids.

She was talking about them—the braids—one day, and there was a rather un-childlike tone in her voice.

"They're part of my trade-mark, aren't they?" she said casually.

Her mother winced. "Is that the way you feel? Do you think of yourself as a—a sort of tycoon in pigtails? Is that it?" And even though Margaret giggled, and denied the idea, Mrs. O'Brien turned thoughtful. Here was this child—she modeled clothes, she acted in movies, she wrote a newspaper column, she made record albums, and how did you keep such a child from getting bored, and cynical? In short, how did you keep such a child from becoming a pure, insufferable brat?

There'd never been any trouble with Margaret on this score, but now was she growing aware that she was a big business, a very important property? Gladys O'Brien was scared.

The braids, she thought. They're the symbol of the sickness. Do away with the braids, and maybe you've effected a charm.

To Margaret, she said, "Darling, wouldn't you like to wear your hair another way for a few months?"

Margaret's face lit up. "Oh, yes," she said, and somehow the crisis was over, and Mrs. O'Brien was standing there feeling idiotic, because obviously Margaret was the same as she'd ever been, and there probably wasn't a thing in the world that could change her or spoil her or make you ashamed of her.

Still, they cut off the hair. Margaret thought she'd enjoy the new look; and it still seemed a healthy move to her mother, a bit of normalcy, a step toward growing up.

Every bit of normalcy helped in this business, where nothing happened the way it would have happened anywhere else, and a little girl lived at a pace that would have taxed a veteran performer.

Take a recent typical day in Margaret's life. Typical to Margaret, but far from ordinary. (Continued on next page)

Too young for jewelry she loves, Margaret admires Vera-Ellen's, as they lunch in studio commissary. Miss O'Brien is carrying the torch for Claude Jarman, Jr.



new look

It's Maggie's birthday party! She's eleven now. Celebration was at the Valley Tail O' The Cock. M-G-M sent the lamb. Suzanne Danker and Patricia Kogley were two of the many guests. Plenty of cake, ice-cream and favors!



Geography isn't hard when you have the know-how. O'Brien's on her toes in a gay quilted skirt with petticoat showing. Claude Jarman, Jr., Margaret's classmate, sits behind her. He's carrying torch for Mrs. Gregory Peck.

There was a mist that morning, and Margaret was pleased because she was going to model on a golf course, and a fog would spare her a few freckles.

As she and her mother drove toward Beverly Hills, Margaret spoke wistfully. "It's going to be sunny this afternoon at the beach. You don't suppose—"

"The afternoon off?" Mrs. O'Brien supplied. "Well, maybe. Let's work on it. We *did* have quite a day yesterday. You're feeling all right, honey?"

"I feel marvelous. Like swimming."

"We'll see," her mother said. "Have you thought what your column will be for today? We could talk it over now, and you might dictate it to one of the stenographers at the studio."

"Are we going to the studio? I thought I was to do pictures on a golf course for that dress manufacturer."

"We have to pick up the dress at the studio first," Mrs. O'Brien explained. "And you have an interview with a lady from a magazine."

"We'll *never* get done by noon."

"There's just the interview after lunch."

"We could have the lady to lunch."

"No, we can't. There's a state law that says you can't be interrupted while you're at your meals. How can you digest if you're trying to work at the same time?"

"For heaven's sake, Mother," Margaret said, "I can digest anything any time. What do they think I am, a sissy?"

"They're trying to look out for your welfare."

"Hmmm," said Margaret. "I'd rather have the afternoon off."

"Believe me, you'll have the afternoon off."

They rode for a while in silence.

"Well," Margaret said, "I thought I might write about the Freedom Train for the column today. I mean, after all, it's a very big thing, and I was right there. D'you know," she added, "I've done the Gettysburg Address so many times I didn't bother to practice, and almost *forgot* it?"

"Towards the end?"

"After the first *line*. But then I looked up and, my goodness, there was Gene Autry looking at me and I thought, golly, I can't make a mess of it in front of him. So I remembered."

"I hadn't any idea so many people would turn out. Had you?"

"I read Los Angeles is the fourth largest city in America now."

"That explains it, then."

Margaret made one of her occasional sage remarks. "If Los Angeles is that big, I'd have thought more people would have (*Continued on page 68*)

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Jam packed with novelty,
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GREAT NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

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MELODY TIME

SONS OF
THE PIONEERS
IN
"PECOS BILL"

THE
ANDREWS
SISTERS
IN
"LITTLE TOOT"

FRANCES
LANGFORD
IN
"ONCE UPON A
WINTERTIME"

DENNIS DAY
AS
"JOHNNY
APPLESEED"

BUDDY
CLARK
AS SINGING MASTER
OF CEREMONIES

ETHEL SMITH
IN
"BLAME IT ON
THE SAMBA"

FREDDY
MARTIN
IN
"BUMBLE
BOOGIE"

FRED WARING
AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS
THE DINNING SISTERS
JACK FINA AT THE PIANO
LUANA PATTEN AND
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WORLD PREMIERE AT THE FAMOUS ASTOR THEATER, BROADWAY, NEW YORK



**by
bill
lyon**

Everybody wanted
to see him; he wanted
to see Bunker Hill. Every-
body wanted to buy
him scotch; he wanted
milk. Everybody said,
"What can *he* do
on the stage?" Marsh
Thompson showed 'em!



Marsh (of *Homecoming*) shows how
different actors behave on stage:
shy-guy, cowboy hero, Bogart-type.

personal appearance

■ My name is Lyon. I work for M-G-M, in what might be called a public relations capacity, and I've worked with, and toured with, such M-G-M notables as Margaret O'Brien, Marilyn Maxwell, and Wallace Beery. But until I toured the country with Marshall Thompson, I hadn't lived. I remember the day I said to him, "Now look, kid, when we arrive in Boston there will be banners across the station, brass bands playing, beautiful babes squealing, and the Mayor and the Governor to make speeches at you. Are you all set?"

"I shall speak for two and a half hours—in Greek, out of deference to Boston's culture," Thompson said.

Just before that he had pushed a strawberry tart in my face, so with that I knew my boy was all right, and probably not as scared as he made out to be.

He kept saying, though, that this was his first personal (Continued on page 93)



What can an actor do in person? Thompson surprised audiences by playing the guitar, singing "Who Put the Glue in the Saddle?"

"On Velvet" with Carnation Milk



Such sturdy little arms and legs!

And a straight little back . . . and sound little teeth on the way! That's the growth story of so many thousands of babies whose feeding formulas specify Carnation Milk, rich in bone- and-tooth-building minerals and fully fortified with pure crystalline vitamin D₃.

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"From Contented Cows"



THE MILK EVERY DOCTOR KNOWS

NEW LOOK

(Continued from page 64)

come. *Everybody*, that is. After all, the *Freedom Train*!"

Once arrived at the studio, Margaret had a fitting for a dress, coat and hat, and was whisked in a studio limousine to a nearby golf course, and photographed three dozen flash bulbs' worth. Then back to the studio for school—she's in 6A, has a special teacher for herself and her stand-in. The teacher was chosen by the Board of Education, and is paid for by the studio.

She learned a number of facts about geography, that morning. She also learned that she wasn't good at something called square root.

And she learned she was about to be exposed to the works of someone called Charles Dickens.

"You mean the 'David Copperfield,' 'Great Expectations' Dickens?" Margaret said. "I liked David very much, and of course Lionel Barrymore is such a marvelous 'Scrooge'."

Margaret then had lunch in the commissary with her mother, undisturbed by any matters of work that might impair her digestion. Of course, Lana Turner dropped by for a moment to say hello, and Clark Gable stopped long enough to chuck her under the chin, and Ricardo Montalban, who had so thrilled her by fighting bulls in a recent picture, actually sat down for five minutes and told her all about bull-fighting.

press conference . . .

Then the interview lady, in someone's private office.

What did she like most to eat? Oh, a chicken dinner, maybe, or one of those beautiful pastries in Rumplemeyers in New York. Least? Well, she didn't like milk.

What were the naughtiest things she had ever done? Margaret grinned at her mother, remembering. "That's easy," she said. "I'd been to a Western movie with lots of Indians in it—I go every Saturday to the matinee with the other kids—so afterwards I came home and played Indian and scalped all my dolls. I got a spanking, and mother had the dolls fixed and gave them to girls who would know how to treat them properly."

Did she resent the punishment?

Margaret looked puzzled. "It was only fair, wasn't it?" she asked.

What had her latest records been about? "Flying Down To Mexico," with Margaret and a little Mexican girl participating. Yes, Lippincott was publishing her diary—25,000 words of it. Yes, she did write for Family Circle. Yes, she did all the illustrations herself.

"You *really* did the illustrations," the interviewer said with an arch smile, "yourself?"

Margaret, who during the interview had apparently been doodling on a pad with a big soft pencil, held up the pad for the lady to see. On it was a hasty but sharply accurate line-portrait of the interviewer.

"Sort of like this," Margaret explained.

"And how many," asked the interviewer naively, "products do you sponsor with your name?"

Margaret's mother fished in her purse. She produced a printed sheet labelled, at the top, "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Commercial Royalty Department," which carried six pictures of Margaret in various poses, wearing everything from a bathrobe to ear-muffs.

"Alphabetically," said Mrs. O'Brien, "we start with blouses, books, candy, coats, dolls, dresses, dress hangers, footwear,

© CARNATION CO.

gloves, hairbows, handbags, handkerchiefs, hand warmers—

"Just a minute," said the interviewer, scribbling furiously.

"—headwear, jewelry, playwear, painting sets, pajamas, rainwear, robes, sewing sets, scarves, slips, song books—collections of songs Margaret has selected as her favorites—sport togs."

"Yes."

"Enough?"

"Yes."

As they were walking out of the door (the lady interviewer had already left, looking dazed) the phone rang. Mrs. O'Brien answered. She listened attentively for a moment.

"I'm afraid not," she said then. "Margaret's tired, and I've promised her . . ."

"What is it?" Margaret asked.

"Just some pictures they want. Some more stills. And some one would like you to drop by at an art school and judge some of the exhibits of the younger students. And there's a home for the aged who thought the old people who live there would like to have you come over and cheer them up. But tonight there's that thing at the Biltmore, when you're to give Jimmy Durante his award—"

"All right," Margaret said.

"But your afternoon. I promised."

"It's all right," Margaret said again. "It'll prob'ly be too cold at the beach anyway."

"But I promised you—" Mrs. O'Brien began. Then she shrugged. "You really love it all, don't you, darling? All right. But I have a surprise for you. Tell you tonight."

"After the Durante show?"

"After the Durante show."

That night, as Mrs. O'Brien tucked Margaret into bed, she sprang her surprise. "Darling," she said, "you're going to have the vacation of your life in about three weeks. We're going to Europe. Ireland, London, Paris—and you'll meet the Royal Family, Princess Elizabeth, everyone. Will you like that?"

"Oh, yes," Margaret said. "It'll be wonderful."

Half an hour later—much too long for her to have been awake after being tucked in—she was still working it over in her mind, the trip to New York, the time in New York (endless stills being taken in endless rows of dresses and scarves and hats and gloves and slips. And that big dinner they always gave for the manufacturers, at one of the big hotels. Another speech). And then the ship: the other little girls, and I must be just like any other little girl, and not be Margaret O'Brien at them, not ever.

And then London, and the hotel there, and the Royal Family, and remembering what I'm supposed to say, and remembering how to curtsy.

And Mr. Durante has the very biggest nose I ever got kissed alongside of. . .

She slept. And the typical day was over.

SUMMERTIME—MAKE YOUR LIVING EASY!

Got summer in your eyes? Dreaming of a new straw hat or a polka dot tie? Here's how to earn some extra change the painless way—write an "I Saw It Happen" anecdote. We'll pay \$5 for every one we use. Just think about something exciting that happened to you—we bet it involved a movie star, too! A true, amusing and short incident will suit us fine. Send your contribution to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



One Permanent Cost \$15...the TONI only \$2

Your hair will look naturally curly the very first time you try Toni. For Toni Home Permanent gives the hair body as well as curl . . . makes it easy to style . . . easy to manage. But before you try Toni, you'll want to know:

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How long will my TONI wave last?

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With Toni you can have just the amount of curl that suits you best . . . from a loose,

natural-looking wave to a halo of tight ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

Will TONI save me time?

Definitely. The actual waving time is only 2 to 3 hours. And during that time you are free to do whatever you want.

Which twin has the TONI?

Pictured above are the Dublin twins of New York City. Frances, the twin at the right has the Toni. She says, "My Toni-savings paid for a darling new hat. Now Lucille calls me the smarter half."



UNHAPPY ENDING

(Continued from page 39)

and after you've lain in the sun for a while, you're almost convinced it's worth it.

I said as much to the press agent for the place. He laughed. "Did you know Jane Wyman checked in here this morning?" he said casually. "Rumor says she's establishing residence for a divorce." I stopped listening then, and I went back in my mind to the beginning. I reviewed all I'd ever known about the Reagans. Little things, big things, the beginning, the end. . .

Jane was born Sarah Jane Fulks, in St. Joseph, Missouri. She was a pretty kid, high-strung, with a certain quality I call perkiness. Twice, Hollywood had turned its back on her; the third time, it did a double-take.

Ronnie and Jane were both under contract to Warners when they met. They worked together in *Brother Rat*; they fell in love; they were two of the happiest of kids in the world as bride and groom.

You remember when Maureen Elizabeth was born in January, 1941, and later, when Michael was adopted. For six years, MODERN SCREEN pointed to the Reagans proudly. "See?" we'd say. "Who claims a Hollywood marriage can't be successful?" We ran story after story on the Reagans, and the more we featured them, the more you asked for. You remember Ronnie going off to war, saying goodbye to Button-Nose (that was Jane) and little Button-Nose (that was Maureen). . . You remember Jane's adjustments—learning to run a house by herself, to bring up the baby, to get so she'd stop looking for Ronnie to pop out of the corners of the house. . . You remember the bond-selling job she did; you remember how she taught 16-month-old Maureen to say "Da-da" so Lieutenant Reagan would get a proper welcome when he came in on leave. . .

There was the time Maureen was twenty-one months old, and broke her leg; you sweated that one out right along with Jane. . . There was the way Jane refused to be seen in public even with old friends, while Ronnie was away because—"You know this town, and Ronnie's got enough to face without worrying over gossip!" . .

You laughed at the two-year-old Maureen making out her grocery list:

"We need five eggs. We need archicokes." Or singing her favorite song: "Mamazelle from Armateere, won't you wash my underwear? Hicky, dicky, pol-ly voooo." . . . And you cried at the two-year-old Maureen getting her first spanking, even though she deserved it, because she wouldn't eat her soup, she wouldn't even begin to eat her soup, and she said, "I won't!" . . .

Birthdays, Christmases—you shared them all with the Reagans. Christmas of '43, when it was hard to get ornaments, and the tree looked skimpy, partly because the star for the top had been used to trim a tiny tree in Maureen's room, and Maureen coming into the living-room Christmas morning, and walking quietly over to the big tree, and saying sadly, "Poor tree. Yere's no star on top."

Yes, we shared the good times and the bad times with Ronnie and Jane, and finally the war was over, and Ronnie was home, and it should have been all clear from there. But who's got a crystal ball? If you'd asked me, for instance, a little while back, I'd have said this was one of the best years in Jane's life. She got some real career breaks. The role in *Lost Weekend*. Ma Baxter in *The Yearling*. But Ma Baxter got her the Academy Award nomination, and people who like to talk about trouble say that's when the trouble started.

At the completion of *Johnny Belinda*, Jane came to New York "for a rest" and left the family at home. I saw her, but I didn't ask any questions then. You don't pry into your friends' private lives. You just sit tight and hope.

I kept reading reports of quotes from Ronnie, and they were encouraging. "We'll be married fifty years," he told reporters. Still the talk went on. "Jane lost her baby girl last June—that's what made her neurotic." And: "Jane should see a psychiatrist." Everybody getting into the act.

The fact is that Jane *did* start *Johnny Belinda* too soon after losing her baby. The role of a deaf-mute was a tough one. It's hard to show your emotions with your eyes and your face, never having the use of tongue and ears to aid the impression. Jane lived that part day and night all the time that picture was shooting. After the picture came the New York trip, and when

she came home from New York, Ronnie went to an apartment, while Jane stayed on in their house with the children.

I have a feeling that Ronnie had a great faith in time, and love, to make things right again. To all the questions asked, he said, "Why doesn't everybody leave us alone?" But it's one of the prices of fame that nobody ever wants to.

I was thinking all this, broodingly, when the Flamingo loudspeaker brought me down to the Nevada earth again. The voice on the loudspeaker was paging Jane Wyman. I got up and walked toward the lounge, and I bumped right into Jane.

"Hello, Jane," I said.

"Hello, Al," she said. "Here for a little sun?"

I said, "Yeah." I was embarrassed; my next words came out in a rush. "You, Jane—are you here for a divorce?"

She forgave my crudeness. "I don't know, Al," she said. "Yet."

I left her alone. I told myself they'd probably have reconciled if the world had left them alone.

And it began to look as if I'd been right. Jane checked out of the Flamingo and went home, which meant no divorce for the moment. (Residence for divorce in Nevada means an uninterrupted stretch served within the state limits.) When I read that Jane had asked Ronnie to come home, I called my wife long-distance. "I just got left a million dollars," I said. She knew what I meant before I'd explained. She'd seen the same news items.

Well, the reconciliation lasted one week. Somebody took my million dollars away. At the moment, there isn't too much information available. Ronnie's in an apartment; Jane's going to move to a family hotel; there's no other man in her life. She's filed for divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty.

Jane'll have custody of the children. "I believe children are better off with their mother," Ronnie said, "and Jane's a wonderful mother. I'll have the privilege of seeing them."

The statement gives me a lump in my throat. I guess there's nothing more to say. When a beautiful dream is over, you wake up reluctantly; you face the real, harsh world. If the Reagans are through, I'm sorry. They meant a lot to me.

WE ADOPTED A BABY

(Continued from page 27)

instead of jabbering away immediately, we could each take a deep breath and get a few moments of quiet and peace by ourselves.

We wanted children as much as ever. There was one tiny ray of hope. Maybe if I went to Europe—they had some of the finest specialists in the world there. And if it turned out that they all said "no," perhaps I could find a war orphan who would want the kind of home Pev and I could give him.

So I flew to Europe. Pev couldn't fly with me, and the columnists made their usual sarcastic comments about our taking our second honeymoons separately. But we knew we'd be together again when I came back.

The specialists in Europe said the same thing the specialists in America had. There was no hope of my having a child.

I went to Switzerland and visited the in-

ternational settlement there. I wanted an infant, and these children were at least two years old. But after all, they were the forgotten children of the world. They had gone through hell. Each of them needed a home.

There was a five-year-old Italian boy—with dark hair and dark eyes, so handsome that I wondered, "How is it possible that someone hasn't taken him away already?" I fell in love with him, and he seemed fond of me.

I wanted to take him home. I talked to the Swiss Red Cross. I talked to several people in Switzerland.

And I found myself wound up in yards of red tape. I tried to adopt him. I tried every way I knew how. But the red tape defeated me. I had to answer questions to which I didn't know the answers, like how long his nurse would remain in the United States. I had to take her all the way with

me to the United States, and then send her back all the way to Switzerland. So okay. Believe me, it wasn't the expense. But in the United States this boy I loved would still be a citizen of Italy—and that meant more scads of red tape. I wanted him to be my son and to be an American.

I had to leave without him. I cried when the plane left.

They talk about what a woman goes through to become a mother. Believe me, to become a mother by adoption, you go through more, and I am not belittling the pains of those who bear their own children.

Why adopting a baby is so difficult, I don't know. There are so many unwanted babies in the world, yet people wait seven—or ten—or fourteen years—as the case may be—and sometimes aren't able to get a baby.

Pev and I had applications at several agencies. But the waiting lists at every

adoption agency are seemingly miles long. Pev and I wanted a boy, but we would take whatever we could get.

Our nursery was ready for a child of either sex. And it stayed empty. But I knew that some day Pev and I would get a baby to adopt. When you want something so desperately, you get what you want. If I hadn't believed that, I don't think I could have stood the sight of that empty nursery.

I would have liked to go to an adoption agency right after I came back from Europe, but 20th Century-Fox wanted me to make *Walls of Jericho*. And since the studio had given me a generous vacation, I couldn't object. They said that after I finished the picture, I'd probably be able to get a three months' layoff.

During this layoff, Pev and I planned to go to the Cradle in Evanston, Illinois. It is the top adoption agency in the country.

Pev and I were all set to go to the Cradle, when I was told that instead of the three months' layoff I had hoped for, I was to go directly into another picture, *Unfaithfully Yours*. I said, "I won't do it. What about the house I was going to buy in New Mexico, where I want to live between pictures? What about the trip I wanted to make to Evanston?" But after I'd finished blowing off steam, I knew I couldn't turn the picture down. I would just have to wait.

When the picture had been shooting about five or six weeks, like a bolt from the blue, I heard about a child. It was a girl, and we had originally wanted a boy. But the mother and father were healthy, and so we took her sight unseen. Her background was very similar to Pev's and mine.

The baby arrived before she was expected. She arrived on a plane with a nurse. I had planned to dress up for the event—to wear an especially beautiful dress and to have my hair done in the most becoming manner possible. When the baby was brought into our house, my hair was rolled up and in a net. I was wearing the jacket of my coral satin hostess pajamas and the dark blue trousers of another hostess pajama set. Pev was dressed. I'm the lazy one in the family. Anyway, Lola was carried through the doorway of the study and put into my arms.

thrill of a lifetime . . .

This was the thrill I had been waiting for all my life. I started to cry, and I couldn't stop crying.

I have been around babies all my life. I am one of six children. I have a brother and sister younger than I, and I helped with their care. But when a baby is your own—well, that's different. From the moment Lola (we've named her after Pev's mother, who was christened Charlotte Mildred, but always called Lola) was placed in my arms, I knew that this was my baby—my very first baby.

I carried her up the stairs and put her in the bassinette, and then I began to get worried. You know, a bassinette looks as if it were held up by nothing.

We had employed a nurse recommended by our pediatrician. I said to her, "Don't you think it would be safer to put her in a crib instead?"

The nurse laughed and said, "Will you please relax? You're acting like all new parents. The baby is perfectly safe."

But I worried and fretted so much that I had to ask my doctor about it. He said that it would be all right to move the baby to a crib, and within three or four days, we did.

Lola was very tired when I got her. All of the precious five weeks of her life before I got her, things had been unsettled around her. Certain kinds of milk had disagreed with her. She had had colic and she was exhausted.

The best thing to do, I felt, was to let her

have all the sleep she needed. But the nurse had been taught that a baby should be awakened every three hours to be fed, so every three hours she would wake her. I thought sleep for Lola was even more important than food.

Since the nurse and I didn't agree about this, we called up the doctor. Fortunately, he sided with me. "Let the baby sleep, sleep, sleep," he said. "Feed her when she demands it."

The nurse shook her head dolefully but finally agreed to do it.

The baby has prospered under our care. She weighed 7 lbs. and 13 ounces when we got her. Now she is eight weeks old, and weighs nearly 11 lbs. She is already beginning to outgrow her first little shirts.

She has light brown hair and eyes that are a very, very dark blue—so dark in fact that I am sure they will turn brown or hazel. Ann Miller, who visited us recently, remarked that Lola's eyes are long-shaped like mine, and I'm pleased.

I cannot answer questions about where I got my baby. This is the one question in the world I will not answer.

To take care of my baby, I did not bone up on baby books. I think every woman is born with a maternal instinct, and that her instincts are a truer guide than any book. Look at the difference between the way women hold a baby and the way a man holds a baby.

Even little girls have a maternal instinct. You can see it in the way they hold and rock their dolls.

The best thing to do about a baby is to watch it. She will tell you what she needs.

When a baby cries, she is hungry or wet or her food does not agree with her, or she needs love and affection, and it is up to her mother to find out which of these things is true.

My doctor decided on the baby's formula. But I don't feed the baby according to what the books say, or what advice others give. Most people lay their babies back to feed them. For heaven's sake why? Could you eat comfortably lying on your back? I cross my right leg over the left one, brace Lola's back against my right leg, and the force of gravity lets the food run down her throat.

I have pretty firm ideas about raising Lola. All my life, advice has been forced and thrust on me. I shall never submerge Lola with my own domination. She will

have all the knowledge and training I can give her. Whatever she wants to be, she can be. I mean that literally.

I won't send her to a private school, for it might turn her into a snob. I would naturally prefer her to go to a co-ed school rather than a girls' school, since she will have to live in the world, and the world is co-ed.

I shall never expect her to worship me, simply because I adopted her, any more than I would expect her to do so if I had borne her. I think any mother is foolish to expect that kind of thing.

I shall be very happy if my little girl has a fair amount of sense and no false illusions about anything. That doesn't mean I shall keep fairy tales away from her. Fairy tales are wonderful. Take them away, and you stifle a child's imagination.

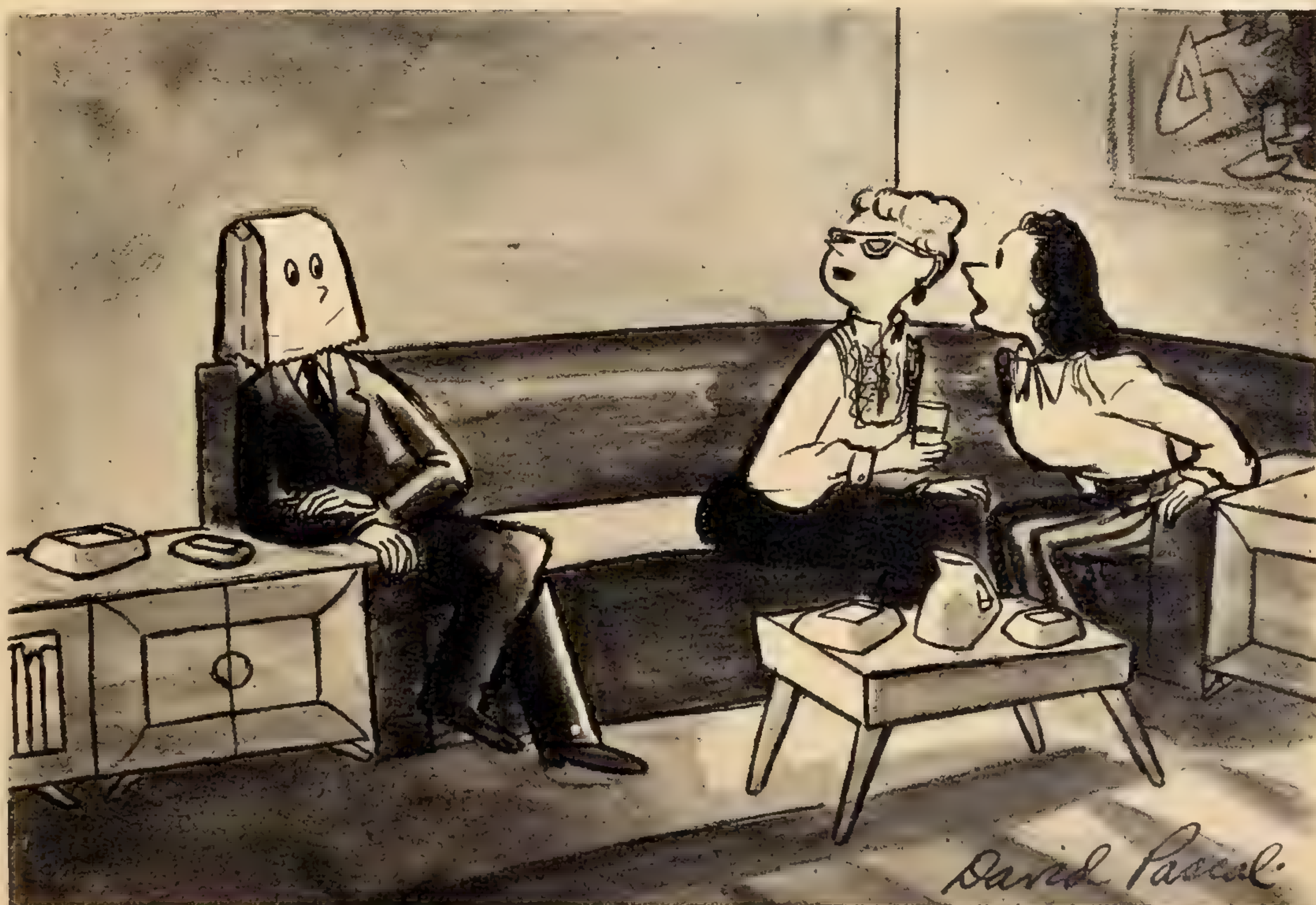
I don't want her to grow up in a glass house, either. She'll have pets. I think children and pets just naturally belong together. A few months ago someone gave me Schnupsli, an adorable small dachshund. Right now, when Lola is so little, Schnupsli is not allowed in the nursery. Sometimes he will stand just outside the door, and the nurse will look at him sternly. Then he will turn tail, and run away. But when he gets out of puppyhood, he and Lola will grow up together.

I also want to have other adopted children, to grow up with Lola. Within the next year or two, I'd like to get a little boy. Finally, I'd like a third child. For the third child, I'd take whatever came along—boy or girl.

Meanwhile, Lola has transformed our life. Remember how Pev and I used to need a few moments of peace by ourselves after getting home from the studio? That's all different now. Lola takes us completely away from ourselves—a million miles away from the studio.

I drive up the same old driveway, come in the back door, through the kitchen, the way I always like to—but everything is different. All of a sudden I've acquired acute hearing. I, who hardly ever used to pay attention to ordinary sounds in the house, can now hear the slightest sound far away. As I walk into the house, I'm thinking, "Is the nurse there? Is she doing all right? Is Lola asleep? Is she wet? Are the covers up over her face?" (They won't be, for our nurse always pins everything down, but I worry anyway.)

MODERN SCREEN



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all 3 ways!



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currently seen in Robert S. Golden's production, "Texas, Brooklyn and Heaven," doubled her appeal after a Shasta Beauty Cream Shampoo.

Lovely Myra reports, "Even the camera 'sees' the difference Shasta makes in my hair. Lots more highlights! My hair's easier to fix, too, and so soft."

NEW! Procter & Gamble's amazing Shasta—the beauty cream shampoo.

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YES, ALL 3! Yet your hair has "body"—it's not limp, not dried out. Shasta

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PROCTER & GAMBLE'S

Shasta BEAUTY CREAM
Shampoo



Pev gets home a little after I do. He flies up the stairs, with his hat, coat and scarf still on, crying, "How's Lola?"

Lola has cemented the love and marriage between Pev and myself. Always till Lola came along, there was something lacking. Two people without a baby in the house exhaust each other.

Last Sunday I started sculpturing Lola's face in clay. I have worked on many pieces of sculpture, under the direction of my teacher, Peter Ganine, but none has brought me so much happiness as looking at Lola and trying to express her features.

When I come home from work, I never wait to take off my grease-paint before I bound up to the nursery. Lola has certainly learned to know the smell of grease-paint. I think she is learning to know the sight and the scent and the sound of me. I know she recognizes Pev's voice. She gives us her big baby grin, and sometimes she laughs right in our faces.

My friends and the crew on my set know how obsessed I am with Lola. One of the most touching things that has happened to me recently occurred on a day when everything was going wrong. I had to rehearse a scene in which I played the piano for *Unfaithfully Yours*. It had been a horrible morning, and if it hadn't been for the thought of Lola, I might have been pretty upset. But thinking of Lola can carry me through any kind of a day. Well, this was that kind of day, and then I walked into my dressing room. There, to my surprise, were my hairdresser, the wardrobe girl, the costume designer, and my former teacher at 20th Century-Fox, Miss Frances Klamt. The hairdresser had crocheted a warm, light baby carriage blanket, and the others brought booties, sweaters, playsuits and bonnets for Lola.

This baby shower was the last thing in the world that I expected.

Ann Miller visited me a little while ago, and after cooing over the baby, she said, "She's going to grow up to be a real glamor girl."

I pushed my face next to Lola's soft cheek. "You may grow up to be anything," I said, as I snuggled against her. "Why, you may even grow up to be a saint."

Honestly, did you ever hear of anything so silly? Here I am, the girl without illusions. But when I hold Lola in my arms, anything seems possible.

Jean Simmons—

J. Arthur Rank's beautiful young star whose current role as Ophelia in *Hamlet* adds up to just about the biggest acting plum so young an actress (or any actress) could capture. You'll be seeing *Hamlet* just about the time you read this—shortly after it's previewed for the King of England.

We photographed Jean just after she arrived from the Fiji Islands, where she has been making the tropical *Blue Lagoon*—which is scheduled for release in early fall.

Jean poses in a patio dress you'll want for your vacation. It's a two-piece cotton with a gathered bodice which can be worn on or off your shoulder. Wear it with the flaming Coro beads which exactly match the bowknot in the print—and be the most provocative-looking girl in sight!

Comes with printed bowknots in tangerine, yellow, or green. Sizes 10-18. By McArthur . . . about \$10.95.

At Gimbels, N. Y., in the Sportswear Department, 3rd Floor. Other stores on page 82.

Beads by Coro—\$1.98 plus tax.

modern screen

fashions





BAREBACK . . . and price includes matching jacket! Teen-Timers' adorable cuffed-top, swirl-skirted sundress, to show off your figure and your tan. Sanforized pique. Yellow, pink, aqua or white. Teen sizes 10-16. \$8.95 . . . at Gimbel's, N. Y. . . . other stores on page 82.

SUNBACK . . . and price includes matching jacket! Juniorite's new-looking sundress with the new shoulder-covering collar that's a sailor collar in back. It's Sanforized denim, in faded blue, dark blue, or red. 9-15. \$8.95 . . . at Gimbel's, N. Y. . . . other stores on page 82.

By Connie Bartel,
Fashion Editor

modern screen fashions



Sandals by Cobblers
Sunglasses by Grantly

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Very smart shorts in handblocked printed butcher rayon.
Green, navy or brown. By Loomtogs. \$5.95. T-shirt in
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Both at Gimbel's, N. Y. . . . other stores on page 82.

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for you who like the poured-in look of one-piece streamlining. Satin lastex for the body-beautiful—blazed in singing stripes of red, royal or navy on white. (P.S. It's wonderful if you really swim, too!) Sizes 32-40.

By Catalina . . . \$8. Gimbels, N. Y. 3rd Fl.—other stores, page 82. *a modern screen fashion*



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By Brilliant . . . \$5.98. At Gimbels, N. Y. 3rd Fl.—other stores, page 82. *a modern screen fashion*

Miss Miami Beach 1948

That's the title model

Rosemary Carpenter captured

soon after she posed in

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Red and white; royal and

white; red and black; royal

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By Lee Knitwear . . . \$5.98

Gimbels, N.Y. . . . other

stores page 82.



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reversible bolero**

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Preview scoops the Fashion World with the most Sensational Value of 1948. Talk about Quality! Talk about Style! It's a complete spring and summer wardrobe in one super outfit. You'll rub your eyes when you see it—the exquisite full skirted dress, complete and perfect in itself; the bolero that magically turns inside out from polka dot to plain. You'll wear them together. You'll wear them separately. You'll mix them! Match them! Mate them with everything you own! Beautifully tailored in fine smooth rayon, in these gorgeous color ensembles:

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- (b) Powder Blue Dress with Navy Polka Dot Bolero (Reversible side matches dress)
- (c) Aqua Dress with Black Polka Dot Bolero (Reversible side matches dress)
- (d) Gray Dress with Red Polka Dot Bolero (Reversible side matches dress)
- (e) Maize Dress with Brown Polka Dot Bolero (Reversible side matches dress)

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At Gimbels, 2nd Floor Cotton Dresses . . . also other stores on page 82. *a modern screen fashion*

(Continued from page 31)

Did I say the fishing-grounds were 25 miles from Nassau? Well, twenty miles from Nassau, we were becalmed. No wind. "Get out and blow," Greg said to Leslie. "You hired this boat."

Twenty-four hours later, we gave in and humbled ourselves. We used the ship-to-shore phone, contacted some friends in Nassau, and they said they'd send a boat out to tow us.

The next fishing trip we made was to Bimini. Greg caught a 50-pound amberjack, smiled smugly, and announced he would loaf all the way to Miami, our next stop. (He loafed so much that vacation we called him The Horizontal Man.)

"Frazer's Hog Cay," Captain Johnson said.

It seemed like a great idea at the time. We dropped anchor, got into the dinghy, went toward the beach. Greta and I swam for half an hour in the warm water, then stretched out and stared at nothing. Leslie stood us for a few minutes, then he strapped fins on his feet, and went paddle-boarding off to explore the shoals.

Greg and Joe weren't going to be outdone; they found themselves a cave full of tropical fish, and started to harpoon. Greta and I noticed that they'd disappear through a passage (Continued on page 83)

MODERN SCREEN



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81

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WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

TANGERINE AND BLACK PATIO DRESS
worn by Jean Simmons (page 73)

New York City—Gimbels, 33rd Street,
Sportswear, 3rd Floor

Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels, Market & 9th

TANGERINE BEADS (page 73)

New York City—Saks—34th St.

BAREBACK DRESS (page 74)

Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Company,
B'way & 8th St., High Shop, 3rd Floor

New York City—Gimbels, 33rd St., Teen
World, 5th Floor

Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers, Market
& 8th Sts., Teen-Age Shop, 3rd Floor

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Boggs & Buhl, Jr. Dept.,
2nd Fl. (same dress in junior sizes)

SUNBACK DRESS (page 74)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's, Washington St.,
Jr. Sports Shop, 4th Floor

New York City—Gimbels, 33rd Street,
Sportswear, 3rd Floor

Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clo-
thier, Jr. Miss Sportswear, 3rd Floor

GOLD SANDALS BY COBBLERS, \$7.95

(pages 74 and 75)

New York City—Plymouth Shops

SHORTS WITH GOLD BELT (page 75)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus,
420 Fulton Street, Sportswear, 3rd Fl.

New York City—Gimbels, 33rd Street,
Sportswear, 3rd Floor

Rocky Mount, N. C.—Rosenbloom-Levy

LISLE T-SHIRT (page 75)

Birmingham, Ala.—Pizitz, 19th St. & 2nd
Ave., Sportswear, 3rd Floor

Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Company,
Sportswear, Downstairs

New York City—Gimbels, 33rd Street,
Sportswear, 3rd Floor

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbels, 339 Sixth Ave-
nue, Sportswear, 3rd Floor

PRINTED BATHING SUIT (page 76)

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's, Broad & Alabama
Sts., Sportswear, Downstairs

New York City—Gimbels, 33rd Street,
Sportswear, 3rd Floor

Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers, Market
& 8th Streets, Bathing Suits, 2nd Floor

Providence, R. I.—Gladding's, 291 West-
minster Street, Sportswear, 3rd Floor

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company,
7th & F Streets, Sportswear, 3rd Floor

STRIPED BATHING SUIT (page 77)

Fort Worth, Texas—Stripling's, 209 Hous-
ton St., Sportswear, 2nd Floor

New York City—Gimbels, 33rd Street,
Sportswear, 3rd Floor

Sacramento, Calif.—Weinstock, Lubin &
Co., K & 12th Sts., Sportswear & Cam-
pus Shop, 3rd Floor

Saint Paul, Minn.—The Emporium, 7th
& Robert Sts., Swim Shop, 2nd Floor

MIDRIFF BATHING SUIT (page 78)

New York City—Gimbels, 33rd Street,
Sportswear, 3rd Floor

Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers, Market
& 8th Sts., Teen-Age Shop, 3rd Floor

SHEER HEAVEN PRINT DRESS (page 80)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's, Washington St.,
Day Dress Shop, 6th Floor

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Loeser's, 484 Fulton St.,
Thrill Dresses, 1st Floor

Milwaukee, Wis.—Gimbel Brothers, 101
West Wisconsin Avenue, Daytime
Dress Department

New York City—Gimbels, 33rd Street,
Cotton Dress Dept., 2nd Floor

Rochester, N. Y.—McCurdy's, 285 East
Main Street, 3rd Floor

If no store in your city is listed, write
Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, 261
Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

(Continued from page 81) in some coral from time to time, and we wouldn't know whether they were above or below the water.

We were discussing this interesting fact when some native women appeared, and pointed to the cave. "You go in there?"

"No," we said airily. "Not us. Just a couple of men we know."

The native women started jumping up and down and making alarmed noises, at the very moment when Greg and Joe reappeared on the horizon, shooting gracefully out of the sea.

They were followed very closely by a large, vicious-looking shark.

I thought Greta was going to faint.

Greg and Joe got out of the water fast, and then they stood there in the sand, carefully not looking at each other.

About ten minutes later, one of the native women came dashing up to us. "That man out there," she cried—"he say come fast."

That man was Leslie, who was being trailed by an enormous barracuda. We rescued him in the dinghy, and we rechristened "Frazer's Hog Cay" all right. To us, it's "Disaster Island."

Nothing much more happened until Miami, except that Leslie caught a dolphin which he fixed with a fancy white wine and mushroom sauce, and Greg ate it politely and got sick.

asleep in the deep? . . .

From Miami, we started down the inland route to Key West, got into a storm, anchored in a calm inlet, and played pinochle. When we turned on the radio some hours later, we heard that Gregory Peck was lost in a sailboat in a storm!

"Too bad," Greg said. "He was a lovely fellow."

By now, we were all mixed up in our schedule anyway, so we decided to leave the "Tonga" and fly to Havana and Haiti.

We left the Tonga. Aside from that, I can't say that the plan was too successful. I remember driving to the Key West airport, and hearing dull thuds from the back of the car as three suitcases fell one by one from the luggage rack on the roof. We never did find the one that belonged to Leslie. It was too bad because all his clothes were in it. Except for the tired seersucker suit, and he was in *that*.

We flew from Key West back to Miami and cheerfully announced to the officials that we were going to fly to Havana.

The officials said we were going to do nothing of the kind. "Mrs. Peck is Finnish and she has no visa."

So we gave up the idea of Havana, and the next day we flew direct to Haiti, instead, and we stayed at a wonderful place fifteen miles up in the mountains. Haiti is the most beautiful spot you've ever seen.

We went shopping a couple of times, because Greg insisted on taking home life-size carved mahogany figures, and once when we parked in front of a store, a native leaned in the window of our car.

"How do you do Mr. Gregory Peck?" he said.

Greg said, "How do you do?"

His new friend scowled. "You tell Miss Greer Garson she no be in any more pictures with that Mr. Clark Gable. He like too much to hit women!" As he turned away, he was murmuring, "No good hit women!"

Well, that was the way it went. A vacation we called it. We ended up with Greg all black and bearded, Leslie in a filthy seersucker suit, Greta and I scratching sand-fly bites.

"Nice peaceful cruise," Leslie said, at the last. "Just like we'd planned it."

And we all laughed and laughed. Because we'd do it over again tomorrow.

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HE NEVER LOVED HER

(Continued from page 29)

making a romance yet out of that. For one thing, she won't be legally free till March '49. And which of us, being hurt, doesn't naturally turn to old friendship for comfort? Marriage is another story. Let's leave it to a more auspicious day.

What I really want to talk about is the old marriage. Because the how's and the why's continue to pop. Why did she plunge into it? How can you fall out of love at the end of three months? Why did she go back to Zito after the first split? In fairness to June, I propose to answer these questions. Once and for all and for the last time, and then we'll forget it.

June married for the reason most girls marry—she thought Jimmy was the answer to love's young dream. To her it didn't seem hasty. They'd known each other six years. To be sure, their paths had crossed only now and then after that first summer with Fio Rito's band. But when he came to Hollywood and started courting her in earnest, he seemed the same Jimmy—fun-loving, home-loving, easy to be with. Mature beyond her years in many ways—and especially in compassion—June was a child for trustfulness. An old-fashioned child who believed in happy endings. More than once I've heard her say: "No brass rings for me. When I marry, it'll be for keeps." In that spirit, she gave her heart to Jimmy Zito.

mother-in-law blues . . .

Well, Jimmy's spoken his piece, and now I'm going to speak mine. "Mother-in-law trouble," said Jimmy, in last April's MODERN SCREEN. "June turned to her mother instead of me for advice . . ." " . . . June's mother thought the motel where we were living wasn't swanky enough for June . . ." " . . . June's mother said she'd leave us alone, go East—but she didn't leave town . . ."

"Bosh!" say I, to all of that. If there's one mother who bends over backward to keep her hands off, it's Maria Haver. She's got three independent daughters—brought them up to make their own decisions, and stand by or rectify their own mistakes. When they need her, she's there. For the rest, she stays in the background. We should all have her sense.

With that off my chest, let's proceed. Marriage to a movie star is beset by pitfalls, especially when you're not yet established in your profession. Jimmy, only 23, turned jealous. Maybe it was the Latin in him. Maybe a feeling of insecurity. Most likely a combination of the two. He resented everything that took June's attention from him. Even her fans. "Hello, June," they'd call, and June, friendly as they come, would hello back. "You don't know her, why do you speak to her?" Jimmy would scowl. Hide his resentment? Not he. "Old crowd!" he muttered at a woman in a restaurant who dared to smile at his bride.

On Easter Sunday they went to church with sister Evvie and her husband, Jim McNamara—then to the Beverly-Wilshire for breakfast. There was a fashion show on. This annoyed Jimmy. June was picked as one of the four best-dressed girls. This annoyed him more. The photos wanted pictures. She couldn't have been gone for more than ten minutes, but he refused to speak to her all the way home.

June wasn't used to this kind of possessiveness, her family'd never clutched. She tried laughing him out of it, she tried reasoning with him. "It's part of my job, Jimmy. You knew my career was impor-

tant to me, you knew I had no intention of giving it up." For a day or two things would improve. He'd be as he'd been before their marriage—only to flare up again on any or no provocation.

"Why can't you go out with me?"

"You know why, Jimmy. Because I've got a 5 o'clock call."

"What's more important, your call or your husband?"

So she'd go out, and report wearily to the studio after four hours' sleep. All of which only seemed to make Jimmy more bitter. To ease his bitterness he took to belittling her work. She had a way of reading her script aloud. One night she looked up to find him standing in the doorway. "Go ahead, Bernhardt," he mocked. "Don't mind me." That was bad enough, but when he'd come on the set and make cracks of a like nature, it was more than she could bear.

There's no point in multiplying incidents. Suffice it to say that both grew more wretched and tense. Scene followed scene, and crisis followed crisis, till Jimmy left to go on tour with his band, and June had a breathing spell in which to think. For the first time in weeks, her battered nerves relaxed. But what kind of marriage was this when your husband's absence gave you a sense of peace?

I'm not going through the agony of June's disenchantment. Here was a girl who'd married one man and found herself, to all intents and purposes, the wife of another. She reached her decision alone, and she alone knows what it cost her, though we who saw her grow paler and thinner can guess. In the end she phoned Jimmy. "I think we've made a mistake." He agreed. And the news of the separation broke.

For weeks June crept round the house like a wan little ghost, sleeping little, eating less, shutting herself into her room to paint, playing symphony records till her mother thought she'd go mad. Or she'd come out and say: "Guess I'll go for a drive."

"Like me to go along?"

"No, you don't mind, do you? I just want to think."

pent-up troubles . . .

It helps if you can unload your troubles to a friend. June's the kind who can't—not even to her mother or sisters. Evvie'd come round with a hat she'd made for June. She'd remove the symphony records and put on some swing. But the only time June really brightened was when Dot brought Cathy over. Playing on the floor with the baby, she'd lose herself for a while—

This went on till the night in July when, out of a clear sky, she said to her mother: "Going to miss me?"

"Why, where are you going?"

"To Jimmy in Seattle. I feel I have to. For one last try."

That's all there was. No questions, no explanations. But understanding her daughter as she did, Maria Haver could follow the workings of her mind. June's deep hurt came not only from disillusion, but a sense of failure. Marriage, the most important thing in life, was the one thing she'd failed at. Maybe she was to blame. Three months, after all, was a pretty short time for adjustment. Maybe, if she put all her heart into it, she could find the old Jimmy again. Anyway, she owed it to both to try.

She left next morning. Ten days later they returned together, apparently recon-

ciled, ready to hunt their own apartment. "That's silly," Mrs. Haver said. "I hate rattling around in this big house all by myself. I'll find a place."

She found a charming little apartment, and moved out. The reconciliation lasted a month. Jimmy hadn't changed. Guess he couldn't. Up one day—moody, broody and unreasonable the next. But June was determined to make it work if she could, and it might have lasted longer. Jimmy himself rang the final curtain down.

They threw a party one night in honor of a new television set. Jimmy was at his Jimmyst. "You're paying too much attention to other people. I haven't seen you all evening."

"But, Jimmy, they're your friends too. And I'm the hostess—"

This cut no ice with the host. He grew glum and glummer. June was glad when the party broke up. Everyone had left but Jimmy's business manager, his wife, Ruth Woodward and a friend of June's who had to be up at 6:30 next morning for a golf match. The links were close by, so June suggested that she stay overnight.

"We'll give you an alarm clock and make up a bed in the living room—"

She and Ruth went upstairs for the bedding. As they came down, Jimmy's voice reached their ears, sharp and clear, through the open door of the den. He was talking to his manager, and the words were unbelievable. "I tell you I don't love her."

"But that can't be true. You married her. You must have loved her then!"

"I never loved her. The whole thing was a mistake—"

A moment later they came out to find June on the staircase, stony-faced above an armful of blankets. "I heard what you said. I'd like to have you leave right now."

Next day she went to see Jerry Geisler. June has grit, and to spare. Nobody ever saw her cry. But there was a lost look in her eyes that was sadder than tears.

As much as anyone, it was Marilyn Miller, dead these twelve long years, who helped her over the hump. Her dream of playing Marilyn started way back when Jerry Wald held production reins on the property, and appeared at TC-Fox one day to watch June in action. Before leaving, he said: "I like your work. Of course your name's not big enough yet. But maybe by the time we're ready, it will be."

Around these words she spun her castle in the air, which all but crashed when Wald dropped the story. Still she hoped against hope that maybe TC-Fox would buy it from Warners. Because now of course she'd never get it on a loanout. Warners, after all, had their own dancing stars to build up.

So fancy June when her agents sent for

"I dress for a moonlight ride
... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



DRESS BY WILLIAM BASS

1. "Here's how I manage morning to moonlight dress problems," says this smart career girl. "I wear a little scarf caught with a chic gold pin at the neck of my silk shantung dress. And, of course, I rely on new, even gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream. Because I know it protects me from perspiration and offensive odors a full 24 hours."

You'll find new Odorono so safe you can use it right after shaving! So harmless to fine fabrics . . . protects clothes from stains and rotting! So creamy-smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

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Now, Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula . . . even gentler, even more effective than ever before . . . all done up in its pretty, bright new package. Buy some today and see if you don't find this the most completely satisfying deodorant you have ever used.

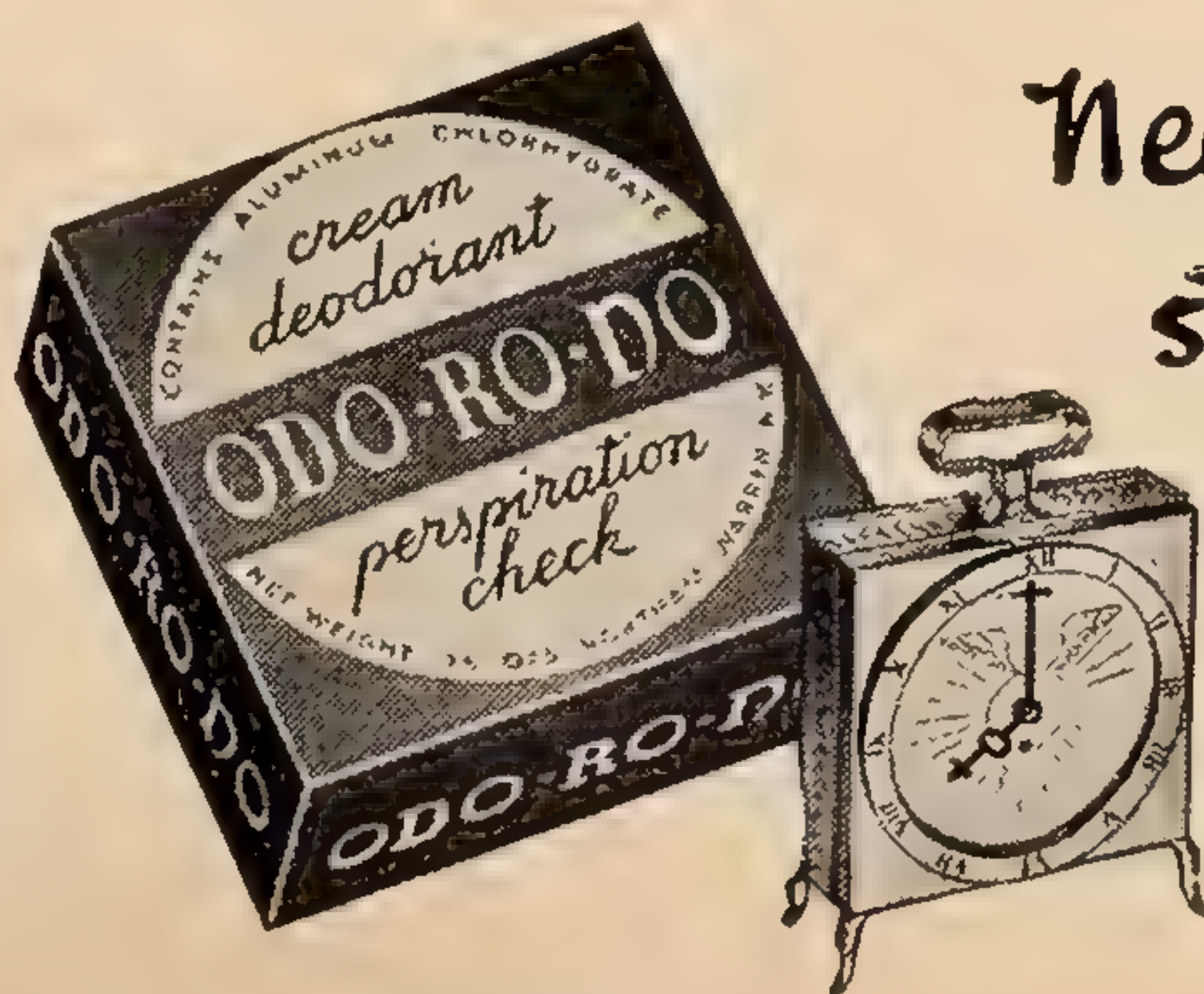
MODERN SCREEN IS ON THE AIR!

How much do you know about Hollywood and its stars? Test your movie I. Q.! Listen to MODERN SCREEN's Movie Matinee, a radio quiz show that's especially made for movie fans. Popular emcee Johnny Olson asks the questions—based on MODERN SCREEN's own files. It's new! It's fascinating! It's exactly the kind of program you'll enjoy!

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New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

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I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT MRS. PARADINE

"She is bad, bad to the bone. If ever there was an evil woman, she is one."

*LOUIS JOURDAN

*One of the 7 great stars in
DAVID O. SELZNICK'S production of
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

THE PARADINE CASE

starring

GREGORY PECK • ANN TODD
CHARLES LAUGHTON • CHARLES COBURN
ETHEL BARRYMORE and 2 new Selznick stars
LOUIS JOURDAN and VALLI

ATTENTION MOVIE FANS!

Send 25c to Selznick Studio, Box 101, Culver City, Calif.
for autographed 8" x 10" picture of Louis Jourdan

AMAZING OFFER — \$40 IS YOURS

For Selling Only 50 Boxes Christmas Cards
Each box contains 25 brand new, entirely different De-
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proval. Write today. It costs nothing to try.
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SAMPLES

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUMMER TEETHING



EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

**DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION**
Just rub it on the gums

her and tossed the jewel in her lap. Just like that. Without even a test. Darryl Zanuck and Jack Warner had set the deal between them.

Home she dashed and upstairs to Mother, who wondered at first if she were seeing straight. For the first time in months the girl was all light and sparkle, the way she used to be.

"Mother, what's the best thing in the world that could happen to me?"

Being no clairvoyant, Mother came out with something inconsequential.

"No, no, guess again, think hard."

"Honey, you've got me too excited to think. Tell me."

"I'm going to play Marilyn Miller! Oh Mother, when they told me, I nearly did a cabriole in the air—"

Once they'd calmed down a little, Mrs. Haver harked back to that cabriole. "What about the dancing? Will you do it all yourself?"

"Every step. No doubles for me. Not even in the longest longshot."

"But can you, June? It's so long since you've done ballet."

"You bet I can. Oh Mother, I want to work. I want to get up at 5, and not quit till 7. That's a switch, isn't it, but that's exactly what I need."

In October she started rehearsing ballet with Buddy Ebson, who used to dance with the Fokines and is now an instructor at Warners. Breaking only for a box lunch (courtesy of Mother) they kept at it from 9 to 5:30 for four solid months, and as if that weren't enough, June would more often than not come home with a record. "Mother, you *have* to see this number." Then, dead on her feet, she'd flop into bed and sleep like a babe.

My own belief is that June was cast in the top role of *Silver Lining* for more than her dancing feet. The memory of Marilyn Miller lives on in Hollywood. She was a person of rare warmth, with a great heart for others. Talk to those who knew her, and their eyes soften. Talk to people about June, and you get the same reaction.

a lesson in courage . . .

She and Buddy Ebson, working constantly together, grew to be close friends. Last winter his mother died. During her illness June would drop in to see her. She measured Buddy's trouble against her own. She learned a lesson in the courage of living and dying. "They smile at each other. They never let on to each other how they feel. When Buddy's heart is breaking, he comes in just the same and teaches me how to dance. It makes me ashamed that I ever felt sorry for myself."

She's humble too about playing Marilyn, who was so well loved. Having steeped herself in the Miller legend, she's developed a kind of reverence for the other girl. Once I heard her say wistfully: "I wonder if I'm good enough to be Marilyn Miller."

Well, Mecca Graham seems to think she's good enough. Mecca was Marilyn's bodyguard, worked in some of her shows, and worshipped the ground she walked on. He's acting as consultant on the picture. One day he walked in and handed her a package. Inside were a pair of toe slippers, and a handkerchief.

"They were Marilyn's," said Mecca. "I hope they'll bring you luck."

This was above and beyond his duty as consultant, this was a tribute to June herself, and June was having trouble with a lump in her throat. She lifted her eyes to his. "I don't know what to say. It's the loveliest thing you could have done for me."

"Marilyn would have done as much," said Mecca.

She's not going to use the slippers to dance in. They're a little worn. But there's one number where she plays Little

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My family and I visited a night club in New York. After an enjoyable evening we got ready to leave. I was putting on my hat and coat and my mother started to insist I wear my scarf. I said no. Seemingly out of nowhere a voice piped up, "Aw, go ahead, put it on. Momma knows best." Was I surprised to find Johnnie Johnston standing, hands on hips, right in back of me.

Mrs. M. Blavis
Lawrence, L. I.

Eva, and goes to heaven on a wire with these big angel wings. In that number she'll wear Marilyn's slippers. They're just her size.

While preparing for the picture, June found she had one more river to cross. Toward the end of February, rehearsing as usual with Buddy, she was caught with a sudden pain in her side.

"Appendix," said the doctor, "but it's not acute. We'll have to watch it, though. If you have another attack, it ought to come out."

June thought that one over. If she had another attack in the middle of production, she'd be responsible for holding the picture up, costing the studio more money, keeping the cast and crew hanging around.

"Suppose I have it done now? Would it interfere with any of the dancing muscles?"

"Not a bit. What's more," smiled the doctor, "we've got a new kind of glamor suturing—cobweb suturing we call it—you can hardly see the scar—"

"That's for me—" She picked up the phone, called Steve Trilling at Warners, and gave him the story.

"How do you feel about it, June?"

"I'd like to have it out now."

"Then by all means have it out."

Well, what's an appendix? Nothing. Some people have 'em out just to be stylish. This was June's line and she stuck to it. Till her mother had kissed her good-night in the hospital room, and the nurse was gone, and she couldn't fall asleep. Then she faced the facts and dealt with them in her own way. Of course you're nervous. No operation's a joke. But this is how it has to be. In all the really important things, you've got to stand on your own feet, no one can help you, nobody can be with you. If it's strength you want, it'll have to come from inside.

Had anyone been around, they wouldn't have known what to make of the little chuckle that escaped her. Because in the midst of this sound advice to herself, our June was struck by a truly thrilling idea. Just think, some day you may have to play the part of a girl being operated on. Well, here's your big chance. Keep your eyes and ears open.

That's why she begged them not to put her out next morning. They did give her a shot, but only enough to make her slightly groggy. She was perfectly conscious as they moved her to the stretcher, rode her up on the elevator, wheeled her into the operating room. She remembers how sweet the nurses were. She remembers seeing the doctor—soap to his elbows—and beckoning to him.

"Don't forget I want to be dancing in two weeks."

"That's an order."

Next thing, she saw a big needle coming toward her. "What's that for?"

"Your spine."

"Okay, but I want to stay awake as long as I can."

Soon she felt her toes falling asleep, then her knees.

Then she heard someone say: "Beautifully done, Dr. Hyde, beautifully done."

"Glamor suturing," murmured June with a big smile, and went out again. When she really woke up, there was Mother and a roomful of flowers.

"Am I all right, Mother? How long before I can dance again? Tell me exactly what the doctor said."

One by one the family came in—Grandmother, Dot and Evvie, Bill and Jim. Kissed her and made little jokes and left. They'd been waiting since 7.

"Love that clan," sighed June. "Mother, do you realize what a lucky character I am?"

She was more than ever convinced of it next day when the doctor allowed her out of bed. The day after, he said: "Let me see you get up on your toes." Though she'd heard all about these modern miracle methods, Mrs. Haver flinched, visioning her child being rolled back to surgery.

But June couldn't have been more enchanted. Using the bar of the bed as a ballet bar, she did two pliés and crowed: "Look, Ma, I'm dancing."

It's a whole new deal for the little Haver. On March 25th, she got her decree. On April 5th, David Butler started shooting *Silver Lining* with a stellar cast who also happen to be a bunch of swell people. Charlie Ruggles plays Marilyn's father, Rosemary De Camp her mother, the Wilde twins her sisters. Ray Bolger is Jack Donohue, her dancing co-star, and Gordon MacRae plays Frank Carter, her husband. In the story Carter sends Marilyn a toy elephant every opening night. So the morning they started, June had a baby elephant brought in, with a message round his neck. "Happy Opening Day, Mr. Butler, from Marilyn."

Her eyes are no longer haunted. Certainly she's not the June of a year ago. No sensitive girl goes through a broken marriage and comes out untouched. But she's taken the experience and built it into character. If there's a new gravity about her, there's also a new understanding, and the old kindness has deeper roots.

I have no elephant, June. But the past is past and all the future's ahead. I know I speak for your many friends when I say: "Happy days and years to you."



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• June Allyson was walking along Sunset Boulevard with her husband, Dick Powell, when he spotted a "For Sale" sign on a shiny motorcycle. "I'll find out what they want for it," he said eagerly.

"No, you won't," she declared emphatically. "I'm putting my foot down right now—before the ground under it starts going at 70 miles an hour."

**from the book by Andrew Hecht*

this bobby pin is different



holds your hair in place

144% BETTER

Here's the first real improvement in bobby pins! A radically new patented shape, scientifically designed to *hold better*. Stronger, yet flexible, easy to open. Yes, certified, unbiased tests prove that Supergrip holds 144% better!



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**here's
the radio show
for every
movie-fan!**

**...MOVIE
MATINEE**

Listen to this gay quiz show based on the pages of *Modern Screen*, your movie magazine. Hear members of the audience hilariously enact scenes from famous movies, and join them in exciting and novel movie-guessing games.

And when you are in New York, see *Movie Matinee* as it is broadcast from the stage of the Palace Theater every weekday and from the Longacre Theater on Saturday. Get in on the fun and the big prizes.

**11:00—11:30 a.m. Saturday
on your Mutual Broad-
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through Friday on WOR
New York City**

sunlight on your hair

Sunlight is
flattering to lovely
hair like Evelyn
Keyes'. Now is the time
to "do something"
to bring out the beauty
of your own tresses!

BY CAROL CARTER



Evelyn Keyes, Columbia star, reciting her Spanish lesson to adopted son, Pablo.

■ One of the most charming things a gal can wear is an aureole of freshly-shampooed, silky hair. Especially outdoors when the sun is shining through it. Poets have knocked themselves out trying to describe it!

If you think your hair won't make a 4-star rating in the sunlight, don't be depressed. Hair responds very quickly to a little loving care such as frequent and careful shampooing and determined brushing. Give yourself a scalp treatment tonight.

Don't let anyone tell you that you're shampooing your hair too often. Hair gets as dirty, if not dirtier than your face and should be washed at least once a week, if not oftener. But wash it well.

Movie stars, who just have to have lovely hair, sometimes have daily shampoos. After you've applied shampoo at least twice, rinse it in several waters, or run a spray over it for two minutes. Getting any left-over soap out is very important. If the water in your community is "hard," do use a soapless shampoo for it can't form a "curd" in hard water. In a soft water region, you have your choice of soapless or any other kind of shampoo.

If your hair looks a little mousey, give it high-lights with one of the many fine rinses which are easy to use and inexpensive. You'll find a variety of shades from which to choose. Then take a walk in the sun. You'll shine!

BANNED IN HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 47)

You'd have liked the picture M-G-M's dancing Cyd Charisse made, poised on the diving-board, in a classic two-piece raspberry-colored number. She's a bare-midriff booster, says it gives her more freedom in the water.

(Later on, Cyd changed into a strapless white suit with gold thread shirring, and put gold sandals on her feet. Appropriate, considering what the feet are insured for. The gold sandal fad in Hollywood is by now an epidemic.)

Other Kent guests were Barbara Lawrence (who's just finished a lead in Fox's *Street With No Name*) and little Terry Moore. Barbara's blonde, and burns easily, so she draped herself in rather long black linen shorts, and a rose-colored linen jacket over a black bra. The effect was very striking.

Terry was wearing plaid taffeta—pink, blue, yellow—with a three-band strap on the left shoulder, and no strap at all on the right. A taffeta bathing suit's unusual, so's a plaid bathing suit, and I asked her where she'd got it. She grinned. "I came home wailing one day because the only suits that would fit me were made for ten-year-olds, and my mother marched out and bought water-proof taffeta and ran up this creation herself." It looked as though it had come from one of our smartest shops.

Incidentally, just because I've said Hollywood's pretty conservative, and we don't go for the diaper suit, doesn't mean we don't have our own exotic fringe. Take Hazel Brooks (the *Body and Soul* menace). I saw her lounging near Mr. Kent's pool, all covered by a flesh-colored clinging leotard covered with skin-tight black lace. As for Doris Day, I glimpsed her wearing a strapless gold sheath. Both these ladies appeared to be in evening dress from the waist up.

But you don't have to go to parties to stumble over handsome beach-wear in Southern California. At Palm Springs last week I met Gene Tierney in a one-piece tangerine-colored job; Dottie Lamour in cotton piqué—green, with a small white print figure, and Esther Williams in a yellow and red print with broad black stripes. It may sound horrible; it's really wonderfully gay. And Esther, of course, looked like a dream in it.

hard on her work-clothes . . .

Esther has two dozen suits around her house; six she wears herself, the others she lends to guests who use her pool. She wears out 50 suits a year (she's in the water about 440 hours a year) and her suits cost anywhere from five to 25 dollars. She only buys half of them; manufacturers give her the others. Esther likes bright colors, practically never wears black or white; she thinks one-piece suits are more becoming, but two-piece suits are better for swimming.

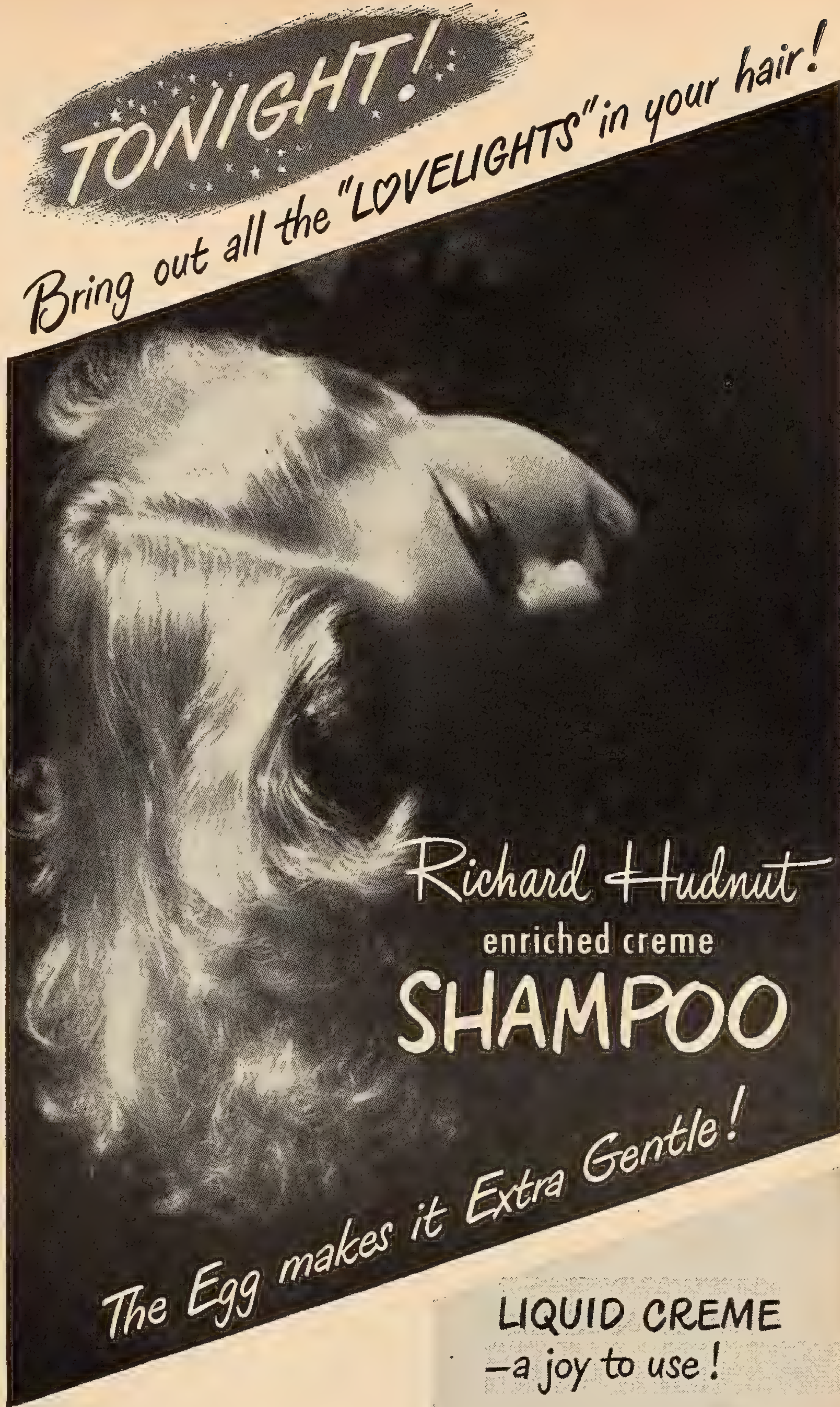
(In *Neptune's Daughter*, Esther will play a bathing suit manufacturer, which is funny, because so many manufacturers have tried unsuccessfully to make tie-ups with her.)

And finally, at the Beverly Hills Hotel pool the other morning, I was almost blinded by young Barbara Bates whose one-piece black suit had a luminous yellow panel up the front! It also had a flaring bow-bra patented to keep a girl's head above water. Like the much-advertised Ivory Soap, she floats.

Which just about ties bathing suits—and me—up for this month. Next month, new topic, same Cobina. I'll be looking forward to meeting you all again.

TONIGHT!

Bring out all the "LOVELIGHTS" in your hair!



Richard Hudnut
enriched creme
SHAMPOO

The Egg makes it Extra Gentle!

YOU'LL love the soothing, caressing, kind-to-your-hair effect of the egg in Richard Hudnut Shampoo. Modern science has found that just the right amount of plain, old-fashioned egg in powder form makes this grand shampoo extra mild, extra gentle. It's a new *kind* of shampoo, created especially for the beauty-wise patrons of Hudnut's exclusive Fifth Avenue Salon.

*A New Kind of Hair Beauty from
a World-Famous Cosmetic House*

LIQUID CREME
—a joy to use!

Not a dulling, drying soap. Contains no wax or paste. Richard Hudnut Shampoo is a sm-o-o-o-th liquid creme. Beauty-bathes hair to "love-lighted" perfection. Rinses out quickly, leaving hair easy to manage, free of loose dandruff. At drug and department stores.



Avoid underarm irritation . . .



MARYALICE WARD is one of the beautiful Powers models who uses Yodora regularly for its soothing protection.

... use
YODORA

the deodorant that is
ACTUALLY SOOTHING

Wonderful! Yodora stops perspiration odor safely, quickly . . . yet is positively soothing to normal skin. Made with a face cream base, with no harsh acid salts to cause irritation, Yodora actually helps *soften* your skin, like a face cream. **No other known deodorant gives this PLUS protection.** Try Yodora, the *soothingest* deodorant. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.



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...relieves
discomfort
of
Athlete's
Foot!



the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

Calling all ideas! Calling all ideas! We're looking for a new fan club "gimmick"—that practical, workable, million-dollar idea that will inject new life into your club! (Not that we don't think you're a pretty lively bunch! It's just that fan clubs thrive on fresh stimuli.) A question we hear most often from new prexies is: What sort of activities should our club have?

Now, we know there are dozens of swell, untried ideas floating around in your brain that only need a little encouragement to come out in the open. We want to hear about them so we can pass them along to MSFCA clubs. Remember, they must be original, practical, costless (or nearly so) and beneficial to clubs as a whole and members in particular. You may have an idea for a new social or charitable activity, a plan for club or star publicity—or even a money-making scheme to help the club treasury. Send as many ideas as you wish. Send them to: MSFCA "Idea," MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 16. We'll give free subscriptions to MODERN SCREEN (or any Dell Publication of your choice) for all ideas we can recommend!

club banter . . .

Nelda Clough's *The Prexy's Guide*, a 32-page mimeo'd text-book on how to run a fan club is the last word on the subject, contains everything we could possibly tell you about journals, finances, getting started, organization, etc., culled from years of experience of best-known prexies in clubdom. Nelda herself is prexy of the MSFCA Trophy-winning Charles Korvin Club.

Copies are 50c each, plus 3c stamp. It's really worthwhile! Her address: 234 Pleasant Avenue, Michigan City, Indiana. . . Lois Carnahan, of 306 Walnut-Versailles, McKeesport, Pa., is director of the Fan Club Mimeograph Service. Write her for prices, other info. . . Robert Breslin's Ella Raines Club now has a Canadian chapter—in the capable hands of Yvonne Hanley, 51 Rushbrooke Ave., Toronto. . .

Prexy Lorraine Young talked the whole thing over with her honorary, Kirk Douglas, at luncheon. Read about it in the latest *Douglas Journal*. . . Seems we're guilty of grievous wrong! It was not Hermina Levitts' Stuart Foster Club that adopted the French orphan, but Bobby Meltzer's Faithful Fans of Foster. Both prexies are anxious that we clear up the error, and we're very happy to oblige. . .

Frank Sinatra Club of Staten Island (Dot McMullen, prexy) is selling greeting cards to raise money for the Lou Costello Jr. Youth Foundation. Half the profits go into the club treasury, and the other half to the foundation.

Ann Bellino, 1267 Addison St., Berkeley 2, Calif., invites all shut-ins to join the International Alan Ladd Club dues-free. . . Prexy Doris de Vasier interviews Vaughn Monroe in the next edition of *Basil's* (Rathbone) *Blue Book*. . . Phyllis Holland is Miss Ladd Legionnaire of 1948. Phyllis holds the title for being the most active all-around member of Gerry Kee's Ladd Club. . . Six officers of the Donrees Club were luncheon guests at Donna Reed's home. . . Phyllis Pritchard's Official Joan



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director

GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

Caulfield Club is concentrating hard on an all-out publicity campaign for Joan. . . Red Jones is now piloting three clubs: for Virginia Mayo, Peter Lawford and Jimmy Lloyd.

Warren Douglas Clubbers point with pride at Academy Award-winning short, *Climbing the Matterhorn!* Warren was narrator, of course! . . . Gloria Shaffer's Dinah-Miters (Shore) are exploding into their second year of club activity—and growing fast. . . Shirley McBroom's Arthur Neal Club has a new membership contest under way. Sounds interesting, so write us for details.

Don Rodney Club is getting a boost from Don's guest appearances on various disc jockey shows.

Ron De Armond's Ron Randall Club is now called Ron Randall Rooters. Ron himself suggested the journal name: *The Randall Roundtable*. . . Katherine Galloway, 3658 McGill Rd., Jackson, Miss., is new prexy of Barbara Lawrence Club. . . Club Friendship has its big New York convention this June. . . Bob Lutzow is giving away 50 free memberships in the Vanessa Brown Club, if you mention MODERN SCREEN. His address: 4862 Northwest Highway, Chicago 20, Ill. . . Millie Wayne Clubbers will convene in Wheeling, W. Va., to meet Millie—and each other. . . Lilyan Miller's Virginia Field Club held a dinner and theater party (together with other clubbers) in Detroit. . . David Gilbey's Joan Fulton-ites are preparing a marionette production for presentation at children's hospitals.

7TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST

5th Lap: Going, going, gone!! That's what's happening to our nice new prizes. Just a short time left for you poets and short-story writers to win a Pond's DREAM FLOWER bath set or La Crosse's LOOK TWICE lipstick and nail polish set. Those EBERHARD FABER Pen and Pencil sets are getting raves from winning editors. TANGEE TRIP KITS are just the things you artists will want to take with you on your summer vacations. Also: loads and loads of magazine subscriptions! And don't forget the three shiny silver cups for the three high-point clubs.

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners: (100 points) Barrie Tait, "Interviewing John Garfield," *Charles Korvin Journal*. Roy Haller, "Crowning of Carole," *Carole Landis Journal*. Marjorie Honey, "Brahms, but briefly," *Whittemore and Lowe Journal*. Dorothy McCaw, "Met Matters," *Musical Notes Journal*. Jean Rosen, "Disc Jockey Show," *Bob Crosby Journal*. Pat Mitchell, "Dan on my Street," *Sinatra (Ling) Journal*. **Candid Camera Winners:** (First Prize Winner: 100 points) Patricia Danks, Patrice Munsel C. (Others: 50 points) Nelda Clough, Korvin C. Marjorie Roster and Eleanor Hein, Rise Stevens C. Ann Garcia, Allan Jones C. Rita La Rossa, Danny Scholl C. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1, Jane Wyman *Journal*. League 2, Bob Crosby, *Ginger Rogers and Landis Journals*. League 3, Charles Korvin *Journal*. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1, Rita and Jo Mottola, *Nelson Eddy Journal*. League 2, Mary Bond, *Musical Notes Journal*. League 3, Margaret Johansen, *Whittemore and Lowe Journal*. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1, Bill Boyd C. League 2, Alan Ladd (Pearl) C. League 3, Frances Langford C. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Betty Watson, *Jane Powell Journal*. **Best Correspondents:** (50 points) League 1, Mary Pritchett, Dennis Morgan C. League 2, Marion Hesse, *Ginger Rogers C. League 3, Katherine Pringle, Barbara Lawrence C.* **Greatest Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1, Reno Browne C. League 2, Alan Ladd (Bellino). League 3, Bobby Breen C. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1, none qualified. League 2, (tied) *Ginger Rogers C.* (sent food packages to England). Ronald Reagan C. (sent 3 CARE packages to Europe). Alan Ladd C. (Kee) (gave radio to St. Albans Hospital). League 3, Mel Torme C. (donated \$25 to Cancer Fund). **Leading Clubs in Lap 5:** League 1, Dennis Morgan, 1100 points; Nelson Eddy (Nicholin) 950, Jane Wyman, 950. League 2, Alan Ladd (Pearl) 1050 points; Alan Ladd (Kee), 1000; Ronald Reagan, 950. League 3, Perry Como (Staley), 1450 points; Sinatra (Ling) 1150; Torme, 1050.

SEA FEVER

(Continued from page 43)

has a forty-pound one, and he's trying to talk her into coming deer hunting, but she doesn't favor the idea. The last hunting trip they went on, they were both too stubborn to admit they were worn out, and they walked the five miles back to town speechless and pale. They were carrying their shoes and dragging their bows.

"I've liked the out-doors for years," Gail tells people. "But until him, I didn't realize there was another maniac like me."

If the truth be known, it's possible Guy's even a little *more* maniacal. Because at this writing, he's just bought himself a jeep, and he rides it wildly down Sunset Boulevard, happy as a king. "I can turn on a dime," he says.

"You can turn without me," she says.

Right now, she's sure that jeep's not the right kind of conveyance for her, but she may change her mind. With those kids, anything is possible.

"HAPPY ANNIE"

(Continued from page 59)

wanted to be in California at Christmas time. It's a tradition with us.

Goes back to when I first met him. October it was, 1943, and we were talking about a lot of unimportant things, and he said suddenly that he'd never had a Christmas tree in his life.

"You're kidding," I said.

He shook his head. "When I was a kid, the family thought candles were dangerous, and a tree without lights was no good. Since I grew up, I've been all over the place at Christmas—Miami Beach, Sun Valley—"

"Look," I said, "you come to my place Christmas; I'll give you two trees—one inside, one outside."

At the time, it was sort of a gag; I didn't think he'd really come.

He came all right. I remember the whole thing. The outside tree was huge, and I'd had it hung with dozens of painted lights, all lovely bright colors, and I even had Steve arrive at a side door Christmas Eve so he wouldn't catch a glimpse of it. Then, at what I considered to be the proper moment, I led him toward the window. It had been raining, but there was a fire inside, and it was like a movie setting. "Wait till you see the colors," I cried, sweeping the curtains aside.

If he'd waited, he'd still be standing there. The rain had washed the paint off the bulbs; the tree was completely white. We started to laugh, but there was something unearthly beautiful about the pale white light shining through the heavy fog. We stood there for ten or fifteen minutes, holding hands like kids, and then we turned away, and Hannagan said, "Real nice colors, Red," and we had a drink.

We've had two trees at Christmas ever since, including this last year. This last year, too, I presented Mr. Hannagan with a 16mm projector which he has not yet learned how to run. He presented me with various articles of emerald, gold and diamond. You never saw such emeralds. Huge, cloudy ones—on a cigarette case, a lighter, a compact, earrings, a necklace, pins—really spectacular.

He's a big one for presents. On his birthday, I get something. On my birthday, I get something. And almost any day in between, he's likely to run across a little pigeon's blood ruby that looks as if it

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needed a home with me.

Myself, I'm not much of a shopper. For one thing, there's the autograph business. Sure, I'm glad I've got fans, but sometimes I'd like to be able to pick myself up a blouse without getting writer's cramp en route. I remember one of the last times I ventured out, I was fleeing from a bunch of people, I had about ten minutes till the store closed, and I came panting up to a salesgirl. Did she say, "May I help you?" No, she said, "Can I have your autograph?"

Occasionally, Hannagan takes it into his head that I don't get around enough. The other night, he dragged out the theater section of the paper. "How many of these have we seen?" he demanded, reeling off name after name of top hits which were struggling along without our patronage.

"I blush with shame," I said.

"Gotta set up so many nights a week," he said. "Have to go see 'em."

"It's for pleasure," I said. "You act like you're being sentenced."

So far, we've seen *Mr. Roberts*, *Annie Get Your Gun*, *The Hallams*, the Marsha Hunt play, and a few others.

on stage . . .

Marsha's wonderful in her show, and I wish I had nerve enough to do a play, but going out there every single night and giving what a stage performer has to give would terrify me.

Take Ethel Merman in *Annie*. I sat there asking myself, "How does she manage to lift the audience time after time?"

Later that night, I went to a party at Ethel's house. She's an outspoken girl. "I don't know what was the matter with that bunch of white collar jerks tonight," she said. "Sitting on their hands!"

"But they shrieked!" I said.

She snorted. "I didn't hear 'em."

Mostly, my New York evenings aren't full of parties at Ethel Merman's. I live at a slower pace.

Give you an idea of my speed—two of my best friends are Sonny and Leah Werblin (he's head of the New York office of MCA) and I've been known to baby-sit with their small adopted son.

They just had a brand-new baby of their own the other day, but that's not the point of my story. The point of my story goes back to when a magazine heard of my baby-sitting activities, and asked if it could get some pictures.

Sonny and Leah said sure; they'd clear out and leave me with the house, the child, and the photographers.

All went well, until one of the photographers had a bright idea. "Get the kid to yawn," he said.

I pointed out that the kid didn't speak English. The kid didn't even speak. He was only about a year old.

"You yawn," the photographer said. "He'll follow."

I yawned. The baby stared. I yawned again. "See, baby?"

The baby looked at me like I had eight heads.

This went on for quite some time, and the fellows ended up with several snapshots of Sheridan, mouth wide open, and the baby grinning slyly.

As one of the guys walked out of the apartment, equipment in hand, he said rather thoughtfully, "You know, that kid's smarter than we are."

Babies and animals, I'm crazy about.

Home, (in California), I've got a Dresden China sort of cat named Charlie—very long legs, very long tail, black as night. Charlie sleeps out on top of the grain house.

I've also got a would-be cocker spaniel (he leaps like a fiend, and darts like a doe); his name is Storky; because he was a present from Sherman Billingsley one night when the Stork Club was giving away dogs. Sherman and I discuss Storky

now and again. "How's that lovely little spaniel?" he says. "Spaniel?" I say. "I'm not even sure he's a dog."

I call him my sooner pup. He'd sooner be anything else.

Chico, my police dog's cute too; the only problem with him is that every time he comes into a room his tail knocks everything off the tables.

My dog Andy is a poodle, and he's not only a good guard-dog; he's dangerous. He doesn't bark, just bites.

A while ago, I had a gibbon for a pet. Errol Flynn owned one; he had it on the set of *Silver River* one day—this miniature coal-black ape making friends with everybody. I fell in love. "Where'd you get it?" I asked him.

He told me about the place. "They have one left."

I went after it the next day. It was adorable, a blonde, with a teeny black face. "This is for Sheridan," I told myself.

I got it home; I had a special cage for it—but it seemed to hate human beings. I needed heavy gloves to feed it, and my hands still were all covered with blue teeth marks right through the gloves.

In one week, it was dead. I felt terrible. I couldn't understand it. It hadn't been sick for a minute. Finally I figured out that Flynn's must have been owned by a native once, and was tame, while mine was wild. Corny as it sounds, I think it died of a broken heart, away from its home.

Well, that's that. In New York, I am petless.

Besides being petless, I am almost hatless. That's been a running gag all winter. "I really have to go pick up a few hats," I say every week, and Hannagan says, "Yeah, you really have to," but I never do.

off to the races . . .

This week, however, I am actually going to purchase hats. I'm off to the Kentucky Derby soon, and I'd like to go in style.

Last year was my first Derby (race, not hat) and a terrific thrill. I went whole hog, stood and bawled like a fool when they played, "My Old Kentucky Home," and only stopped when Hannagan shook my arm. "Hey, Red," he said, "you're not from Kentucky."

It was at the Derby, as I mentioned before, that I ran into Leo McCarey. (McCarey's one of my idols; when I was a stock girl at Paramount he was a big shot there, and I'd always yearned to work with him.)

I have this mental picture of McCarey in Kentucky. He was standing up and lifting a julep glass when I came into his line of vision. "Annie," he hollered, "how are you?"

"Fine," I hollered back.

"Let's do a movie together," he said.

I said, "You're on," and kept walking. "Convivial," Hannagan said. "Umm," I said. "Too bad he doesn't mean it."

The first thing you know, we're all back in Hollywood, McCarey's made a deal with Warner Brothers, and I'm doing *Good Sam* for him, along with Gary Cooper.

I was so happy I bubbled. Hannagan used to send me wires addressed just to "Happy Annie," at such-and-such a phone number, and drive the operators crazy.

One night (we'd just started shooting *Good Sam* a few days before) Hannagan decided to call McCarey for some business reason. He got McCarey out at his beach house, and after they were finished talking, he put me on, just for sociability's sake. I picked up the phone. "What are you doing?" I said.

"Building up your part," said McCarey. And he was, too.

If something as good as McCarey happens to me at this year's Derby, believe me, I won't mind a bit.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

(Continued from page 66)

appearance vaude tour, that the king-sized butterflies in his stomach were having a nervous breakdown, and that he was convinced that he would collapse like an old tent if pushed out on a stage before an audience.

We pulled into Boston at 10 A.M., on time, and my gag build-up about crowds and brass bands fell flatter than a bride's first muffin. We might have been an epidemic, or the New York Yankees, for all the enthusiasm there was about our arrival.

"I will probably get blamed by the studio for this," I muttered to myself. "More than likely, the board of directors will personally fry me in Crisco and throw my carcass to Leo the Lion. Here we fetch our actor across country for him to meet the people, and no people."

Marsh was happily unperturbed by my anguish. He was consulting a travel guide, trying to figure out whether he could see Bunker Hill between the matinee and evening performances.

boston adventure . . .

So we took a quick look at Boston—and what do you know? When we checked in at the hotel there was a crowd there. Newspaper reporters and photographers. Theater men. Fans. And a banner.

One of the reporters regarded me dourly.

"Fine thing," he complained. "This is the first time since the Boston Tea Party that this train has arrived on time. We meet it ten minutes late, as a matter of course. See that it doesn't happen again."

Boston was swell. The crowds in the hotel lobby, the autograph-seekers, the mass interviews, the radio appearances were all as satisfactorily confusing as the most competent press agent could require. Marsh went on like a trouper, and the folks liked him. He's a natural, that boy. Not like a movie star—or whatever most people seem to think a movie star should be like. He's sincere and competent, but shy. We hadn't come to the theater part of our business yet. I wondered if it would take more than a quart of adrenalin to revive him if he fainted on stage, as he promised he would.

You will wonder, of course, unless you were in one of the theaters on our route, just what kind of entertainment Marsh could provide on a stage. That isn't a slap at Marsh. He's an actor, not a mimic, a singer, or a funnyman.

But he'd worked up three numbers that did a great deal better than all right. He does a satire on personal appearances. First, he's the awkward, bashful type who forgets the name of the town he's in. Then he switches to the hard-boiled menace, or Humphrey Bogart type, and snarls at the audience. And then the Western hero, with guitar.

ride 'em cowboy . . .

Marsh amazed me by singing, to his own accompaniment, "Who Put the Glue in the Saddle" and "I'm From Missouri."

The folks out front went for it like lumberjacks go for flapjacks.

As gay as things were in Boston, and as friendly as the fans and the press were, the thing that fetched Marsh most of all was Bunker Hill. He went to it as a devotee approaches a shrine, and we almost missed our train while Marsh told me how that battle was fought. He knew, too, down to the last redcoat. Now I know.

He was worried all the time, though,

about a girl. Name of Naomi McNeil. (You with us, Miss McNeil of Boston?) Miss McNeil, who is some pumpkins, is the girl Marsh met at one of his personal appearances in a department store. After the evening performance, and a 1 A.M. disc jockey show, they finished off with a Chinese restaurant at 3 A.M. and a taxi ride to Miss McNeil's home—where Marsh couldn't pay the fare. Miss McN. paid. (Mr. Thompson would like you to know, honey, that he'll send you that dough—as soon as he manages to save it up out of his weekly allowance.)

We went to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Detroit, and Kansas City, all in three weeks, and though I'd worked with Marsh before as publicity man when he was in *B. F.'s Daughter*, *Homecoming*, and *Bad Bascomb*, and had been on locations with him where we lived in cabins, I began to learn things about him I never knew before.

On this trip we saw more history than we saw night clubs, bars, or even theaters. Now, I had a little trouble with Marsh about bars and night clubs.

Naturally, after the last show, people ask you out for a bite. That means, actually, a drink. So we'd waltz into a bar and the people would order and Marsh would say, "Milk."

There'd be a pause, and the waiter would say, "Sir?"

"Milk," Marsh would say. "Three glasses. Shucks, I'm thirsty, four glasses."

Some of the places pretended they didn't serve milk, because the profit on this unusual beverage is very small. But in the end they always provided it. I began to drink it myself, first just to keep Marsh company, and I found out something. Milk is all right to drink, once you get used to the strange taste.

In New York we saw one play, *Command Decision*, and went backstage to meet Paul Kelly. I noticed Kelly was studying Marsh intently.

"You know, boy," he said after a while, "I think you ought to play the part of Lieutenant Culpepper Lee on the screen. You'd be great in it."

Marsh mumbled something modest, and we forgot the incident.

on a spring morning . . .

I had seen it before, that grand panorama that strikes your eye when you step out of the Union Station in Washington. There's the Washington Monument and the Capitol, white and awesome, smack in front of you. I had never looked at them before. I had always been struggling with Margaret O'Brien's baggage or the police lines. I got ten feet ahead of Marsh before I knew it. I turned around to see what had happened to him.

He was standing still. He was bare-headed. He held his hat over his heart and he was just looking.

I never saw anything like that before.

"Look, kid," I said, "we got to get to the hotel. We got to—"

"Sure," he said quietly. "But look."

I don't want to make this maudlin or flag-waving, boys and girls, but that's the grandest sight in the world. The Washington Monument and the National Capitol, lofty and white and meaningful, on a spring morning.

I took off my hat too.

Philadelphia is my home town. There, as you know, are Independence Hall, the Liberty Bell, Benjamin Franklin's grave at Fourth and Arch Streets, and not far out

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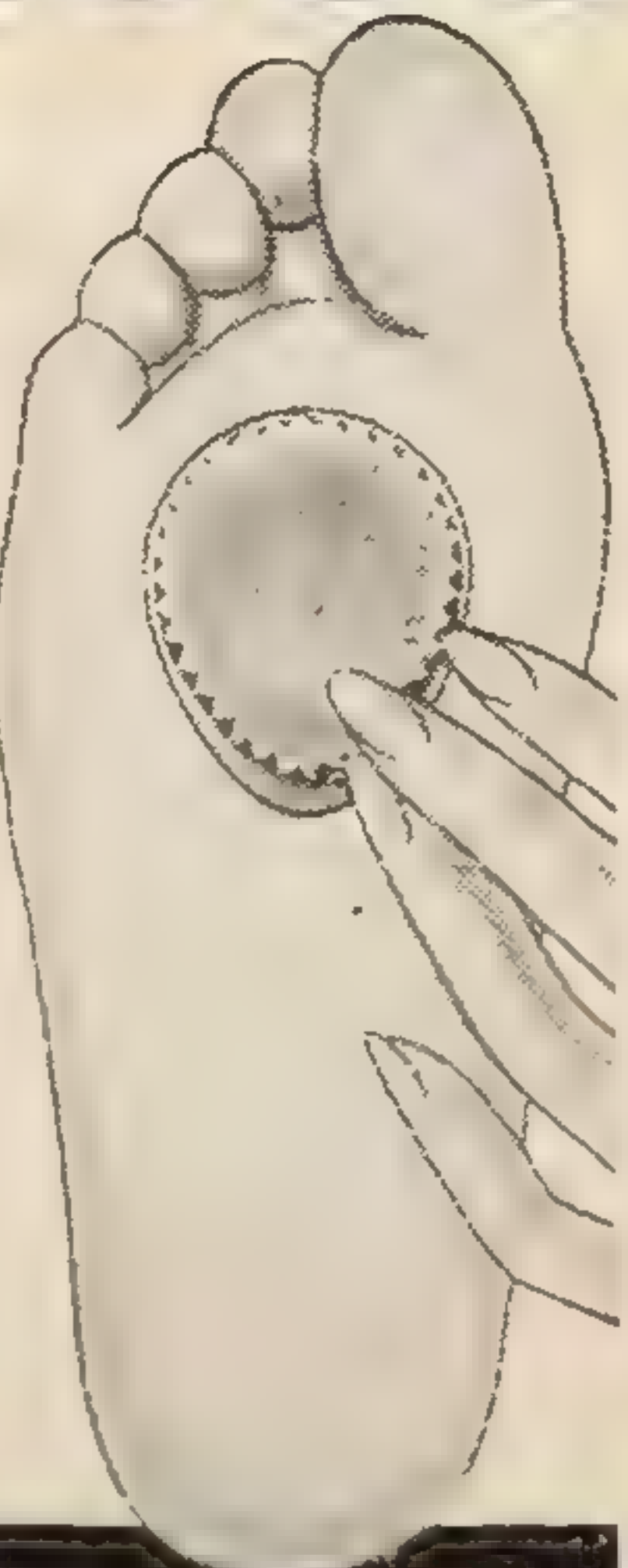
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of town, Valley Forge and Washington's headquarters.

Everybody misunderstands Philadelphia, makes cracks about us, says we're a slow town. Not true. Certainly not true so far as Marsh's personal appearance went. We had crowds and we had bobby-soxers, and it is not a fact of life that bobby-soxers in Philadelphia are still wearing hoopskirts. They mobbed my boy and tried to wolf him.

But he wanted to see that Liberty Bell. Matter of fact, he uttered what Philadelphians consider a blasphemy about our most holy relic. He said he wanted his picture taken with it. "It isn't done, my good man," I explained.

Marsh considered for a moment.

"I think maybe they might let me if they knew the story," he said. "The last time that bell rang was for the funeral of John Marshall, first Chief Justice of the United States. He was a relative of mine, so—"

We got the picture.

He was up early, at 5 A.M., in order to get to Valley Forge, and it seems that the trenches and old iron cannon are still there, and that if you are up on your history, you can sit in the old house General Washington used a while back for headquarters.

Well, we saw all the historic sites, from the Lincoln Memorial to the room in the Kansas City hotel where President Truman stayed, but my boy was still missing something. He hadn't seen snow. Marsh was born in Peoria, Illinois, the son of a prominent dentist, but he was brought up in Southern California.

where are the snows? . . .

Everywhere we went the people greeted us with: "See, we got good weather for you. Aint that nice?"

Marsh said no, it wasn't nice, why didn't it snow?

We finally got it for him in Detroit, and he leaped out of the Book-Cadillac Hotel as wild as a Comanche and scooped up handfuls of snow and threw it at people. I'm telling you, fellers, I never had a movie star on my hands quite like him.

But ah, we had troubles in Kansas City. There were a couple of girls there—First, the theater manager warned us about them when they appeared in the lobby.

"Watch out for trouble," he said.

One of the girls came up. About 17, pretty, well-dressed.

"Fine thing, you've kept us waiting. We want to see you," the spokesman said.

"I'm sorry," said Marsh, who is always as polite as a little boy at dancing class. "How about in the lobby, later?"

But when we got to the hotel, they were up on the room floor, waiting by the elevator.

"Better in your room," they insisted.

So we went in, and left the door wide open. "I want to interview you for the high school paper," one girl said. "Why are you so conceited, why do you part your hair so fancy, why do you over-dress? Why do you think you're so all-fired important?" Marsh, who is as modest as a vice-presidential candidate and who doesn't even carry a pocket comb, was as flabbergasted as if he had been accused of setting fire to orphanages.

I had to answer the telephone. I kept talking after my party had hung up. We had to get out of that room.

"Sure, we remember the appointment. We'll be right down. Excuse us, girls."

"What appointment? We haven't any appointment," said Marsh. (The guy has got about as much guile as a baby.)

"It's a special appointment I made for you," I lied. So we left, wandered around the lobby, hiding behind posts for a few

minutes, and returned to our room.

The girls were standing in front of the door. They wouldn't budge.

"I lost my bracelet in there," the leader said. "And I don't feel good."

With that she fainted across the threshold.

At this moment, twenty members of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity walked in, a delegation to call on their distinguished brother. (Marsh went to Occidental College, in Los Angeles.)

Fraternity brothers are a good thing to have around sometimes.

"Well, if you're having a party—" they grinned.

We explained, probably as red-faced as if we'd just stepped out of a Turkish bath, and the Phi Gammas gently escorted our too-ardent fans out before we had any more trouble.

I'm certain, of course, those cute kids in Kansas City meant no harm—but what a whale of a lot of trouble they might have got themselves, and my young movie star, into, if the Phi Gams hadn't arrived on time, like the Marines always do in reel eight. . . .

The telephone call came in Kansas City, too. It was a call from Hollywood, for Marsh, and I could hear it all.

"You saw *Command Decision*," said the Big Shot. "Sure," said Marsh, "in New York."

"Okay, then, you're going to play Lieutenant Culpepper Lee—along with Clark Gable, Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson, John Hodiak, Charles Bickford and Edward Arnold.

"And by the way, we're also putting you in *Words and Music* with Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Cyd Charisse, and June Allyson."

I wouldn't want to go so far as to say that our personal appearance tour was responsible for these big new roles. But I think that trip helped.

I liked particularly what the Philadelphia Bulletin said:

"If Hollywood wishes to counteract some of the bad publicity it has been receiving, it should send more good-will ambassadors of the calibre of this young citizen, Marshall Thompson, around the country."

I'm the boy that'll want to go with him next time, too. We discovered America on that trip. And I discovered Marsh Thompson.

With all the picture commitments that he has now, Marsh is a busy young man, but all the acclaim, radio appearances, newspaper interviews and autograph-seeking crowds that he enjoyed on our trip didn't turn his head.

the thompson series . . .

He won't mind my saying this, I'm sure. Over the past four or five years we have worked together, I guess we have had more Father-and-Son talks than Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone.

Why, this diffident feller—only 22 now—has a vast talent for falling in love. Oh, yes. He has excellent taste, too. At the moment, I am under the distinct impression that he is equally fond of Jane Powell, Marcia Van Dyke and Elizabeth Taylor.

I Dutch Uncle him, out of my fifteen years experience at the studio.

"It would not be entirely proper for you to marry all these girls at the same time," I explain. "People might talk. You are a very young man, m'boy. Leave us not get married for a spell yet, huh?"

Some of the ladies are going to hate me for this. I have so far talked him out of domesticity more than several times. We got to make some more personal appearance tours before I turn him loose.

(Continued from page 55)

As we grew older, came the boy friend routine—trying to see who could steal the other girl's fellow. Maybe you didn't even like the guy, but the big thing was to get him away from your sister. By that time, too, we could wear each other's clothes. With never enough to go round, there *had* to be a fight, so the first one up was the best one dressed. I remember the time Betty stuck a pair of stockings under her pillow, and slept on them. I'd have done the same, only she thought of it first.

For instance, I was only a few weeks from graduation when things reached a point where Mother couldn't afford to keep us both in school. I quit and got a job at twelve a week. First payday I took Betty down to the Colonial Department Store. Terrific institution. Anything in the place at a dollar down and fifty cents a week.

Mother's reaction wasn't just what we'd hoped. In fact, she blew up.

MODERN SCREEN



How are you doing Mr. Anyone-can-hang-paper?

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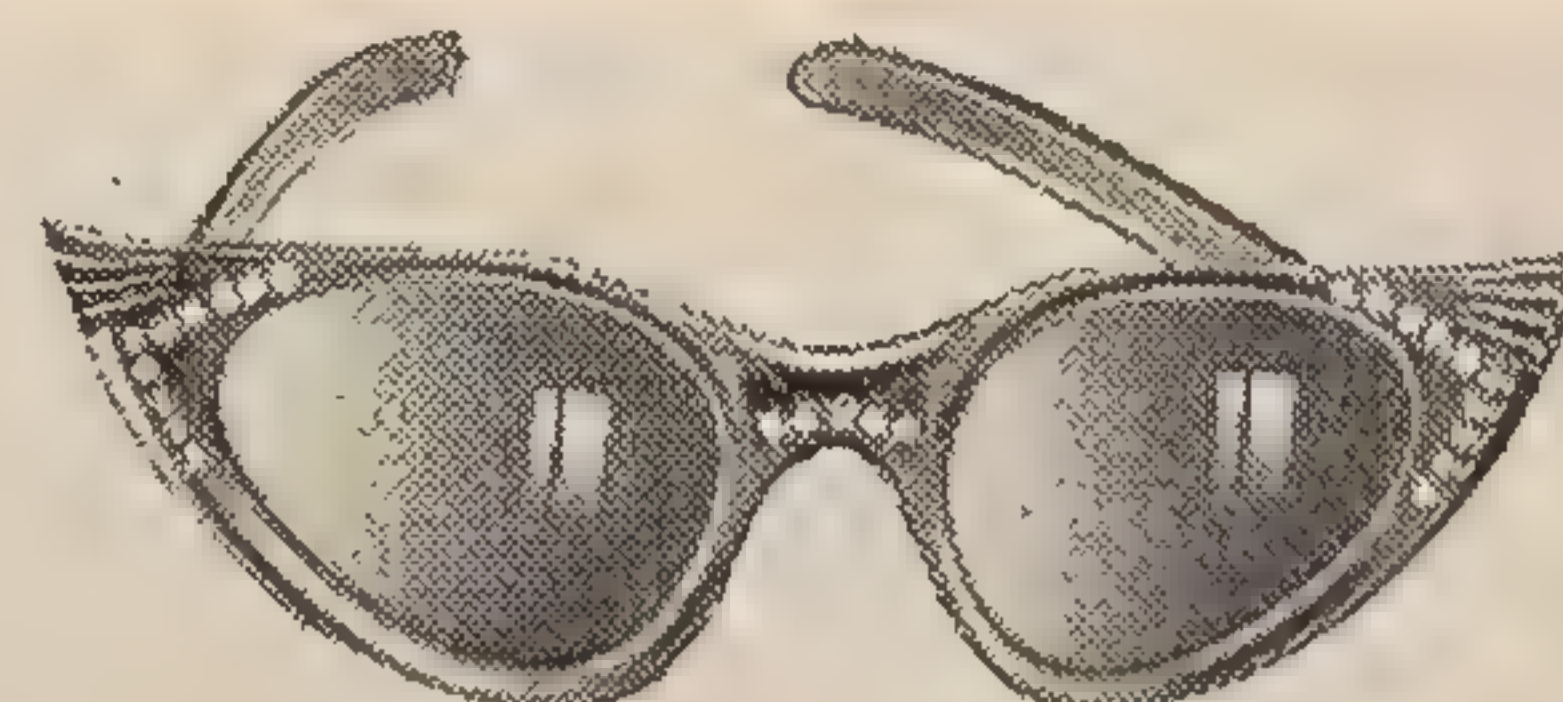


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***One of the 7 great stars in
DAVID O. SELZNICK'S production of
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THE PARADINE CASE

starring

**GREGORY PECK • ANN TODD
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After she got over being mad, she could have killed herself for getting mad, knowing how well we meant. Incidentally, she still has the toaster. "Like losing my right arm to lose that thing—"

Same way, when Betty started making money, I could count on her. By then, it was a question of eating, not evening gowns. She'd opened at the Casa Mañana and opened big, but her salary was nothing to write home about. All she could manage was a dinky room at the Victoria Hotel. Meanwhile, I'd been singing with a band and lost my job in Atlanta. So I took myself up to New York and moved in with Betty. We did all our washing and ironing in this little room, because we couldn't afford to send things out. It was murder. But if not for my sister, I wouldn't even have dared go to New York. And I'd never have got my job with Glenn Miller's band.

Yet in spite of all this, we still didn't get along, we were still too different. I never had anything like Betty's drive and ambition. To her the career was her life, to me it wasn't. She thought I was crazy to marry—couldn't understand throwing a career overboard for any man. As it happened, I went right on working, though not from choice. If I'd never had to look a spotlight in the eye again, that would have been swell.

Still, I was happy in my marriage for a number of years. And very happy when my son John was born. During those years I didn't see much of Betty. Her career went zooming and kept her mostly in Hollywood. Mine kept me pretty busy in the East. When we did meet, it was perfectly obvious that her great success hadn't brought happiness with it. She was moody, restless, forever on the run, and a hunted expression in her eyes as if she were looking for something she never really hoped to find.

In New York on her way overseas she came to our house to spend the day. Stuck around for an hour. Then the same old cry—"Well, let's get out of here, let's go." And I felt the same old impatience stirring. Instead of trying to understand, I could have brained her.

But it was Betty to the rescue again when my Philip was born. Mother came East to be with me, and I had a rough time. Betty kept phoning the hospital, but they wouldn't let her talk to me. "Tell her anything but the truth," I begged Mom. "With her own baby on the way, you'll scare the daylights out of her."

california, here we come . . .

Well, you try stalling my sister and see what it gets you. What it finally got me was a trip to California—my first vacation since Battle Creek. Betty and Ted were at the station.

"You look awful," says Betty, and starts bawling. I bawl. Mom bawls—

"The weeping Huttons," says Ted. "Come on, we gotta get this girl fattened up for Thanksgiving."

I hadn't been around for more than a couple of days when it started hitting me that Betty was a changed woman. Her eyes were quiet. The whole girl was calm and relaxed. Perfectly happy with Ted and her home and the things that make a marriage, and the baby coming. Such a direct switch, I could hardly take it in.

"The search is off," she said. "All the time I was looking for this and didn't know it."

It wasn't just marriage, but marriage to the kind of man Ted Briskin is—thoughtful, good, well-balanced. His background was so different from ours. He comes of a family that's very close, with them the family's everything. We Huttons loved each other dearly too. The difference was, we had to scratch and scrabble from the cradle; Ted grew up in security. Instead of



that's hollywood!

Animals are among the acting elite in Hollywood. Cheetah the Chimpanzee of Tarzan film fame was recently optioned for a television show. He was all set for the video waves when Barney Briskin, production chief of the Sol Lesser Studios, suddenly decided he couldn't give permission for the chimpanzee to be televised until he had carefully read the script, inspected the studio and practically taken blood tests of the participants. When one of the television people protested these unheard-of stipulations, Briskin angrily said: "After all, this is a big thing to consider. Asking us for Cheetah is like asking Metro for Lana Turner!"

*Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter*

making him selfish, it made him strong. He gave the same sense of peace and security to Betty and, in doing that, he brought us all closer together.

For the first time she and I could sit down like adults, without hurting each other. For the first time I really found my sister, and I've got my brother-in-law to thank. . . .

My own marriage didn't work out. Last December I moved to California with my boys. Mother runs the apartment for us, bless her, while I concentrate on my radio program for Revere, my disc recordings and any other jobs that come my way.

Most Sundays and holidays we spend with the Briskins. Lindsay and Philip are four months apart, and mad for each other. If I do say so, they make a beautiful team—the girl so dark and the boy so fair. John's a little old for them, and goes about his own business. Candy's a little young. But watching them all in Betty's lovely home, I have to pinch myself sometimes to make it seem real that their childhood should be so different from ours.

You can't get other people to believe it either. For example, Betty had a funny experience when Lindsay's nursery started going up. It was just in the rough—four walls—but she kept peeking from the outside in. "Golly, that's going to be a beautiful room."

The contractor's son was on the job. "Bet you had a nicer one when you were a kid."

"Oh, yeah! I slept in a clothesbasket."

"You and the Prince of Wales," he said, and she let it go at that.

Well, I knew why the nursery had to be not just a beautiful room, but THE MOST beautiful room that ever was. I'd gone through it too. John was four when I bought him his first little gabardine suit. Smartest shop in town. Best material. Custom-made. There he stood, this scrap of a kid, and the tailor fitting him. Crazy in a way. . . .

With me it was the suit, with Betty the nursery. It's a cinch Lindsay didn't know if she was sleeping in a satin-lined crib or a washbasket like her mother. But for Betty it was the climax of something. Like standing on top of a mountain and shouting to the sky: Look what I got for my baby! I think it's a perfectly natural way to react.

It was my fault that Betty went to the hospital over a week before little Candice

was born. Of course she didn't stay long. But except for me, she could have been comfortably miserable at home.

On April 5th I opened at Slapsy Maxie's. After years of vaudeville and radio, this was my first night club date, and Betty knew I'd be falling apart. To boost my morale, she and Ted took a big long table at the Club that night for twenty guests, including the Alan Ladds, the MacDonald Careys, Mitch Leisen, Betty's doctor and his wife.

I didn't know this till later, but all day she'd been suffering with false labor pains. When it came time to dress, she'd get one stocking on, sit for five minutes, then tackle the other. "If it were anyone but Marion, I'd crawl straight back into bed."

Instead, she climbed into a smart black maternity outfit and, when I came on that night, there she was, all dressed up and rooting for me. And believe me, it helped. But I never did get to see Betty, except from the stage. While the floor show was on, her pains kept growing worse. Rather than take a chance, the doctor sent her to spend the night at the hospital. By five in the morning she was feeling okay again, so Ted took her home.

That was a jittery night for both Hutton gals. I won't forget that, by making it harder on herself, my sister made it easier for me.

* * *

Betty kept saying she wanted a boy for Teddy. Ted said he didn't care. "I'm so used to having sopranos around, I wouldn't even know what to do with a tenor—"

They had no boy's name picked out, while for a girl they'd picked about 8,000. First it was Barbara, then Theodora after Teddy, then Betty June. Two days after she was born, they settled for Candice.

Before leaving for work that Tuesday evening, I talked to Betty. "Got a big fat hunch you're going in tonight."

"Well, we're having lemon meringue for dessert, maybe that'll do it. With Lindsay, it was banana cream."

Sure enough, at 3:30 the phone rings. I was just in, getting ready for bed. Teddy's voice was calm. "We're at the hospital. Tell Mom to take it easy. Won't be for hours yet—"

Mom was all for getting dressed and going right down. I talked her into setting the alarm for 6, then we both went down. We found Ted in the waiting room, entirely surrounded by fathers, giving them this old-timer routine. He'd been at it since 3, and by now he was papa to them all. One fellow really had it bad. Every two minutes he'd groan: "How long does this take?"



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• A former star who was slipping came into the office of one of the leading Hollywood psychiatrists. He was wearing a beret and a flowing red beard.

Affable as ever, the psychiatrist told him, "You're looking fine. But why the beard and the beret?"

"That's what I'm here to find out," said the actor.

**from the book by Andrew Hecht*

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Teddy'd steer him over to the couch. "Why don't you take a nap?"

My brother-in-law wasn't taking any naps. Kept running upstairs and back, bringing reports. At 10:20 he stuck his nose in. Betty was in the delivery room. Half an hour later here comes Teddy, shining. "Well, we can stop worrying about a boy's name. She's 7 pounds 8, and they're both doing fine."

Later we went in to see Betty for a minute. She was sitting up, and didn't want us to leave. Conversational as a chipmunk.

"This was a cinch. Not nearly as bad as the false pains."

"Mind it's being a girl—?"

"Not now. First I thought, Teddy's going to be disappointed. Then they gave me a peek and I said, No, he won't be either. She looks just like Lindsay. Are you disappointed, Mother?"

"Me, with two girls of my own! I think it's great. Lots cheaper too. Think of the clothes Lindsay never got to wear."

A funny look closed down over Betty's face. A remembering look. "That's all right for later," she said. "But I don't want this baby going home in Lindsay's clothes."

I remembered too. I remembered Betty in my cast-offs. That's why I went out and bought the prettiest white silk coat and bonnet I could find for Candice to go home in.

Betty's the younger sister too. I doubt if Candy'll ever have to worry about clothes. But I'm sure for that minute Betty was identifying her second girl with herself.

* * *

Betty and I both realized that just the material things don't make for happiness in the long run. My toughest lesson came through John.

Since he was a little thing, I've been working hard, out on the road four and five months at a time. When I walked in the door, he wouldn't know me. When I did get home, I'd spend as much time with him as I possibly could, trying to make up. But you *can't* make up. Minute I started packing, there he'd stand, this look in his eyes that went through me like a knife. "Mother, are you going away again?"

they'll never walk alone . . .

That's a battle Betty won't have to fight, and that's where I think her children are luckiest. Not for the toys and the nursery and the pretty clothes. But for the shelter they get from their parents' love. Long before she ever saw the light of day, little Candy was part of the family routine. "Our baby—" They talked about her constantly, preparing the older one, figuring that whatever a child understands, she accepts. Lindsay was too young for a lot of explaining, but she knew the baby was growing inside her mother, and if you asked where it was, she'd pat Betty's stomach. Another thing. Last Christmas somebody gave her two baby dolls. Betty put them away till Candice came home. Now Lindsay dresses and undresses them, and gives them a bath at the time her sister gets bathed. That way, she doesn't feel left out.

Poverty can do bad things to children. So can too much money. Love can't. Every hour of the day Lindsay knows she's loved and wanted. First thing in the morning, she calls on Mommy and Daddy. "Hi!" she pipes, standing there in her sleepers. At noon Teddy comes home, even when Betty's working, to have lunch with his daughter. The big time starts around five—

Lindsay's back from her walk and heads for the den, where Ted's mixing cocktails. She gets two pieces of popcorn, one in each hand. When those are down, she's off to the nursery and back—a doll in one hand, a book in the other. "Up," she says and snuggles next to her daddy on the couch. This Betty loves. It thrills her to watch the

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day my friend and I were driving to another friend's house to hear her records. The new friend's name was Judy and I'd seen her only once before. After half an hour of listening to the phonograph, some-

thing happened to the machine and Judy called her dad to fix it. You can imagine my surprise when Joseph Cotten walked into the room wearing a brief pair of trunks. After being introduced it was even more of a surprise to find him just like other dads. The machine was fixed in a jiffy and Mr. Cotten left to go to the swimming pool.

Karen Fisher
Long Beach, Calif.

two of them together, the big guy reading, the little girl sitting spellbound.

After Lindsay's supper, she joins Betty and Ted in the diningroom. "Up, up." Sits on one lap, then the other, gets a little taste of this or that. Minute she sees the coffee coming, down she climbs, plants herself in the middle of the livingroom and chirps: "Moo-wies, moo-wies." Every night they run a cartoon for her—maybe the same one half a dozen times, which is fine with her.

She's loved all right, but that's not saying she's spoiled. Betty's a firm believer in manners and training. When she says, "Don't touch," Lindsay knows she's not kidding. The place is full of low tables, and what's on them doesn't get touched. Else the hand gets slapped.

"It's our home," says Betty. "Mine and Teddy's, as well as the children's. We have a right to be comfortable, too. Besides, you're doing no kid any favor to let her run wild. Just the opposite. I want everybody to love my children, and who can love a brat?"

When she makes a promise, one way or the other, she keeps it. That's her rule of rules. For instance, a photographer came to take pictures of Lindsay. Before they started, she wanted a candy.

"Not now," said Betty. "When we're all through, you can have a mint."

She was good as gold, did everything she was asked, and when it was over, whipped into the den for a mint. Well, the chocolate mints were all gone, and she doesn't like white ones. So Betty sent right out for a box of the others.

She was telling me about it next time I went out there. "Some people might say, 'You're ruining the kid.' I don't see it like that. She'd worked, done a good job, and I made a promise. I felt it was very important to hand my daughter a chocolate mint then and there—"

I looked across the lawn at both her daughters. The nurse was getting Candy settled for a nap, and Lindsay was watching, all wide-eyed, like when Teddy reads to her. You couldn't help smiling, it was such a pretty picture.

"The Briskin girls are doing all right for themselves," I said.

"Uh-huh," said my sister, kind of dreamy. Then she gave me a squeeze. "And the Hutton girls could have done a whole lot worse."

I looked at her and I felt good. We'd come a long way from the years of hardship and pettiness and fighting each other for every little break. It's all over now, and that's nice. As for the fact that it'll never have to happen to Lindsay and Candy—that's nicer.

"THEY CALL ME MOTHER"

(Continued from page 33)

and to apply emotional sandpaper. Roy and I went into marriage only after a careful weighing of all the difficulties we might meet.

When we first got under one roof, we found suddenly that there were four adults, four bosses. The children, of course, tried the ancient tactic of playing us against each other. We didn't fall for that one. We outmaneuvered the young by sitting down for a boss caucus, and agreeing on some house rules and a few major principles.

I'm at the front of the thing now. I have the main say-so, but the kids are foxy; they try to trip me up by saying something like, "Daddy said it's perfectly all right to go swimming in January." Or, "Mrs. Christensen, our nurse said we didn't have to eat anything but grapes for supper."

I'm smarter than they think. I won't give an answer until I've checked with the source. We adults have agreed never to disagree in front of the children.

One factor in my favor is that I wasn't a sudden surprise, some strange new person come to boss the children and compete with them for their father's affection. I'd been a friend of the family; the children had known me casually for a long time; we'd been friends.

Against me was the fact that though Cheryl and Linda had gone through almost two motherless years, they'd been cared for by a wonderful person like Mrs. Christensen. Cheryl and Linda didn't have that aching, desperate need for me that two little orphans of their age might have had. It wasn't that easy.

Roy understood and decided to provide a fresh beginning. He bought a new house. If I had had to move into Roy's old house I think I would have wanted to redo it. Then, of course, the children might have held it against me, thinking that I was tearing down something their mother had built up. Certainly that wouldn't have been my intention, but I do feel that wherever I live I must create my own atmosphere. That's the only way I know to make a home.

For that reason we haven't had a decorator in the new place. We've used some old furniture, some of Roy's, some of mine, we've added new things. A house, it seems to me, ought to be a reflection of your own taste. I'm trying to make ours com-



critic's corner

Try to find Scott on the screen when he isn't smiling. Look up, look down, look sideways at the screen and what have you got? Randolph Scott wreathed in that smile. And in cine-color, too. . . . That smile means a lot in the Western. It means that he is kind to little children, that he is a doer of good deeds, that he loves only the noblest of women. He may beat the villain to a pulp, he may find that his uncle's a crook, he may suffer adversities unheard of until *Albuquerque* came along, but he's got that smile to carry him through.

Vernon Rice, *The New York Post*

How Ignorance and Prudery can destroy a wife's happiness



Learn here the REAL TRUTH about these Intimate Physical Facts!

Often a woman's married life isn't happy simply because she hasn't proper scientific knowledge of these intimate physical facts. And she's too lazy or shy to find out. Or she may be following ignorant advice of 'supposed' girl friends.

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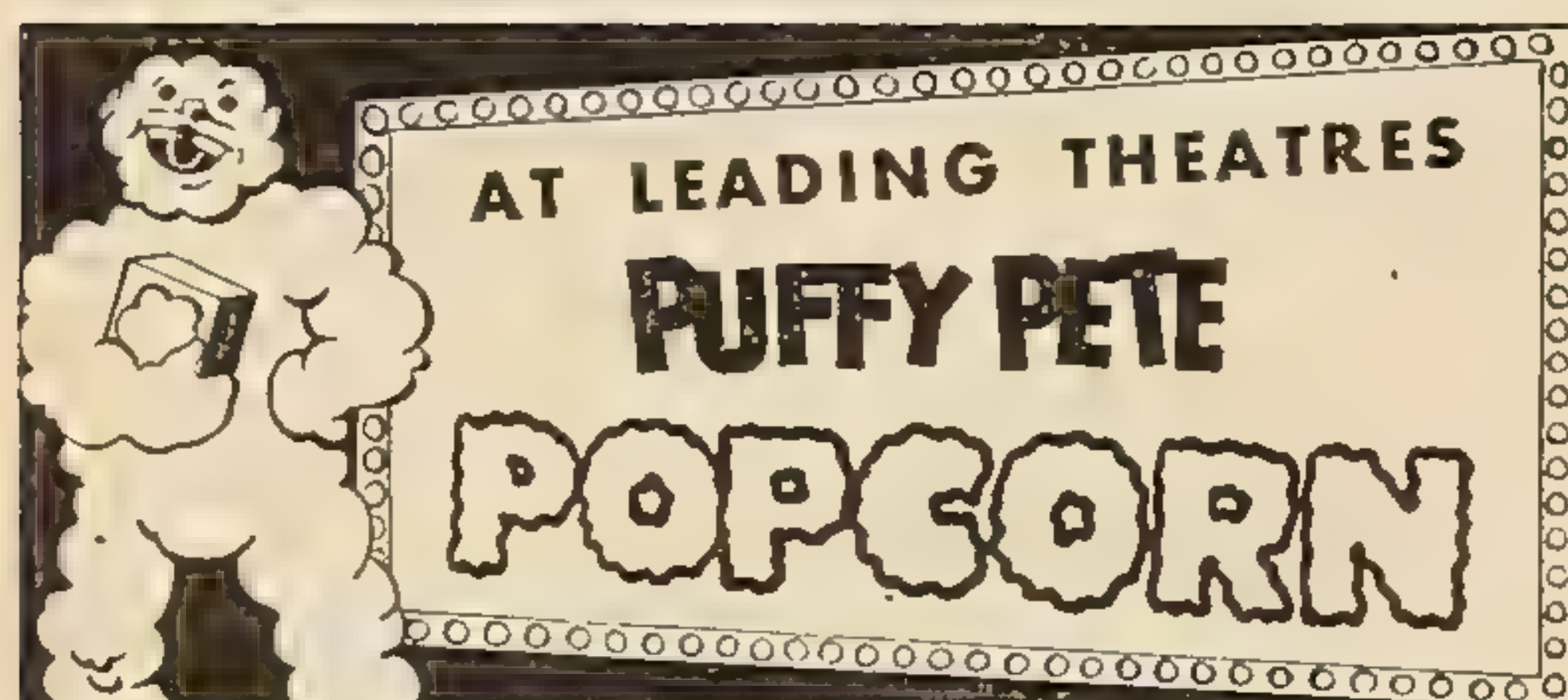
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portable, colorful, informal—the kind of place you expect to see Roy in. Last night we all hung the new curtains in the girls' room. They helped. A lot of curtains—16 windows with a valance running above, all around the room. Red and white tissue gingham, striped curtains, checked bedspreads. And they have a dressing table as well as special places for their toys.

The house is not really new; it belonged for years to the late actor, Noah Beery. There are advantages in those big, old-fashioned houses. Interesting and great fun for the children; huge closets you can walk into and get lost in, lots of nooks and crannies to explore. Outside, the grounds are rustic with rabbits and quail skittering around, loads of pine trees, three large fish ponds that used to be stocked with bass, and a lot of paths.

Someone had the thought the other day that if we connected the three ponds, we'd have a nifty swimming hole. We're brooding about this now.

Roy, who has never been known to flinch when he watches those two small girls climb up on man-sized horses out at the ranch and go galloping across the fields, talks about the projected swimming hole as a "hazard." Until we are more confident of the girls' swimming prowess we probably won't have a pool. Dusty, not yet two, is never allowed to run loose near the fish ponds.

I have spent a lot of time at home lately. I want to give the girls a sense of warmth and security. Some afternoons I read to Cheryl and Linda, but there is no established reading ritual at bedtime. I can't guarantee always to be there at bedtime, and I don't want them disappointed. My jewelry box is always open to the girls and they are allowed to come into my room to fool around and dress up. Occasionally they get laughs from guests in the house when they make sudden entrances wearing makeup and earrings along with some other finery lifted from my wardrobe. Just so long as they don't wear it outside, I think it's fun.

A fan sent me a handsome patchwork quilt recently and the girls were so intrigued that I cut it up and made three skirts—for them and myself. They helped with the pinning and I did the sewing by hand. Now the three of us go places dressed alike. Cheryl and Linda adore the effect. When those two little girls give me the pal treatment, I find myself acting like a dog who's just been tossed a bone.

saturday is picnic day . . .

Saturdays have become picnic days for us. Picnics can mean many things—a trip to the store, to the zoo in Griffith Park, a basket lunch enjoyed on a hilltop after a hike, or perhaps a hotdog treat at a drive-in followed by a visit to the local children's carnival, *Collin's Kiddieland*. To the girls, a menu of cheeseburgers, pickles, milk shakes, chocolate sundaes, popcorn and sodapop seems adequate for such an occasion. I hate to be a black reactionary about anything, but I find I now have a vested interest keeping the children in condition so they'll sleep through the night. Besides, there's the immediate situation to consider: how a pair of stuffed stomachs will react to that airplane deal they always want to have six rides on—all upside down.

When the kids yell down from the airplanes after the third ride, "Dale, we're so hungry, please can't we have popcorn now?" I flip a page in the magazine I'm reading on the bench below and wonder if formal training in diplomacy would have helped.

The children brag some—as do most offspring of movie stars—about their father. I'm told that now that they've got an actress in the family they feel they have an even stronger position among their

our august
issue is
taylor-made
with **elizabeth taylor**
on the cover of
modern screen
on sale
july 9

small friends. This bothers Roy a little. "We just won't have snobbish children," he says. Linda and Cheryl have digested that phrase and seem to understand. The other evening Cheryl came home from school and told me:

"You know, a boy at our school is so spoiled, his parents let him have everything he wants. He always says, 'My daddy's a policeman, and I can do anything I want.'"

"I told him, 'My daddy is Roy Rogers, but I have to mind.'"

It wasn't until the first Christmas after Roy's wife died, I think, that he realized what problems beset a movie star trying to bring up children. He wanted so much to be home a lot with the kids, but business kept taking him away. He was miserable about it, and when the Christmas season came along he was literally swept away with emotion about the children and determined to make up to them. He got a particularly huge tree and there were closets full of presents from him, and more closets full from fans who also remembered that the Rogers children had lost their mother that year.

Well sir, Roy says the children came running into the room Christmas morning and were overwhelmed with what they saw. They'd pick up a package, tear off the wrapping, give the present a glance, drop it, pick up another. In a flash this present was tossed aside while others were snatched up, then walked over. It was easy to see they had too much. And it made Roy sick.

Roy had been a country boy with few advantages, you know. His family had nothing. He still remembers with a vivid shiver of pleasure the Christmas he finally got a knife he had longed for and dreamed about for three long years. It had been his only present; it was enough.

To this day, presents mean so much to Roy. He is always enthusiastic and excited when he receives a gift. Yet, if he didn't take precautions, his children could become bored with life at twelve.

Nowadays the children get very few gifts from their family, and presents from fans are steered to a children's hospital where they can do a lot of good and no harm.

Children always want something. If you have the money and can afford it, it's easier to give in all the time. But I refuse to bow to every wish. Some day those children will have to work for what they get.

I'd better admit it: those little kids have wheedled me out of plenty. Cheryl is like a lawyer, always with twelve reasons why she should have just something. Linda gazes appealingly at me with those big brown eyes of hers. And that baby, soft, and lovable, always with a hug and a kiss.

Those kids—they've got the Rogers charm; it gets me every time.

THE TEN GREATEST GABLE STORIES

(Continued from page 52)

But there he was, and she was so terrified she couldn't even squeak "hello." He handed her a package wrapped in a red ribbon. "I can't sing or make speeches very well," he said, "but, Judy, I've wanted for a long time to thank you for one of the nicest things that ever happened to me. That song—" Then he turned and was gone.

"I almost dropped the birthday gift," Judy told me once, long ago. "Glad I didn't. It was a record. Clark had spent the whole afternoon—I found out later—making it. I sneaked away from the party to play it and it's still my prize platter, because Clark said to the recording mike what he was too bashful to say to me."

"How nice he thought I was, how he'd watched me—known for a long time I'd make good as an actress—how he loved to hear me sing, oh, a lot of things embarrassing to tell, but very easy on my ears. I sat and played it again and again, and cried and cried. What a wonderful birthday! And all the time I'd never suspected that Clark Gable knew I was alive and on the same lot!"

She sighed. "The sweetest man ever to make a picture—and one of the shyest..."

To the young stars who've grown up around him at M-G-M Gable's been the one Hollywood hero who summed up all their hopes and ambitions.

TO MICKEY, GABLE IS HOLLYWOOD

Mickey Rooney, for instance, used to tag Clark around the M-G-M lot like a shadow, copying everything he did. The Mick's best star impersonation is his deadly take-off on Clark Gable. Clark caught him at it once years ago on the set of *Manhattan Melodrama*, and Mickey'd have died gladly in the embarrassment, but Clark asked him to do it again and still does whenever he catches him. The most unbelievable moment of Mickey Rooney's fabulous career must have been when he succeeded Clark Gable as national box-office champ. "I didn't believe it. It was impossible," said Mickey. "Clark is Hollywood to me..."

GABLE HAD HER WRONG

Clark Gable was also the man who handed Lana Turner the dizziest thrill of her life with five little words. It happened, though, long after she first met the mighty Gable. Lana was only sixteen when she woke up as M-G-M's bewildered Cinderella girl. The front office trotted her down to Clark's set, practically immediately. Looking ahead, they spotted her as a possible leading lady for their head man star. Lana didn't know that, of course. Neither

did Clark. Luckily, they didn't tell him. Clark was friendly, but baffled. What were they bringing this green little high school girl to him for? What was this, the children's hour?

It still gives Lana gooseflesh to think of that reading. It was ghastly. She barely knew what a script was, and she was frozen with awe. Later on she learned what Clark had said after she'd tottered out.

"She's a sweet, pretty kid," he told people. "But she'll never, never be able to act."

"There have been times," Lana will tell you, "when I've thought Clark had something. But I made some pictures and I learned a few things."

"One day I got the news that I'd make a picture with Clark. Experienced as I was by then I shook like a leaf at the very idea. Clark didn't exactly jump with joy either. He hadn't watched my career. When they told him his next leading lady was Lana Turner, Clark still pictured that awkward, scared little high school girl. 'Are you kidding?' he exploded. I heard about that, too."

"So I couldn't have been behind a blacker eight-ball when I started *Honky-Tonk*. There was one person in the world I wanted to prove myself to—and you can guess who. I put everything I had into our scenes that first morning. In the afternoon, I found a box of flowers in my dressing-room with a note. It read *I'm the world's worst talent scout! Clark*."

"I'd barely finished reading it, before the face that had given me shivers and shakes poked through the door, wearing a sheepish grin. Then Clark spoke the five words that made me prouder than any gold Oscar ever could. 'Baby,' he said, 'you're a terrific actress!'"

"Since then," she laughs, "sometimes I think maybe I am. You know why? Because Clark Gable said so..."

TRACY RIBBED THE KING

Let's consider Spencer Tracy next. Spence and Clark have been buddies since way before *Boom Town* and Spence likes to chat about the coronation of Clark. How Gable got that tag—the King.

"It's my most glorious picture of the Great Lover," Tracy muses happily. "One afternoon I picked up a paper and read where some box-office poll named Clark the 'King of Hollywood.' I grabbed the phone and called the prop department. We sneaked on the Gable set that night and worked late. Next morning when Clark stepped through the door a long, red carpet stretched clear across the stage. All along, huge signs greeted Gable, *Long Live Our King* and *We Love Our Royal Highness*. Everybody Clark passed salaamed, crying, 'O, King!'—actors, director, cast and crew. It was lovely, but Clark kept his top until he opened his dressing-room door."

"The whole room was draped in purple. His chair was gone; in its place we'd stuck a gilded throne. There was even a moth-eaten ermine robe draped across the arm, and a crown and sceptre. We ganged up on him then, pulled him down, and crowned him 'King of Hollywood.' That's when Gable blew up. He roared like a bull, 'Tracy—you did this,' and came after me. Well, I beat him out the door and off the lot to save my health. But all you have to do to set Gable on fire, is to say, 'Long live the King!'"

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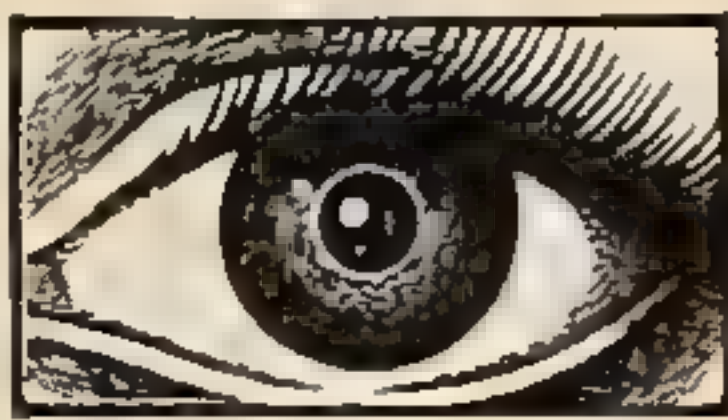
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writer, and Clark's close pal) Gable's the biggest softie ever. Johnny went through Air Corps days at Clark's side, and the thing that struck him all along the line about Clark was his consideration for others.

Clark kept a camera with him all the time they were overseas and took rolls of pictures of every man in their crew. One day a kid who'd been with their outfit a long time and flown a flock of missions didn't come back. They'd thought a lot of him and it cast a pall over the whole Officers' Club. Some of them went out and had some drinks to try and forget it. Not Clark. He went right to his desk and wrote a long letter home to that flyer's wife telling her all about her husband, how everyone liked him, how they missed him, how sorry he was. He sent along all the pictures he'd taken. He did that every time something like that happened.

"The guys who flew with Clark were all crazy about him," Johnny'll say fervently. "He bent over backwards every minute not to be Clark Gable, the Hollywood star. I never saw him flash his Hollywood fame to get himself anything—except once.

"We were in London—a bunch of us—on leave. The younger flyers looked on Clark as a sophisticated man of the world, able to wangle almost anything. That put him on the spot one night when the Krauts were on the run and there was occasion to celebrate. A gang wanted to step out to the Savoy or some posh place and asked Clark to line up reservations. That particular night, all London wanted to celebrate too, of course, and the tight table situation was practically hopeless.

"Clark got on the phone though. 'This is Major Gable,' he started. 'I'd like a reservation for twelve at—'

"That's as far as he got. 'Sorry, sir, we're all filled.' He tried again. And again. And again. 'This is Major Gable.' It didn't mean a thing. The boys were getting a little worried after eight or ten turndowns and believe me, when it came to doing anything for his gang, Clark would go the limit. Next place he called he did.

"Say," he said, loud and haughty. "This is CLARK GABLE, and I want a table!" He got it.

"One incident adds up Clark Gable more to me than any I can remember.

"We found ourselves in Colorado Springs one night right before we went overseas, and right after some fairly rugged weeks in Officers' Training School. We hadn't had a look at a pretty girl for a painfully long time. We strolled into the bar at the Broadmoor Hotel, and there wasn't a soul around except two girls sitting at a table. They were well dressed, obviously well bred.

"Both of us were dying for feminine company but we didn't get even a glance. 'Damn it,' Clark said at last. 'I'm gonna ask those girls if they'll have a drink with us.'

"Ten to one you get blitzed,' I bet him. "Clark shrugged, 'They can't shoot you for trying.' He strolled up, flashed his best Gable smile. 'Hope I'm not being rude, but my friend and I would love to buy a drink.'

"One girl gave him an icy smile. 'No thank you,' she said. But the other studied Clark with puzzled friendliness. 'Funny,' she mused, 'but you look so familiar to me. We couldn't possibly have met somewhere?'

"Maybe,' smiled Clark. 'I'm Lieutenant Clark Gable.'

"Oh,' laughed the girl. 'That's it.' Then she made a remark that I often kid Clark about. 'I'm sorry, Lieutenant Gable,' she teased, 'but you do this sort of thing much better in the movies!'

"They finally broke down and had a drink and Clark asked if they wouldn't have dinner and dance with us that night.

'All right,' the friendly one said, 'That should be fun. I haven't been dancing since my husband left for overseas.' Clark pumped her for an hour or so all about him, where he was, what she'd heard. Finally the girls left to get dressed and Clark and I sat around our room. Clark didn't say much, just chain smoked. Suddenly he grabbed the telephone, called the two girls and cooked up a story that our colonel had called us, we had to leave at once, we couldn't take them out. Then he ordered flowers, penned a nice apology, wished them luck.

"I was struck a bit dumb by it all. 'How come?' I asked him. 'What got into you?'

"A-h-h-h,' growled Clark, scowling like a thundercloud, 'when a guy's overseas dodging lead, I'm not gonna take his girl out stepping!'

"We fidgeted in our room until plane time next morning. Because Clark Gable, on second thought, couldn't be that way. That," Johnny Mahin says, "is Gable to me..."

mr. fix-it

Howard Strickling, boss of M-G-M's publicity department, is Clark Gable's next-door neighbor. Their ranches out Encino way almost run into each other. Howard has known Clark since the days when Clark was slinging Norma Shearer around the set in *A Free Soul*, but he can still work up a wonder wrinkle about the guy.

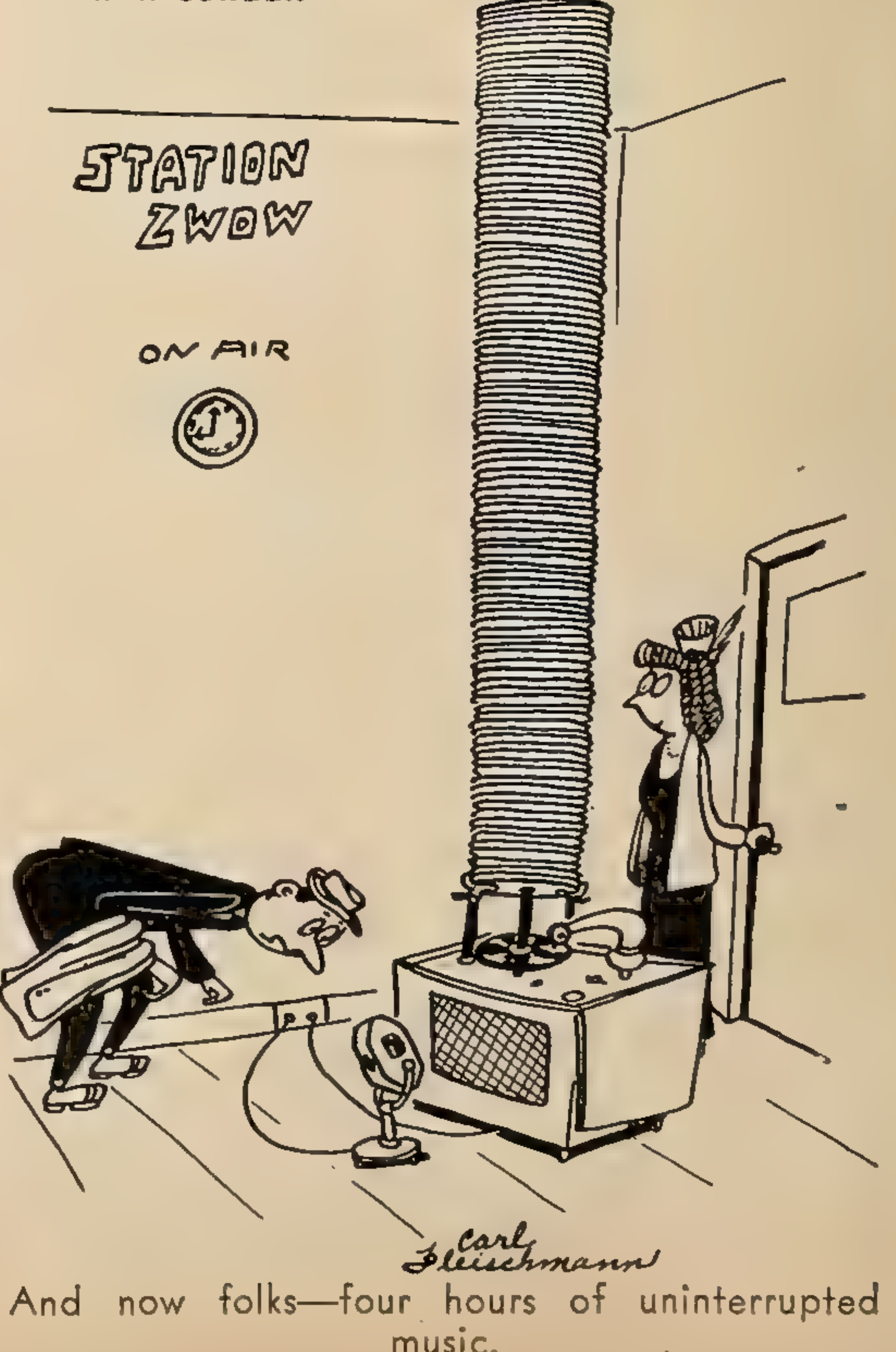
"I dropped out to Clark's house once on studio business," Howard relates to listeners, "not long after he'd taken the first big hitch on his fame. I found him out in his garage, in oil soaked overalls, smeared all over with grease, half buried in the engine of his car.

"For gosh sakes,' I kidded him, 'you can afford to get your car fixed at a garage by now. You're a star—why act like a grease monkey?'

"Listen,' came Clark's muffled voice out from under the hood, 'How do I know how long I'll be in this acting racket? My box-office can vanish any minute. I may be darn glad to get a job as mechanic. Besides,' he wiped his grease-smeared face and grinned, 'I've got to know how this works.'

"That was the real reason, of course. He wants to know how everything works.

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"I walked over to his place the other day and found him wrapped up in an apron, canning fruit! He's hipped on home refrigeration and canning and he's learning all the answers! Gable's a good farmer. He knows his stuff."

THE WOMAN HE LOVED

Howard Strickling has been through some rough times with Clark Gable, too. One was the tragic time when Clark's wife, Carole Lombard, lost her life in a plane crash on a Nevada mountainside. Clark rushed to join the search, and Howard was with him.

"We had headquarters in Las Vegas, setting out from there every morning. By night everyone was wet and cold from the snow, and dog-tired from climbing the mountains. Clark couldn't do enough for the search party. Each night he personally ordered a huge steak dinner for everyone. And there was this cowboy deputy named Jack, who couldn't eat his."

"Jack was a typical oldtime cowboy—slow talking and hard bitten—and Clark called him 'sheriff,' talked to him for hours. In all his grief, he couldn't overlook the fascination of a unique guy. But it got Gable's goat every night to watch Jack sit by his sizzling steak and stare hopelessly."

"The day we left, I missed Clark, and the plane was waiting. Finally I found him in the hotel in a huddle with a pal of 'Sheriff Jack's.' 'Here,' Clark was saying, 'I don't want to hurt Jack's feelings. But take this two hundred bucks, and for God's sake, get him some teeth!'"

HE THOUGHT GABLE WAS A CREAM-PUFF

Victor Fleming, like me, is a director. He's had Clark Gable in three pictures, including *Gone With the Wind*. Like Spencer Tracy, Vic has few words to spare—he's a man of action—but he can wax eloquent over Clark Gable. "He's the greatest guy I know," he says. "He's also one of the most powerful."

"First time I noticed that strength was making *Test Pilot* with Clark, years ago. We had a scene in a shack where Clark was heaving sandbags. They were prop sandbags, stuffed with sawdust, and when Gable tossed them around, they flew up in the air like balloons. It looked phony, and it worried Clark. He said he wanted real ones so we got 'em—over a hundred pounds they weighed—and Clark heaved them all day long and stayed fresh as a daisy. He's fast, straight and strong, as an actor and as a man . . ."

HE KNEW WHEN HE WAS LICKED . . .

Jack Conway, tall, softspoken, has directed more Gable pictures than anyone. "Clark's a stubborn Dutchman," Jack says, "but reasonable. In all the pictures they've made together they've tangled only once. That time, Jack wanted Clark to crawl under a leading lady's bed, and Clark blew up. 'Not by a damsite!' Gable yelled. 'Not as a man or as an actor have I ever sneaked under anybody's bed, and I'm not gonna start now!' Well, Jack had in mind a funny scene, and he poured on all the persuasion he knew. Clark fought like a wildcat. Even called the head executives of M-G-M in on the battle. Finally Jack talked him into a sporting offer. 'Okay,' Clark agreed at last, 'on one condition. After I do it, I see it, and if I look as much like a jerk as I think I will, out she comes. Right?' They shook hands on that."

Clark showed up at the sneak preview still hostile. When they came to the bed-crawling scene, the audience roared and rocked—even Clark laughed. That was enough for him. He stuck out his hand.

"You win, Jack. From now on, I stick to acting. I'm not trying any more to direct pictures." He never did, again.

Jack calls Clark "America's Sweetheart." Then he usually ducks. Clark thought that tag was funny just once. He and Jack had been hunting down in Mexico for a couple of weeks. The King looked like a black cactus around his face; he hadn't seen soap and water since he left Hollywood. They'd been up late this one night, had about an hour's sleep in their shack when the alarm clock went off for the morning's hunting. Seeing the great Gable there in the cold, gray dawn, whiskered, dirty, red-eyed and spiky-haired, yawning and slapping himself awake delighted Jack. "Well if it isn't America's Sweetheart!" he said.

Gable stepped over to the cracked mirror, squinted at his reflection and shuddered. "God help America!" he grinned. That's one of Jack Conway's favorite pictures of Clark Gable. . . .

HE'D GIVE YOU THE OSCAR OFF HIS MANTEL

I've saved Walter Lang's reminiscences until the last on purpose. He's another veteran Hollywood director, and Walter and "Fieldsie," his wife, are as close a pair to Clark as exists in this world. Madeleine Fields was Carole Lombard's best friend and secretary for years before Fieldsie married Walter and Carole married Clark. They were inseparable as couples when Carole was alive.

Walter could talk about Gable all afternoon, but he couldn't do any better than this story he once told me.

"Our boy, Richard, has one big idol in the world," he said, "and that's Clark. Richard's eight years old, and he wants to be exactly like Clark when he grows up."

"We were over at Clark's house the other Sunday afternoon when Dick got a wave of his usual Gable worship."

"He studied Clark's mantelpiece, and the Academy Oscar sitting there. 'Someday, I'm going to have one of those, too, like you.'"

"Would you really like to have it, Richard?" Clark asked. He stepped to the mantel and took down the trophy. 'Here, Dick,' he said, 'from Me to You.'

"So our boy, Richard, has Clark Gable's Oscar and there isn't a prouder kid in the world. I've known a few people in my life who'd give you the shirt off their backs," Walter Lang says, "but did you ever hear of a star who'd give you the Oscar off his mantelpiece? Try and top that story!"

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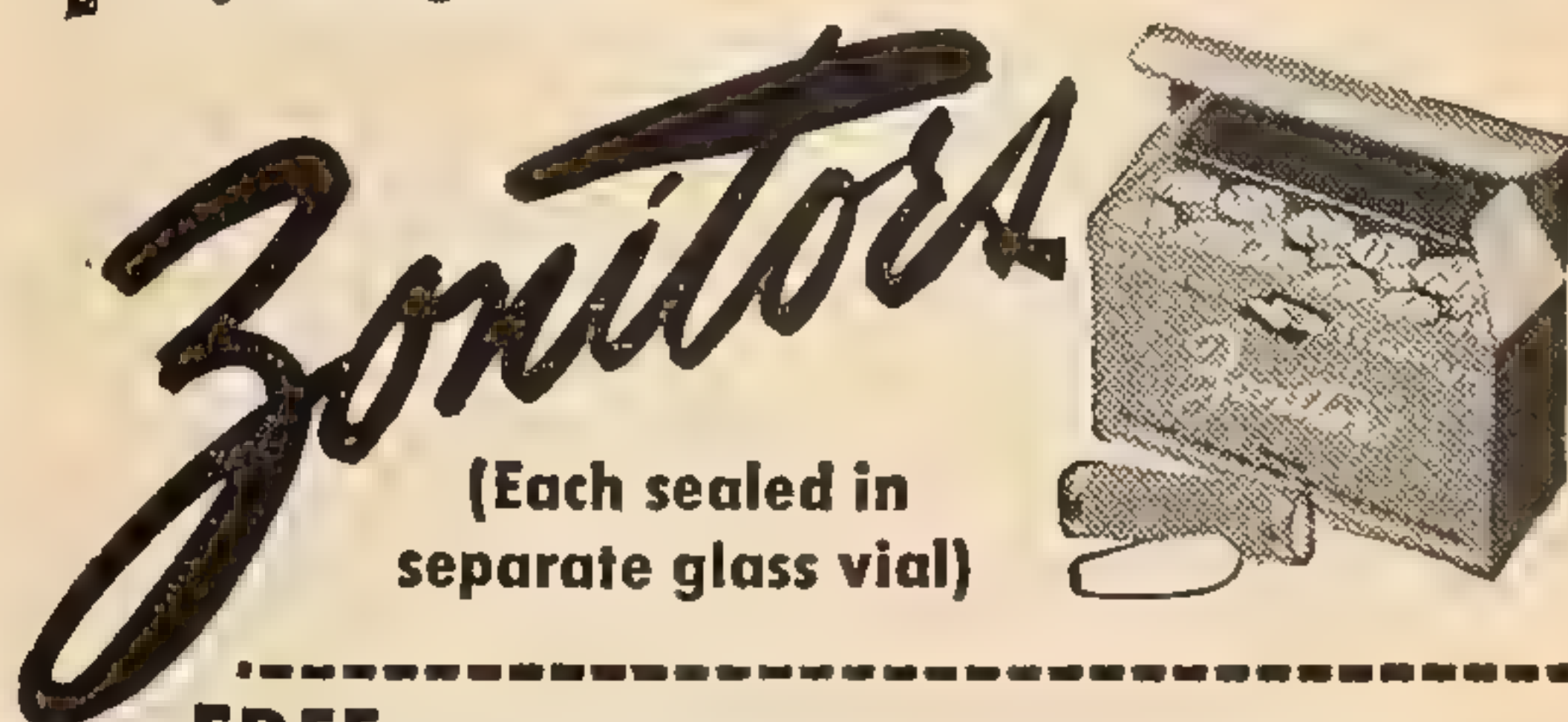
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Irving Hoffman in
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APARTMENT FOR DIANA

(Continued from page 36)

England-ish than Hollywood. Her apartment reflects that tone.

Romanoff, for example, was completely surprised to enter her apartment and find the foyer lined with an apple-green wallpaper which is a copy of a 19th century pattern. (I'd expected wallpaper by Dali, you know, the kind where you get a prize if you can figure out the motif.)

The living room furniture is sturdy American antique; and you can put your feet on the pieces without fear that the scratches will show. The upholstered pieces are salmon-colored and modern in material, and the carpeting is a soothing green which extends into the dining area.

Now, the dining area is the most versatile sector of the apartment. "I can eat in it alone," Diana says, "and never feel lost at one of the two small, intimate tables. If I have more than three guests, then I push the two tables together and I have a large dining table. I can also entertain a group of friends with a buffet dinner. And the tables can be used for bridge games and card parties."

Diana's dining area is separated from the living room by a waist-high partition that doubles as serving counter and bar. You get the feeling, however, that it's an integral part of the living room because of the extended carpeting and the identical draperies. Diana's dinette is what such a connoisseur on decoration as Romanoff refers to as multi-functional.

This, however, is not true of Diana's bedroom. Romanoff is not an authority on women's boudoirs, but I did notice that Diana's doesn't have a vanity table! This is absolutely unbelievable as regards an actress.

The major portion of the room is occupied by a pair of twin beds. A single headboard and canopy covers both. The canopy, headboard and beds are padded and covered in a blue and white hunting figure chintz. And this same padding covers the wall behind the beds. I was a little puzzled by this, and I said so.

"Actually," Diana said, "it's just a decorating trick, but when people ask me about it, I tell them I like to have something to beat my head against."

"Doesn't your mood room serve that purpose?" I asked.

Diana gave me a small sonata of a smile. "The mood room," she explained, "is where I learn my lines and rehearse my parts."

It (the mood-room) is replete with clever decorating ideas. The ceiling is papered with cabbage roses that overlap

the side wall, and the same rose motif is used to cover a desk chair and two slipper chairs. There's a long green satin Victorian couch, and it's purposely not too comfortable because it's easy to lie down and fall asleep when you're studying lines at night, and Diana wanted to resist temptation by having a hard settee.

A series of eleven Godey prints hang on the wall above the settee, but Romanoff can take Godey or leave him. In case you've forgotten, Louis Godey was the Mainbocher of the nineteenth century, and perhaps I should add, the Emily Post of his age.

At this point, aware of the fact that Diana is a pianist of concert stature, you are probably asking what kind of a piano does the girl have and where does she keep this piano?

The piano is a spinet which blends harmoniously with the early American pieces in the living room. Diana loathes the instrument, however. She's always been accustomed to the full-bodied tones which emanate from a grand, and the puny little spinet is present only by virtue of its compactness.

Diana never practices any more than she can help, and since her musical repertoire has been consistently classical, when her boyfriends ask her to beat out some boogie-woogie, she does so very badly.

She's honest about it, however; and this again takes me back to her apartment. It's indicative of that same honesty in its simplicity, its feeling of homeyness. Two big roomy chairs in the living room are covered with glazed chintz "because glazed chintz is a material which sheds dirt." The print on the living room wall is a Currier and Ives "because Currier and Ives prints are pleasant and easy to appreciate." The draperies are made of hand-blocked linen, "because hand-blocked linen needs very little cleaning. I like the early American breakfront because it serves two functions. It's decorative as a display center for my china, and I store my sheet music in the cupboards."

In short, Diana Lynn has a good, practical, honest reason for most of her furnishings and her mode of decoration. In one so young, such good taste fortified by reason and practicality, is indeed surprising.

Romanoff regrets that he can make no report on *la salle du bain*. While I was inspecting Diana's apartment, that all-important room was being occupied by her secretary.

WHAT EVERY WIFE SHOULD KNOW

(Continued from page 60)

"Oleg loves people. All kinds of people. He loves parties. Most big parties are a pain in the neck to me. I used to watch him having such a wonderful time and I couldn't understand it at all. Then I must admit I was jealous of him, too. Not any one woman. All the people he would give his time to. I wanted him all to myself. He told me one time that I was just like the selfish, demanding heroine in *Leave Her to Heaven* in which I starred. She was a woman so jealous she destroyed everyone she touched, and I was amazed at the time that he could think that of me but I've come to see that he was right. I was actually almost that possessive.

"For instance on Sunday I wanted to

stay around the house and rest. Oleg is a very good tennis player, and he wanted to get in a few sets on Sundays which was the only time his friends could play. This I couldn't be agreeable about.

"I really did a terrible thing several times. I went to the tennis club and called out to him about going home when he was in the middle of a very tight game. How his partners in the games must have hated me!

"When I first thought of divorcing Oleg, my family had a hunch I would regret it. My brother tried to talk me into waiting before making the big decision, but I'm always impatient to get things over with. I told him I knew just what I wanted.

"Oleg was pretty sweet about it all. He is basically such a fine decent man. I've never known him to be mean and petty about anything. There wasn't any bitterness between us. You hear a lot about Hollywood divorces and how the couples are going to remain good friends and then they go out and say the nastiest things about each other to their pals. This wasn't the way with Oleg and me. Each resented any unpleasant remarks about the other.

"I'll never forget how furious I got with a friend who started to hand me a lot of sympathy about how unfortunate I had been in marrying Oleg and how he hoped that the next time I would marry a nice American boy. He was so surprised when I blew my top.

"What do you mean a nice American boy?" I almost screamed. 'Oleg is a nice American boy. He is as nice as any native-born American I know.' Then I gave the fellow a long lecture. He went away shaking his head and wishing he had never stepped into a situation he couldn't understand. Oleg and I were both surprised to find so many we'd thought were our friends ready to widen the breach between us rather than help us to patch up our troubles.

"I was on the point several times both here and in New York of calling it quits and saying 'let's go back together again' but I couldn't quite bring myself to doing it. I knew as the time grew shorter and shorter that I was more uncertain that I actually wanted to get my final divorce decree. In February my attorney, Charles Millikan, called me and asked if I wanted him to prepare the final papers for March 10. I told him to wait a little. He laughed and said that sounded like good news. I said maybe it was.

"Then Oleg said to me casually that he was going to New York and why didn't I

make up my mind to join him there when the picture was finished. There wasn't any great big dramatic moment when we kissed and made up. It was just one natural event following another. I told him I would join him in New York and then it seemed as if we had never really been apart. When we got to New York, we told our families.

"I've grown up a lot in this past year. I know now that I'll never change Oleg. In fact, I don't want him to change. I know he'll never have the key to the front door when we get home so I'll have it. I know he'll never have the address when we start out for a party at a friend's home so I'll make arrangements to have it myself.

"I want him for the fine qualities he has. We're going to live in New York part of the time when I'm not working. He has a very fine business there and an apartment close by.

"We'll live in Connecticut when we can in the summer months, in the big house my family have owned for a long time. I'm selling this little house I bought so merrily when I thought I wanted to be a bachelor girl. We may build a place just suited for us and with room for our little girl, Daria, to be with us. She's been with my mother in New York and I miss her a great deal.

"Oleg is ready now to take his place among the great dress designers and I want to help him all I can. We're going to England together on a sort of second honeymoon. It's really a business trip for me since I'm going to do a picture *The Gay Pursuit* with Rex Harrison and we'll be on location near an old castle in Devonshire. I've learned what every wife ought to know. Don't ever try to make your husband over. If he was what you wanted in the beginning, keep him that way. Successful marriages are founded on the ability to give and take."

DON'T MARRY A HANDSOME MAN

(Continued from page 49)

this girl "The Little One." After her came "The Fat One." She sent telegrams. "Please meet me at the Café Such-and-Such," she would wire. "It is extremely important. I will be wearing a blue dress with a white hat."

In the first three telegrams she was wearing the blue dress and the white hat. After that she tried new color combinations. There was a yellow dress and blue

hat. There was a green dress and a yellow hat. There were so many others that I began to wonder how, so soon after liberation in France, a girl could get so much clothes. Then, with the fifteenth telegram, it was the blue dress and white hat again. Ah! I thought, she is back to that! At least there is a limit to her wardrobe!

This time we complied with the telegram. We went to the café she named in a taxi. But Louis stayed in the taxi while I went in to look. Right away I saw her; a great big girl, so fat as to be a rare sight in a starved France. She had fed well in her life, she had clothes, and now she wanted romance. I went back to Louis and told him about her and he wanted to peek. He went behind some shrubbery and looked in. Then he came right back and told the driver to go on.

"She is very lonely for you," I said. He looked at me. "She is bearing up under it," he answered. "The waiter just brought her some soup."

About my father's warning, when Louis proposed, I was not too troubled at first. But when Louis signed for Selznick Productions and had to leave for America without me I admit I did not feel so happy. It would be two months before my passport visas cleared and I could follow. In the meantime there would be Louis, alone in Hollywood; alone in the midst of all its beautiful stars, its night club gaiety, its parties! I was a sick girl!

On the day he was to sail I thought of something. Louis is fanatic about music. He can listen to classical and semi-classical compositions for hours. Right there I



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• Producer Dore Schary tells about the ambitious young bride who decided to teach her actor-husband the social amenities. They spent a weekend at Santa Barbara and while she sat in her cabana, the husband went swimming. Soon he was exhausted by the surf and yelled for help.

The wife rushed down to the water's edge and whispered, "Sh-h-h—not so loud!"

*from the book by Andrew Hecht



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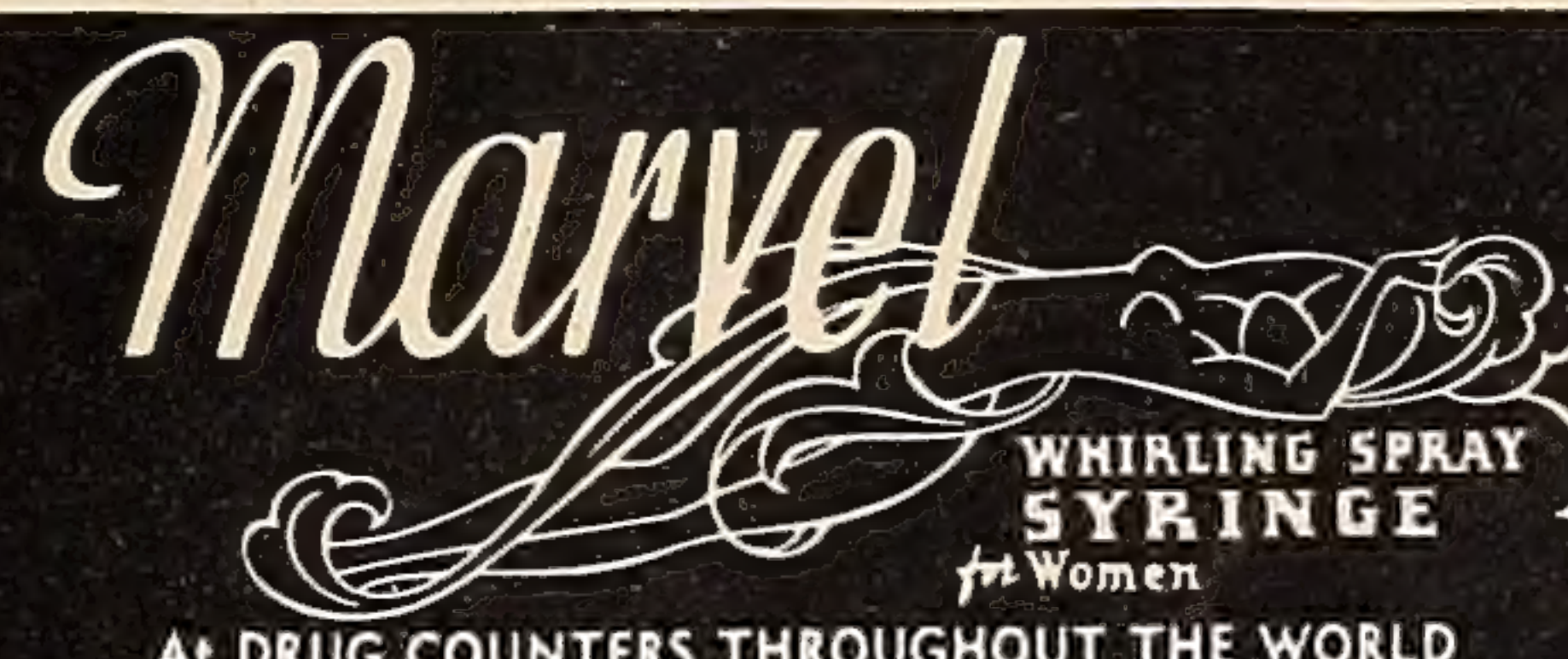


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FROM THE MOVIES

EASTER PARADE—A Fella With an Umbrella:

****Bing Crosby** (Decca); ***Denny Dennis** (London); **Skitch Henderson** (Capitol); **Frank Sinatra** (Columbia); **Guy Lombardo** (Decca); **Three Suns** (Victor). **Better Luck Next Time:** ****Perry Como** (Victor); ***Jo Stafford** (Capitol); ***Dinah Shore** (Columbia); **George Paxton** (M-G-M); **Guy Lombardo** (Decca). **It Only Happens When I Dance With You:** ***Art Lund** (M-G-M); ***Perry Como** (Victor); **Andy Russell** (Capitol); **Frank Sinatra** (Columbia); **Guy Lombardo** (Decca). **Steppin' Out With My Baby:** ****Denny Dennis** (London); ***Johnnie Johnston** (M-G-M); **Guy Lombardo** (Decca); **Gordon MacRae** (Capitol); **Dinah Shore** (Columbia); **Three Suns** (Victor).

Yes, it's an impressive parade of pop songs—a little late for Easter, but I'm sure **Judy Garland**, **Fred Astaire** and **M-G-M** don't have to worry about title topicality. Listen especially to the sides by **Denny Dennis**, waxed in London before he flew over here to join **Tommy Dorsey**. He'll almost make you believe the fable that in England **Bing Crosby** is known as "the Yank **Denny Dennis**!"

MELODY TIME—Title song: ***Buddy Clark** (Columbia); **Hal Derwin** (Capitol); **Vaughn Monroe** (Victor); **Lawrence Welk** (Decca). **Pecos Bill:** **Sammy Kaye** (Victor); **Dick Jurgens** (Columbia); **Captain Stubby** (Majestic); **Tex Ritter** (Capitol); **King's Men** (M-G-M). **Little Toot:** ***Sammy Kaye** (Victor); **Modernaires** (Columbia); **King's Men** (M-G-M). **Blue Shadows on the Trail:** ***Denny Dennis** (London); ***Bing Crosby** (Decca); **Vaughn Monroe** (Victor); **Buddy Clark** (Columbia); **Andy Russell** (Capitol); **Art Mooney** (M-G-M). What a battle of the baritone on *Blue Shadows*! It's a close race, but we'll just stay out of the arguments and just add that *Little Toot*, for little tots, is very cute.

THE PIRATE—*Original cast album (M-G-M). **Love of My Life:** ***Lena Horne** (M-G-M); ***Harry James** (Columbia); ***Perry Como** (Victor); ***Andy Russell** (Capitol). **You Can Do No Wrong:** ***Perry Como** (Victor). **Nina:** ***Harry James** (Columbia). Somehow you miss **Gene Kelly's** swash-buckling, **Barrymore** performance when you listen to the soundtrack of his *Nina* in the album; it loses so much when it can't be seen. But the **Harry James** version is strictly a jump treatment with no vocal, so once again, I leave it to you!

ROMANCE ON THE HIGH SEAS—It's Magic: ****Sarah Vaughan** (Musicraft); ***Doris Day** (Columbia); ***Dick Haymes** (Decca); ***Tony Martin** (Victor); ***Gordon MacRae** (Capitol); **Vic Damone** (Mercury); **Buddy Kaye** (M-G-M). It's You Or No One: ****Sarah Vaughan** (Musicraft); ***Tony Martin** (Victor); ***Margaret Whiting** (Capitol); **Vic Damone** (Mercury); **Dick Haymes** (Decca). Put 'Em In a Box: ***Doris Day** (Columbia); ***King Cole** (Capitol); ***Frankie Laine** (Mercury).

made him promise that the minute he got to Hollywood he would buy hundreds of records and also one of those machines that plays forever. And that every night, as soon as he got home from the studio, he would put on as many records as the machine would hold!

"Ah!" he said, appreciatively. "My music! So thoughtful of you, Quique."

He sailed and I felt just like the loneliest creature in the world.

Yet, when I landed in New York, two months later, and found a long distance call awaiting me at the hotel from Louis in Hollywood, I told him that I thought I would stay in New York another week.

Honestly, the words came from my mouth before I knew what I was saying! Women do strange things. This was one of mine. I went on prattling, saying I might not have a chance to see New York for a long time and there were many friends I should look up. He exploded. I must not delay, he cried. I must get on a plane immediately.

This was all I wanted to hear! A great weight seemed to jump off my heart. Whatever had happened in Hollywood during Louis' two months' stay, I was not yet out of his thoughts!

A half-hour after I went to sleep, the phone in my room rang again. It was Louis calling back. He had forgotten to tell me something, he said. Every half-hour or so one of us would make up some excuse to call the other. I was up all night on the long-distance telephone so that the next day I slept all the way across the United States in the plane!

platter for two . . .

Louis was then living in a two-room apartment at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica. He told me when I landed that it was very small; not many closets; not much room for anything. I was too excited to pay much attention to this and on my first morning at the hotel I got up before he did, thinking I would cook a nice breakfast. I went to the kitchen and saw a big food cupboard. I opened the door and my mouth fell open; it was stuffed with hundreds of records—the music records I had made Louis promise to buy!

For two months I hardly left the hotel while I studied English. I learned by what we now know as the "hello" system. Louis gets many telephone calls, of course, and I am the one who always answers. Whatever the nature of the call, business or social, he would make me do all the talking—and that is how I learned my new language.

And then, when I did begin to go out, I had to learn something new; that all people in the movie business greet each other very affectionately. The very first American man I met in Hollywood said, "Hello, Honey." I looked at Louis for an explanation and he just shrugged with his eyes, which he can do. Then a girl came up to him and cried, "Why, Louis, darling! I haven't seen you for weeks!" This time Louis was carefree to shrug with his shoulders as well when I looked at him to make sure I understood it still meant nothing.

Right now we are both too busy furnishing our new home to think much about anything else. The first room we had finished was the guest room so we could accommodate a visitor—a girl friend of mine who was visiting from Paris. There are still several rooms which are completely empty and in one of these we now keep Louis' records, which today number more than a thousand.

Those records were my friends once, but now I sometimes wonder. When I look forward to going out of an evening Louis will occasionally come home and complain of being ill. He will not touch a bit of food. Finally, when I give up the idea of going out and change from my gown to a robe,

he sparkles right up, dashes for his record player and the music pours forth without end. I look at those records and ask myself if maybe I have raised a *Frankenstein*!

Now and then it works the other way—Louis wishes to go out and I do not. Once he bought tickets to hear **Charles Munch**, former conductor of the **Paris Conservatoire Orchestra**, direct the **Los Angeles Symphony**. On the day of the concert I said I did not feel well and did not think I would be able to go that evening. He insisted and promised me that if I went he would buy me something I had been asking for a long time—a coffee table.

Naturally, I recovered right away and at dinner never felt better in my life. But something in the meal disagreed with poor Louis and he became sick. This was too much. I was all dressed, he was not in too great discomfort; I went to the concert alone. Now follows the argument.

The next day Louis said nothing about the coffee table. The day after that, nothing. A week more and nothing! I decided I had been polite long enough; it was time to ask. He looked at me in astonishment.

"But Quique!" he exclaimed. "Inasmuch as I could not attend the performance of **Charles Munch** I am automatically released from my promise!"

Louis thinks he is getting away with this excuse but he is mistaken. I have consulted with some of my girl friends and I have a very good plan. I am going to get sick and it will be expensive to cure me. At first I decided I should have influenza but I learned it is possible to cure several cases of influenza for what it costs to buy a coffee table, so now it must be pneumonia. So far I have not been able to find a pneumonia germ in Beverly Hills. But when Louis reads this here in *MODERN SCREEN* he may take warning.

So far there is a great difference between life with Louis in Hollywood and life with him as it was in France. In France he had made many pictures and was known by reputation and appearance to most of the women in the country. It is not like that here. Not yet. Women who see him on the street know he is handsome, perhaps, but only a few recognize him as **Louis Jourdan**. After all, his first picture, *The Paradine Case*, is just in the theaters now. But when this one, and his other pictures, *Letter From an Unknown Woman* (Ha!), *No Minor Vices* and *Trilby* are shown—what then? I ask myself. Will there be the strange visitors again, the letters and telegrams from women? Will they seek him out as they did in France?

I hope so! Otherwise, it will mean he is not popular—no?

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My friends and I had just left the Capitol Theater in N. Y. after having seen that zany comedian—**Danny Kaye**. We waited for almost two hours at the back door, hoping that **Danny'd** come out.

Just as we were about to give up we heard yelling from above. As we looked up we saw **Danny's** blond head hanging out of a window on the tenth floor. "Yoo-hoo," he was shouting, "here I am." As we had just seen his act three times with a different routine each time not even this crazy gesture of **Danny's** surprised us.

Linda Deutschman
Bronx, New York

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 4. There will be five weekly contests, each with an identical list of prizes. Opening and closing dates—
- | CONTEST | OPENS | CLOSES |
|-------------|---------------|---------------|
| 1st contest | Now | Sat., June 12 |
| 2nd contest | Sun., June 13 | Sat., June 19 |
| 3rd contest | Sun., June 20 | Sat., June 26 |
| 4th contest | Sun., June 27 | Sat., July 3 |
| 5th contest | Sun., July 4 | Sat., July 10 |
5. Entries received before midnight, Saturday, June 12, will be

- entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be postmarked before midnight, July 10 and received by July 24, 1948.
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 8. First prize winners will be announced on Camay's radio program, "Pepper Young's Family," about 3 weeks after the close of each weekly contest. All winners will be notified by mail. Prize winner lists will be available approximately one month after the close of the last contest.